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TROY

CONFERENCE MISCELLANY,

CONTAINING A

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF METHODISM

WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE TROY CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

WITH

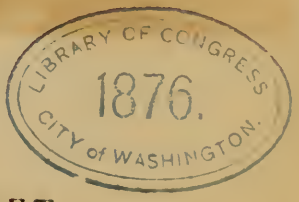
REMINISCENCES OF ITS DECEASED,

AND

CONTRIBUTIONS BY ITS LIVING MINISTERS.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

BY REV. STEPHEN PARKS.



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TROY CONFERENCE MISCELLANY.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From Rev. Abel Stevens, Editor of the National Magazine.

"It can not be other than an interesting collection to the Troy Conference, and to many others in whose hearts the names of Levings, Carpenter, Scholefield, Sherman, Covel, Saxe, Lindsey, Eames, and others, have been embalmed."

From Rev. D. Wise, Editor of Zion's Herald, Author of the Path of Life, Young Man's Counsellor, &c., &c.

"It is an excellent, judicious and interesting compilation; it deserves the hearty and liberal patronage of the people of the Troy Conference, and of all who take any interest in the career of Methodist preachers."

From Rev. Jasper Hazen, Editor of the Family Intelligencer.

"This book gives, what is much needed in a suitable form for reference, a biographical sketch of the deceased ministers of the Conference, together with short essays from living ministers. The preparing and arranging this matter for the press is done in a manner that entitles the compiler to great credit."

From Rev. Dr. Bond, Editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal.

"The biographical sketches are valuable as matters of record as well as instruction in respect to that providential agency in the salvation of men, which is known as Methodism. The essays are by some of the ablest preachers and best writers of the Conference. We hope all our Conferences will adopt a similar method of preserving the incidents of our itinerancy."

From Rev. Tobias Spicer, A. M.

"I regard this Miscellany as a very interesting compendium of information relative to Methodism within the bounds of Troy Conference. It brings to view, to a considerable extent, the character and labors of many of those honored men whom God employed as instruments in spreading scriptural holiness, and in some measure accounts for what has been a matter of astonishment to many—the success of Methodism throughout this region. As a book of historical reference, its value will increase with the lapse of time. The beautiful and expressive likenesses of the venerable BISHOP HEDDING, and of the active and eloquent LEVINGS, are worth all the book will cost."

From Rev. S. D. Brown, Pastor of the North Second Street M. E. Church in Troy.

"I cordially concur in the above."

From Rev. B. M. Hall, Presiding Elder of Troy District.

"The 'Troy Conference Miscellany' is a book which I can cordially recommend to the public as both interesting and instructive. It is hoped that it will have a *general* circulation within the bounds of the Troy Conference; and there is much in the work to commend it to readers in other sections of our work. Our preachers will confer a favor upon the membership by bringing this book to their notice."

TO THE

MINISTRY AND MEMBERSHIP

CONNECTED WITH THE

TROY ANNUAL CONFERENCE,

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

PREFACE.

THE FIRST PART of this work does not assume to be any thing like a full, connected history of Methodism within the region of which it treats; this would have required a separate volume. A mere outline, and that relating chiefly to our *early* history, is all that has been attempted.

THE SECOND PART is intended as a *brief*, accessible, and permanent memorial of those men of God, who have been instrumental in the establishment of that form of Christianity in our midst, which is known by the name of Methodism. With but one or two exceptions, no record of their lives or labors remains, save what is found in the Minutes, and the notices that appeared in the papers, at the time of their death; and these are preserved by but few. Gratitude demands that their memories should be cherished, and such recollections must be promotive of piety.

A very common fault of biographical works, is, that they are *overwrought;* every defect is concealed, every real virtue is exaggerated, while many excellencies are attributed to the subjects which they never possessed. However gratifying such memoirs may be to personal friends, they are not calculated to answer the ends contemplated by this class of writings. With the example of the inspired biographers before him, the writer of the following sketches determined that, whatever defects they might possess, they should be *truthful*, as far as he is capable of making them so. Meagre and defective, some of them, especially, are; and possibly some of the friends of these excellent men may think that *justice* has not been done them. To

such, I can only say that I have done the best I could under the circumstances, within my prescribed limits, and with the materials at my command. It will be seen that a few of these sketches were written by other, and more able pens.

Of the THIRD PART I might speak more freely. Those contributions, which, with one or two exceptions were written expressly for this work, will be appreciated by the public for their intrinsic worth, and specially valued by the numerous personal friends of the authors as the productions of those whose ministrations have been made a blessing to them in by-gone days.

No pains have been spared to make the *tables* of the APPENDIX as correct as possible. The kindness of those who have aided in collecting materials is gratefully acknowledged. The writer has drawn upon any, and all sources of information within his reach, giving credit, very generally, in the body of the work.

These pages have been prepared with a special reference to their circulation and use as a book of reference, within the range of the Troy Conference.

One fact the writer sincerely deplores; the work has been prepared in *haste*, and amid the incessant cares and duties of a heavy pastoral charge. Other engagements must have his attention for some time to come; and under the necessity of committing it to the press thus hastily, or delaying it indefinitely, he has chosen the former.

Courteous reader, such as it is, this unpretending volume is committed to your hands, in the humble hope that it will *do good*.

Albany, February 15, 1854. S. PARKS.

CONTENTS.

PART FIRST.

Historical Sketch of Methodism within the Bounds of the Troy Conference.

CHAPTER I.

FROM 1766 TO 1800.

Boundaries of the Conference — General description —Capt. Webb in Albany — Who preached the first Methodist sermon in America? — Freeborn Garrettson and his coadjutors — Strange notions of their character — Their success — First Society at Ashgrove — Philip Embury — First circuit — First house of worship — David Noble — David Brown — Mr. Ashton — "Preachers' room" — Old chair — Garrettson preaching in the Assembly Chamber — First society in Albany — Schenectady — Calvinistic opposition — Canaan — Anecdote of Garrettson — His character — Liberating his slaves — His sufferings — History of Methodism in Pittsfield — Saratoga circuit —First church built in Albany, &c. — Church in Johnstown — B. Hibbard's first sermon, and early labors — Warren county — Richard Jacobs —First society and circuit in Western Vermont — Joseph Mitchell — Lorenzo Dow — Bishop Hedding's conversion — Joseph Sawyer at Petersburgh — Ebenezer Washburn's conversion — Anecdote of Washburn — Peter Vannest at Dalton — Persecution — Williamstown — Cambridge Circuit — Cruel persecution — Spread of the work — Early preachers — Their toils, sufferings and character — Early societies. Page 19

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1800, TO THE ORGANIZATION OF THE TROY CONFERENCE IN 1832.

Hedding's early labors — His first sermon — Jesse Lee at St. Albans, &c. — Peter Vannest on Essex Circuit — Brandon Circuit — Conversion of Abner Chase — Saratoga Circuit — Quarterly Meetings at Kingsborough — Fish House — Ludicrous Scene — Presiding Elder's District — Annual Conferences — Hedding on Plattsburgh

Circuit — Fletcher Circuit — Districts — Methodism in Troy, from 1801 to 1852 — E. Washburn on Brandon and Vergennes circuits — Calvinism — Persecutions — Middlebury — Charlotte — Starksborough — Hinesburgh — Dutchman's child's funeral — Infant Damnation — Laban Clark — St. Albans Point — Sudbury — Whiting — Shoreham — Orwell — Benson — William Anson on Grand Isle — Asel Landon — Seymour Landon — John Frazer's adventures on Lake Champlain — Henry B. Taylor "a night and a day in the deep" — Conference at Ashgrove — Methodism in Lansingburgh — Whiting — Anecdote — Methodism in Schenectady — T. Spicer — Asbury — Schenectady Circuit — Methodism in Albany — Revivals in 1824 and 1828 — Samuel Merwin — Laban Clark — Samuel Draper — Seth Crowel — Samuel Cochran — Lewis Pease. Page 43

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS AND PRESENT STATE OF METHODISM IN THE CONFERENCE.

Plan of this Sketch — Progress since 1832 — Middlebury District — Warren Circuit — Albany District — Original members of the Troy Conference — Statistics — Influence of Millerism — Distinguished men, Levings, Olin, Hedding — Church building — Church debts — Free and rented seats — Steeples and bells — Church music — Cutting up circuits — Missions — Tracts — Spirituality — Premature failure of our preachers — Causes — Aged members of the conference — Elijah Chichester — Andrew McKean — Samuel Howe — Henry Stead — Jacob Beeman — Cyprian H. Gridley — Tobias Spicer — Josiah F. Chamberlain — Sherman Minor — Timothy Benedict — James Quinlan. Page 64

PART SECOND.

Reminiscences of Deceased Members of the Troy Conference.

REV. NOAH LEVINGS, D. D.—BY REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D.

Nativity — Parentage — Early disadvantages — An apprentice in Troy — Determining where to attend church — Hears P. P. Sandford and L. Clark — Conversion — Public religious exercises — "Let that boy alone" — Formation of religious character — Call to the ministry — Conflicts — First circuit — Large and small circuits — Intellectual and religious improvement — Error of young preachers — Conference — Pownal Circuit — Montgomery Circuit — Marriage — Going north — Middlebury — Bur-

lington — Success — Devotion to study, &c — Missionary excursions — Charlotte Circuit — New York City — Popularity — Extracts from his journal — Death of Garrettson — Brooklyn — New Haven — Church difficulties — General Conference — Garrettson Station, Albany — His studies — Dedicates churches — Revival — In Troy — General Conference — Schenectady — Revival — Dedicates seven churches — Dr. Nott — Preaches in the college chapel — Degree of D. D. — His successor in Schenectady — Appointed P. E. — North Second street, Troy — Revival — Division street, Albany — Bereavement — State street, Troy, again — Vestry street, New York — Fin. Sec. Am. Bible Society —Western tour — Sickness — Death — Character, &c. Page 73

REV. COLES CARPENTER.

Greatly beloved — Left no records of his life — Godly ancestry — Birth — Conversion — Christian decision — Anecdote — Commences to preach — Ordination — Troy Conference — Appointed presiding elder — Sickness — Sudden and happy death — Funeral — Dr. Luckey — Character as a parent — Letters to his son, on leaving home — Bereavements — Letter to his son — More afflictions — Extract of a letter — Death of a daughter — Letter — Another daughter dies — Piety of his children — Character as a preacher — Eloquence — Dr. Luckey — T. Benedict — E. Osborn — Appointments. Page 113

REV. ANDREW C. MILLS.

Birth and death — Pious parents — Passion for music — Never wept until converted — His modesty — Instrumental in a revival — An Era in his history — Preaches — Travels under P. Elder — Joins Troy Conference — Sudden death — Piety — Zeal — Music — Sung himself to death — Divine Providence — Last dreadful conflict with Satan — Peaceful end. Page 122

REV. ARNOLD SCHOLEFIELD,—BY REV. E. OSBORN.

Nativity — Conversion — Early preaching — Anecdote — Fields of labor — Dutchess Circuit — E. Osborn, his colleague — Parting scene — Appointed P. Elder — Scene at camp meeting — Another — Delegate to Gen. Conference — Sickness — T. Spicer — Supernumerary — Settles in Columbia county, N. Y. — Resumes Pastoral relation — Daughter's conversion — Controversial sermon — P. Elder again — Paralytic stroke — Affecting scene — Dies at a tavern — Mr. Osborn's remarks on his character — Additional remarks on his character and preaching — A camp meeting sermon. Page 126

REV. WRIGHT HAZEN.—BY REV. NOAH LEVINGS, D. D.

Birth and death — Amiability — Apprentice — Becomes pious — Removes to Troy — Marriage — Preaches — Enters upon the itinerant work — Temporal embarrassments — Retires to extricate himself — Noble example — Returns to the itinerancy — Revival at Hoosic — Transferred to Troy Conference — Wife dies — Waterford — West Troy — Second Marriage — Bronchial disease — Consumption — Tries sea air — Kindness of Christian friends — "Rocking in the cradle of death" — End — Character. Page 133

REV. PHILETUS GREEN.

Birth and death — Pious mother — Skeptical — Coach painter — Awakened and converted — Great change — Rules of life — Wilbraham Academy — Joins N. E. Conference — Transferred to Troy Conference — Marriage — Usefulness — Indications of consumption — Bleeding at the lungs — Death — Piety — Extracts from his journal — Letter to a skeptic — Speaking "too loud" — Happy end. Page 140

REV. AMOS R. RIPLEY.

Want of knowledge of him — Conflicts relative to the ministerial calling — Joins Troy Conference — Appointments — Early death — Character, &c. Page 146

REV. GILBERT Y. PALMER.

Mysteries of Providence — Faith — Heaven — Birth and death — Parentage — Opposition to his becoming a Methodist — Call to preach — Poultney Academy — Enters the ministry — Fort Ann — Orwell — Hiram Blanchard — Ticonderoga — Ordained elder — His character — S. D. Brown's account of his last days. Page 148

REV. WM. D. STEAD.—BY REV. C. R. MORRIS.

Parentage — Birth — Conversion — Enters the ministry — Appointments — Sickness and success on Chester Circuit — Death — Sufferings and patience — Character. Page 152

REV. DANIEL HOLMES.

Nativity — Early conversion — First marriage — Begins to preach — Appointments — Second marriage — Transferred to Troy Conference — Appointments — Health fails — Supernumerary — His character — Deep afflictions — Death. Page 154

REV. CHARLES SHERMAN.

Parentage — Father's character — Mother's piety — Her prayer for her son — Prayer meetings at his father's house — Influence of early associations — Experiences religion — Preaches — Early Character and preaching — L. A. Sandford — Dr. S. Luckey — S. Merwin's prediction — Joins N. Y. Conference — "A prophet in in his own country" — Transferred to Troy Conference — Division street, Albany — "Who is Charles Sherman?" — North Second street, Troy — Appointed P. Elder — Revivals on the district — Letter to Mr. Ward — Letter to his brother Samuel — Last visit to his father — Interesting incident — Delegate to General Conference — Affection of the heart — Letter to the writer — Jonesville — North Second street, Troy — Troubles — Sickness and death — Personal appearance — Distinguishing trait of character — Symmetry of character — Liberality — Letter — Cheerfulness — Preaching — Pastoral habits — A man of prayer — Public prayers — Gratitude — Character as P. Elder — Letter to the Writer — Another — Skill as a manager — Settling difficulties — Dispersing a mob — Meeting an emergency at a camp-meeting — Social qualities — In conference — Attachment to the church — His end. Page 157

REV. JAMES COVEL, A. M.

Ancestry — Nativity — Father's prayer — Dull scholar — "I'll try." — Removed to Poughkeepsie — Conversion — Licensed to preach — Enters traveling connection — The "boy team" — Studious — Anecdote — Early Preaching — Marriage — Appointments — Death — Character as a scholar — Literary labors — Absent-minded — Modesty — Preaching — Personal appearance — Integrity — Sickness — Dr. Skilton's remarks — Dying scenes.

Page 185.

REV. THOMAS KIRBY. BY REV. B. M. HALL.

Birth — Influence of parental piety — Camp-meeting — Prayer Answered — His conversion — Early religious activity and usefulness — Appointed class-leader — Wilbraham Academy — Preaches under the presiding elder at Dalton — Anecdote — "Preach will you?" — New Lebanon — Stowe — Berkshire — Success — Hinesburgh — Anecdote — Reception of Preachers by the people — Whitehall — Greatly esteemed — Brandon — Granville Corners — Last sermons — Sickness and death — B. O. Meeker's account of st days — Funeral sermons — Personal appearance — Cheerfulness — His preaching — Preaching to one hearer. Page 194

REV. ALFRED SAXE.

Introduction — Memory of the dead — Birth — Incident — Desire for knowledge — Love of history — Conversion — Call to the ministry — Desire for an education — Plattsburgh — Burlington — Keesville — Receives license to exhort — To preach — Early efforts — Enters the Wesleyan University — Scholarship — J. G. Saxe — Rev. L. L. Knox — Over-exertion — Letter — Marriage — Subsequent life at Middletown — Joins the Troy Conference — Ferry street — Success — Illness — Conference of 1844 — Secretary — Return to Ferry street — Testimonials — North White Creek — Superannuates — Returns to Sheldon — Last Letter — Death — Character — Intellectual power — Cultivation — Amiable spirit — Friends — Love to his parents — Poetical epistles to his mother — Sister's album — Cheerfulness — Knox — Letter — Character as a Christian — View of the Ministry — Letter — Preaching — Affability — Pastoral habits — Conclusion. Page 202.

REV. SAMUEL FIGHMY.

Early Conversion — Begins to preach — Appointments — Retires — Import of "Supernumerary" and "Superannuated" — Toils — Economy — Integrity — Anecdote — "Breaking the preacher down" — Preaching at a camp meeting — His death.

Page 225.

REV. WILLIAM ANSON.

Belonged to a former generation — Anecdote of his father — Learned the carpenter's trade — Yellow fever in New York — Conversion — Joined the New York Conference — Grand Isle Circuit — "A savage race" — Crossing the Bar — "No rum" — His success — Other appointments — Ashgrove District — Rhinebeck District — Appointments — Supernumerary — Death — Hardships — Usefulness — Old-fashioned — Cured the "holy grunt" — Character — Family. Page 229.

REV. ELIAS VANDERLIP.

'An old disciple"—Venerable appearance—Division-street Church—Nativity — Pious mother — Early disadvantages — Conversion — John street church — Exhorter — Success — Removes to Albany — Store burnt — Niskayuna — Revival — Joins New York Conference — Motives of early preachers—Appointments — Inadequate support — Location — Settles in Albany — Joins Troy Conference — Sufferings and death — Character. Page 235.

REV. JOHN D. MORIARTY.—BY REV. J. E. BOWEN.

Birth — His father a Roman Catholic — Becomes a Methodist preacher — Son's Conversion — "A Nothingarian" — Corn stalks without corn — Removes to Albany — Licensed to preach — Enters on the itinerant work —Johnstown circuit — Sickness —Narrow escape — M. Bates — Removes to Saratoga Springs — Congress Spring House — Usefulness — Sudden Death — Character.

Page 240.

REV. WILLIAM RYDER.

Religion adapted to the afflicted — A son of affliction — Appalling sufferings — Birth — Childhood — "Do it again, Papa" — Apprentice — Conversion — Studies — Embarrassments —Of age — Chester Academy — Growth in grace — Marriage — Conflicts respecting preaching — Itinerancy — Troubles — Father Howe — Anecdote of A. A. Farr — J. Poor — Birth day of his sufferings — Leicester circuit — Poultney — Extraordinary sufferings — Mental conflicts — Saratoga Springs — Deprived of all power of locomotion — Helpless sufferer — Reads three hundred volumes — His end. Page 246.

REV. DANIEL F. PAGE.

Nativity — Early traits of character — Religious experience — Connection with the Troy Conference — Ordination Credentials — Appointments — J. E. Bowen's account of his death — His wife — His Character. Page 258.

REV. JOHN P. FOSTER.

Birth — Early character — Awakenings and conversion — Enters the ministry — Appointments in New York Conference — Troy Conference — Consumption — Last days — Death — Piety — Gaiety of spirit — Benevolence — Domestic character — Ministerial character — Visit to Petersburgh — Anecdote — Personal Appearance — Style, &c. — C. Pomeroy — Habits of study — Revival on Chester circuit — Prayer-meeting in a bar room — H. W. Ransom. Page 262.

REV. JOHN LINDSEY.—BY REV. JOHN FRAZER, D. D.

Birth and conversion — Joins New England Conference — Appointments — Agency of Wesleyan University — Transferred to New York Conference — Fields of labor — Troy Conference — Labors — Death — Want of records of him — Character — Bishop Hedding's account of him — His last sermon — Last hours. Page 268.

REV. CHESTER LYON.

Birth-place — Early religious character — Enters the ministry — Fields of labor — Adirondack Mission — Magnanimity — Sickness — Preparation for death — Lonely, yet happy end — Character. Page 276.

REV. HENRY EAMES.

His father and Wesley — Wesley's letters to him — Birth, and early piety — A local preacher — A traveling preacher — Marriage — Four hundred conversions — Death of his wife — Appointments — Supernumerary — Death — Unrecorded toils — Old-fashioned preacher — Dutchman and Methodist preacher — Falling in meeting — His preaching — His son. Page 279.

REV. JAMES F. BURROWS.

"The memory of the just" — Birth — Providence — Becomes pious — Early religious activity — Perfect love — Preparation for the Ministry — Biblical Institute — Marriage — Joins Troy Conference — Fields of labor — Bronchial disease — Consumption — Joyful death — His preaching. Page 284.

REV. ELIJAH B. HUBBARD

Birth — Pious parents — Converted very young — Marriage — Profession of religion — Zeal — Class-leader — Enters the itinerant work — Success on Fort Ann circuit — Death of his wife — Afflictions — Mental aberration — Recovery — Second marriage — Cause of his death — A murderous custom — Personal appearance and habits — Inward conflicts — Deep depression — Extracts from his diary — Character — End. Page 288.

REV. CYRUS BOLSTER.

Revival at Rensselaerville — Females without souls — "Cyrus, do your duty" — Conversion — At Wesleyan University — Tutor in Hon. F. Garrettson's family — Joins New York Conference — Health fails — Lansingburgh and Jonesville Academies — Troy Conference — Goes South — Death — Rev. Z. Phillips' sketch of his character — As a Scholar — As a Friend — As a Christian — As a Minister. Page 295.

REV. OLIVER EMERSON.

Nativity — Parentage — Hears T. Spicer preach — Brought to Christ by his sister — A worthy example — Pontoosuc — Mental conflicts — Wilbraham Academy — His feelings on leaving Wilbraham —

Theological Seminaries — First circuit — Revival at Palatine Bridge — Reception at Waterford — Afflictions—Narrow escapes—Revival in Lansingburgh — Afflictions — Superannuated — Sufferings — Death. Page 304.

REV. RICHARD GRIFFIN.

A comparative stranger — Native of Ireland — Early usefulness — Emigration — Appointments — Sickness and Death — Opinions of his colleagues — Happy end — Reflections. Page 311

REV. DATUS ENSIGN —BY REV. C. R. MORRIS.

Nativity — Death — Early Conversion — Licensed to preach — Enters the itinerant field — Fields of labor — Marriage — Subsequent Appointments — Perfect love — Superannuated — Resumes the work — Supernumerary — His preaching — Anecdote — Appearance, &c. — Family prayer meetings — Declining health — Happy end — Funeral. Page 313.

PART THIRD.

Contributions by Living Members of Troy Conference.

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE. *Rev. B. M. Hall.* 319
CHRISTIANITY AN ELEMENT OF CIVILIZATION. *Rev. H. Dunn.* 320
IMPORTANCE OF AN ELEVATED AIM. *Rev. H. L. Starks, A. M.* 330
THE TRANSFIGURATION. *Rev. B. Isbell,* 332
THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN. *Rev. D. Starks,* 336
WAS THE RESURRECTION BODY OF CHRIST A SPIRITUAL AND GLORIFIED BODY. *Rev. A. C. Rose,* 340
THE YOUNG SUPERANNUATE. *Rev. W. Ford,* 346
THE CHRISTIAN PROFESSION. *Rev. W. A. Miller,* 350
INFLUENCE OF FAMILIAR ASSOCIATES, ... 351
ONWARD! UPWARD! *Rev. A. Johnson,* 354
IMPORTANCE OF PARENTAL PIETY TO SUCCESSFUL FAMILY GOVERNMENT. *Rev. M. Witheril.* 355
DEATH WITHOUT THE LIGHT OF REVELATION. *Rev. J. M. Edgerton,* 359
GOD IN INTERCOURSE WITH MAN. *Rev. B. Hawley, A. M.,* 366
HOW CAN GOD BE JUST AND MERCIFUL AND CREATE MEN WHOM HE KNEW WOULD SIN AND CONSEQUENTLY BE MISERABLE FOREVER? *Rev. C. Devol, M. D.,* 372

The truth of Christianity established by the Christian's experience. *Rev. T. Spicer, A. M.,* 377
The influence of Christians and Christianity. *Rev. H. W. Ransom,* 381
The baptism of the Holy Ghost. *Rev. R. Wescott, A. M.,* ... 382
Early death of Ministers. *Rev. M. Bates,* 389
Christian love. *Rev. E. Goss, A. M.,* 392
Analysis of the new rule on slavery proposed by the Troy Conference in May, 1853. *Rev. A. Witherspoon,* 394
A Providential incident. *Rev. J. Pegg, Sen.,* 400
The identity of the human body in the resurrection. *Rev. J. M. Wever,* 405

APPENDIX.

Literary Institutions, Page 411

Table showing the time and place of the several sessions of the Troy Conference, with the names of the presiding bishops and secretaries. Page 412

Table showing who have been presiding elders of the several districts from 1832 to 1854. Page 413

Statistics of membership, Sunday School scholars, collections, &c. Page 414

Table containing an alphabetical list of all the preachers who have been connected with the conference from its organization to 1854; showing the time of their reception, and who have withdrawn, located, been transferred, expelled, or died, and the date of such events. Page 415

Tract and book depositories. Page 424

PART FIRST.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF METHODISM WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE TROY CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no."—DEUT. viii, 2.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

FROM 1766 TO 1800.

The Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which had previously constituted a part of the New York Conference, was organized in 1832. It is bounded on the north by Canada East, on the east by the Green Mountains, on the south by a line running east and west from Pittsfield, Mass., to Schoharie county, N. Y., and on the west by a somewhat irregular line running from Schoharie in a northerly direction to Canajoharie, Lake Pleasant, and thence to Canada East, leaving Franklin county on the west, and Clinton county on the east of this line. It therefore includes Rensselaer, Albany, Schenectady, Montgomery, Fulton, Saratoga, Washington, Warren, Essex, and Clinton counties; with a part of Columbia, Schoharie, and Hamilton counties in New York; so much of Vermont as lies west of the Green Mountains; and about ten towns in Berkshire county, Mass.

Within its bounds are the cities of Albany, Troy, Schenectady, and Vergennes, together with a large number of flourishing villages, extensive fertile regions, and much picturesque and beautiful scenery. Howes' Cave, Saratoga and Lebanon Springs, and Cohoes, and Glenn's Falls, are among the natural curiosities within its limits. The Hudson river, Lake Champlain, the northern and western canals, and numerous rail roads constitute its thoroughfares, and render traveling within its bounds cheap, pleasant, and expeditious.

The first Methodist that is known to have entered this region was Captain Webb, of the British army. Having received a wound in the arm, and lost his right eye at the battle of Quebec, under General Wolfe, he returned to England, and in 1764, or 1765, was converted to God. He joined the Methodist society, and in 1765, or 1766, returned to this country, having been appointed barrack-master at Albany. Before leaving England, he began to speak in public, and "when he arrived in Albany, he regularly performed family prayer; some of his neighbors frequently attended. He often gave them a word of exhortation, and the encouragement he met with emboldened him to extend his labors." (*Young's Hist. Meth., p.* 235.) Thus began that work which has since so wonderfully spread throughout this and other regions of our country. It will be remembered that it was in 1766, that Mr. Philip Embury preached his first sermon in the city of New York, and organized the first Methodist society in America. Whether the honor of preaching the first Methodist sermon in America belongs to Captain Webb, or to Philip Embury, and whether Albany or New York was the place where it was preached, it may be impossible *positively* to decide; but that Mr. Embury organized the first society, may be considered a settled historical fact. Dr. Bangs says of Mr. Embury's first sermon, which was preached to five hearers in his own house in New York: "This, it is believed, was the first Methodist sermon ever preached in America." (*Hist. Meth.*, vol. i, p. 48.) This is the general impression, and yet as this is a question of some historic interest, it may be well to investigate it.

"In the year 1765 or 1766," Dr. Bangs says, "Capt. Webb was appointed barrack-master at Albany. Here he set up family prayer in his own house, which some of his neighbors frequently attended, to whom he gave

a word of exhortation and advice. The blessing of God attending those incipient efforts to do good, he was induced to extend his labors, and he began to hold meetings among his fellow-soldiers and others who wished to attend. After the arrival of Mr. Embury in New York, Capt. Webb, hearing of their having begun to hold meetings, paid them a visit." (*Bangs' Hist. Meth.*, v. ii, p. 257.) From the above, it seems that he began to hold meetings in Albany either the *same* year that Mr. Embury began in New York, 1766, or the year *previous*. Capt. Webb appeared among the Methodists in New York "shortly after they had formed themselves into a society," and before the rigging-loft was hired. (*Young's Hist. Meth.*, p. 232; *Bangs' Hist. Meth.*, vol. i, pp. 49, 50). A letter from the infant society in New York to Mr. Wesley, dated *April* 11, 1768, says, "The above appears to be a genuine account of the state of religion in New York *eighteen months ago*, when it pleased God to rouse up Mr. Embury to employ his talent by calling sinners to repentance, and exhorting believers to let their light shine before men." "About *fourteen months ago*, Capt. Webb, barrack-master at Albany, found them out, and preached in his regimentals." (*Bangs' Hist. Meth.*, vol. i, p. 53-4). Thus it appears that Mr. Embury was aroused to duty in *October*, 1766, i. e., eighteen months before the above letter was written, that Capt. Webb began to hold meetings in Albany in 1765 or 1766, and that he preached in New York about four months after Mr. Embury's first sermon, having previously preached in Albany, "first to his fellow-soldiers, and afterward to all that were willing to hear him." From the above evidence it seems *highly probable* that the first Methodist sermon in America was preached by Capt. Webb at Albany, or *at least* that he there held the first Methodist meetings for exhortation

and prayer. I learn also that he visited and preached at Schenectady. No society, however, was formed in either of these cities until several years subsequent to 1766. Capt. Webb afterwards returned to England where his labors were greatly blessed. He died suddenly in 1796.

The *Rev. Freeborn Garrettson* was the apostle of Methodism in all the region now occupied by the Troy Conference. At the Conference of 1788 he was appointed presiding elder of the district *north of the city of New York*, and extending from New Rochelle, near New York city, to Lake Champlain. At that time there were but *six* circuits in his large district, and but *two* of them within the bounds of what now constitutes the Troy Conference. "The Lord had raised up a number of zealous young men, who had entered the field of itinerancy with hearts fired and filled with love to God and the souls of men. Several of these were placed under the charge of Mr. Garrettson, who was requested by Bp. Asbury to penetrate the country north of the city of New York, and form as many circuits as he could.

"A great portion of this country was entirely destitute of religious instruction, more especially the northern and western parts of New York state, and the state of Vermont. There were, to be sure, some small scattered congregations of Lutherans, and Dutch Reformed, along the banks of the Hudson river, and some Congregationalists and Baptists in Vermont. It is manifest, however, that experimental and practical religion was at a low ebb; and in most of the places, particularly in the new settlements on the west side of the Hudson river, not even the forms of it were to be found." (*Bangs' Hist.*, vol. i, p. 269.)

The following account of the exercises of his mind,

and of the manner in which he proceeded in the work of breaking up this new ground, is from Mr. Garrettson's own pen: "I was very uneasy in my mind, being unacquainted with the country, an entire stranger to its inhabitants, there being no Methodist societies farther north than Westchester; but I gave myself to earnest prayer for direction. I knew that the Lord was with me. In the night season, in a dream, it seemed to me that the whole country, up the North river, as far as Lake Champlain, east and west, was open to my view.

"After Conference adjourned, I requested the young men to meet me. Light seemed so reflected on my path that I gave them directions where to begin, and which way to form their circuits. I also appointed a time for each quarterly meeting, requesting them to take up a collection in every place where they preached, and told them I should go up the North river to the extreme parts of the work, visiting the towns and cities in the way, and on my return, I should visit them all, and hold their quarterly meetings. I had no doubt but that the Lord would do wonders, for the young men were pious, zealous and laborious."

Who can contemplate the scene here presented without emotions of admiration? In the spirit of the apostles, this band went forth, without money, without influence, without friends, trusting alone in God, to wage warfare against the kingdom of darkness, and gather souls to Christ. The strangest notions imaginable prevailed among some classes, as to the character and designs of these men of God. Some supposed they were the agents of the British government, and gravely predicted another war! Embassadors of a foreign Prince they were, indeed, and a war ensued, but not such as was feared; their weapons were not carnal, their victories were bloodless. Others supposed they were the false prophets

who should come in the last days, and "deceive, if it were possible, the very elect." And while some of the settled clergy became alarmed lest they should lose their congregations, from many a pulpit the note of warning was sounded against the "wolves in sheep's clothing."

God, however, was with these heroic pioneers of Methodism, opening their way before them, supporting them amid their trials, raising them up friends among strangers, and blessing their labors. If, as on the day of Pentecost, some "mocked," others "were pricked in their hearts, and said to" Father Garrettson, "and to the rest of the" preachers, "men and brethren, what shall we do?" "My custom was," says Mr. Garrettson, "to go round the district every three months, and then return to New York, where I commonly stayed about two weeks. In going once around, I usually traveled about a thousand miles, and preached upwards of a hundred times." (*Garrettson's Life, p.* 201.) *At the close of their first year's labor, they returned over six hundred members.* "So mightily grew the word of the Lord, and prevailed."

The minutes of 1788 give the circuits and appointments within our bounds, as follows: Cambridge, Lemuel Smith; Shoreham, Darius Dunham; New City (i. e. Lansingburgh), Samuel Q. Talbot; Lake Champlain, Samuel Wigton. These appointments must be understood as indicating the places where these men were expected to form circuits, and not the actual existence of societies at that time.

The first Methodist society formed within the limits of what is now the Troy Conference, was at Ashgrove, in Washington county, N. Y. It was organized by Mr. Philip Embury. After having been instrumental in the organization of the first Methodist society, and in building the first Methodist church in America, he removed to Ashgrove, where he formed a society, consisting

chiefly of a few Irish emigrants. Among these was Mr. Ashton, also an Irish emigrant, after whom the place was named. Mr. Embury was a carpenter by trade, and lived in humble life, a faithful Christian, and a useful local preacher, until the year 1775, when he died in peace, and was buried in the town of Cambridge, about seven miles north of Ashgrove. In 1832, his remains were removed, and with appropriate religious services, entombed in the burying ground in Ashgrove. In 1786, Mr. John Baker, another emigrant arrived from Ireland, and united with the little band at Ashgrove. After several unsuccessful attempts to get the services of a regular preacher, they succeeded in 1788, when Rev. Lemuel Smith was sent to them, the appointment, as above indicated, bearing the name of Cambridge circuit. This may be considered the first circuit formed within our limits. Mr. Smith brought the society into regular order, and extended his labors in various directions with success. The same year the first Methodist church within the bounds of our present Conference, and, indeed, the first north of Dutchess county, was erected at Ashgrove. A stone in the wall of the church at North White Creek, as well as the records of a book recently examined at the house of the widow Hanna, at Ashgrove, in which the New York Conference held its session in 1803, testify to the fact that this first church was erected in 1788. It was subsequently enlarged and afterward destroyed, and a new one was erected a few rods from the former site. This was destroyed by fire, and the present house of worship was erected in its stead. Mr. Smith was succeeded by Mr. Darius Dunham, in 1789. Ashgrove, at an early date, became a centre and strong-hold of Methodism, and around it cluster some of the most interesting associations of our early denominational history. There, side by side, repose

the remains of those faithful men of God and preachers of the word, Philip Embury, David Noble and David Brown. Of the former of these I have already spoken.

Mr. David Noble was a local preacher, a holy, zealous man, who had emigrated from Ireland about 1794. He resided at Johnsburg, from which place, when in the 74th year of his age, he went to visit a married daughter near Ashgrove. In the evening of the same day, July 10, 1807, as he was exhorting the people with his accustomed zeal, in a little pulpit that had been fitted up in the school-house, he warned them to be prepared to die, and said he blessed God that he was ready to go at any moment when God should please to call him. He had no sooner spoken these words than he sunk back in his chair, and in a few moments, without uttering another word, expired. On his tombstone is the following epitaph:

> "This man was faithful in his Master's cause;
> Three minutes exchanged the pulpit for eternal joys."

Many of his descendants in and about Johnsburg are members of the M. E. church, and one of them, Rev. Edward Noble, is a member of the Troy Conference.

Mr. David Brown was born in the county of Down, Ireland, in 1760; entered the traveling connection in this country in 1791; and died at Ashgrove, in September, 1803, in the 44th year of his age. Few even among the best of men have been so generally beloved in life, or so greatly lamented in death, as was this holy man. His cheerfulness, seasoned with all the gentleness of humble love; his meekness, wisdom and uniform stability won the affections and sealed the friendship of his cotemporaries. He had a peculiar excellence in reproof. Its edge was so keen, and yet so tempered with cheerful kindness, as at the time to give pleasure rather than pain; and yet so directed as to produce with un-

erring certainty, its effect. Often, it was not until some time after he had gone, that his supposed pleasantry was first seen to have a pointed, serious meaning. He lost no love by his reproofs. God blessed his labors to the salvation of many, and in the terrible pains attendant upon the dysentery of which he died, the river of peace in his soul was raised to a flood-tide of joy, upon the bosom of which he entered into the desired haven. His last words were, "The Lord's will be done; my anchor is cast within the veil." Surely the memory of these worthies should be cherished by their spiritual descendants. For other particulars relative to this holy man, the reader is referred to the Autobiography of Rev. T. Spicer, p. 63.

In that same sacred spot, the Ashgrove grave-yard, repose the ashes of others of that first little Methodist band within our borders. Could they arise from their dusty beds and behold the advancement of that work in which they toiled and suffered, how would they exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" Who knows but they do look down from the resting place of their spirits, and rejoice in the spread of scriptural holiness in our midst? Among those whose remains repose in that spot, we ought not to forget the name of Mr. Ashton, the first Methodist in Ashgrove, by whom the ground was given to the church. This devoted man fitted up a room in his house, which, for many years, was known far and near as the Preacher's Room. There Asbury and Garrettson, and very many other weary itinerants, found a hearty welcome, a place of retreat and repose from their long journeys, a *home*, when such homes for Methodist preachers were "few and far between." In his last will he bequeathed to the society some two or three acres of ground adjoining the grave-yard, on which a parsonage was built, which was doubtless the first

one owned by the church within our bounds. He also gave a cow for the use of the preacher, and a perpetual annuity of ten dollars to be paid to the oldest unmarried traveling preacher of the New York Conference. Besides this, he gave all the furniture of the Preacher's Room. Among these articles was a large chair occupied by Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat when presiding at the first Conference within our bounds, which was held at the house of Mr. John Baker, at Ashgrove, in 1803, the friends in that immediate neighborhood being better able to entertain the preachers than they were in the vicinity of the church. This chair is still preserved in the parsonage. To allow the name of Ashton to be forgotten among us would be alike barbarous and ungrateful. Some account of the early history of Methodism in Ashgrove may be found in the Methodist Magazine for 1827.

In 1789 two other circuits appear on the Minutes, viz: Coeymans Patent and Schenectady. John Crawford was appointed to the former, and Lemuel Smith and Cornelius Cook to the latter. In June or July, 1789, Mr. Garrettson preached in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, "but found much opposition among the citizens generally to the truths he delivered. A few, however, bowed a willing obedience to the word, and *a small society* seemed to be in a flourishing state." (*Garrettson's Life*, p. 204–5.) Thus we learn that one of the first societies in this region was in the city of Albany. From Albany Mr. Garrettson went to Schenectady, where he also "found a strong current of prejudice setting in against his endeavors to do good, though he was permitted to preach in the English church." Every where within our bounds high-toned Calvinism prevailed and presented a bold opposition to our pioneers. Later in the same year, "after holding a quarterly meeting at

Ashgrove, which was attended with signal displays of the power of God. Mr. Garrettson returned to Albany, where he met the little society." The same year was one of prosperity in Canaan, under the labors of Messrs. Bloodgood and Wighton.

A circumstance occurred on the 23d of July of this year, 1789, which well nigh deprived the church of the services of the pious and talented Garrettson. Being in Sharon, Conn., he went out into the field to catch his horse. "He was tied with a long rope," says Mr. G., "and as I had hold of the rope, he gave a sudden start, and by some means the rope got around my arm and body so that I was thrown and bereft of my senses. How long I lay in that situation I know not. I knew not who or where I was. After lying some time in as much pain as if I had been on a rack or wheel, I made an attempt to lay my head on my hat for a pillow, and saw the two first letters of my name in my hat, and immediately I knew myself, and cried out, '*Is this poor Garrettson?*' 'Where is he and what is the matter?' I received a small degree of strength, and arose from the earth, walked to the house, and was laid upon a bed. Providentially, a skillful surgeon was at hand, who came to me and found my shoulder dislocated, and my left wrist, thumb and shoulder, and several fingers much strained, my body severely bruised, and several contusions on my head. Several assisted, and my shoulder was replaced, blood was let, and my wounds bound up. Immediately after I was bled, I recovered my senses as perfectly as ever, and was enabled to look up by faith to my beloved Savior, and received a strong confidence in him. Many came to see me, and my soul was so happy that I was constrained with tears to exhort all that came near. I think I never had so strong a witness of perfect love. I was enabled to bless God for

the affliction, and would not have it otherwise. I do believe it was rendered a blessing to the place."

In the very front rank of that noble band of men who planted Methodism in these United States, is the position of *Freeborn Garrettson*. In piety, ability, labor, suffering, and success, he was equaled by few, scarcely exceeded by any. He was born in Maryland, in 1752. Like most of the preeminently good and useful men who have blessed the world, he owed his early religious bias to a devout mother. He was converted to God, in 1775. At that time he was the legal owner of a number of slaves, that fell to him on the death of his father. Soon after his conversion, his mind became deeply dejected, he "was encompassed with darkness, and the most severe distress." In this state of mind, he one day called his family together to attend family devotions. "I stood," says Mr. Garrettson, "with a book in my hand, in the act of giving out a hymn; this thought powerfully struck my mind, 'It is not right for you to keep your fellow-creatures in bondage; you must let the oppressed go free.' I knew it to be that same blessed voice which had spoken to me before. Till then I had never suspected that the practice of slave-keeping was wrong; I had not read a book on the subject, nor been told so by any. I paused a minute, and then replied, 'Lord, the opressed shall go free.' And I was as clear of them in my mind as if I never owned one. I told them they did not belong to me, and that I did not desire their services without making them a compensation. I was now at liberty to proceed in worship. After singing, I kneeled to pray. Had I the tongue of an angel, I could not fully describe what I felt: all my dejection, and that melancholy gloom which preyed upon me, vanished in a moment, and a divine sweetness

ran through my whole frame." This event speaks for itself. We can scarcely help asking, however, whether God required more at his hands, than he does of others in similar circumstances. Happy had it been for the church and the nation, if all our preachers and people similarly situated had followed his example. The day of judgment will reveal some startling things relative to that "crying sin."

Some idea of what he passed through during the *fifty two years* of his itinerant life, may be gathered from the following extract of a letter written to Mr. Wesley, when he had traveled but *nine* years: "My lot has mostly been cast in new places, to form circuits, which much exposed me to persecution. Once I was imprisoned; twice beaten; left on the highway speechless and senseless (I must have gone into a world of spirits, had not God in mercy sent a good Samaritan, that bled me and took me to a friend's house); once shot at; guns and pistols presented at my head; once delivered from an armed mob, in the dead time of night, on the highway, by a surprising flash of lightning; surrounded frequently by mobs; stoned frequently; I have had to escape for my life, at dead time of night. Oh! shall I ever forget the divine hand which has supported me." (*Life Garrettson*, p. 168.)

From North Carolina to Nova Scotia, he labored with inextinguishable zeal and glorious success. Our limits forbid our giving anything like an outline of his history or character. The reader is referred to the life of this noble, lovely, exemplary man, by Dr. Bangs.

In 1790, Albany and also New Lebanon circuits appear on the minutes. The preachers on the latter of these were Samuel Smith, and Thomas Everard. During this year these men introduced Methodism into Pittsfield, Mass., and as that became at an early date

a prominent position, a brief sketch of our history in that town is here given.

It is believed that the first Methodist preaching in Pittsfield was in the east part of the town where an appointment was established, first at the house of Mr. Z. Herrick, afterward at Mr. N. Webb's, just over the line, in the town of Dalton, and subsequently it was removed to the school-house near Mr. Herrick's residence in the east part of Pittsfield. The precise time when a society was organized there, is not known.

About the same time or soon after, Mr. Smith visited the west part of the town, and preached at the house of Colonel Root. The following year, 1791, Rev. Robert Green, being on the Stockbridge circuit, preached at the house of Mr. Stevens in the same neighborhood. Being detained there some days by a snow storm, he visited from house to house, and preached repeatedly. God poured out his Spirit, souls were saved, and the first Methodist society in Pittsfield was formed. A regular appointment was established at the school-house, and about the year 1800 a church was raised, enclosed and dedicated, which, however, the feeble society were not able to complete until some years after.

In 1806 a very general revival prevailed throughout the town, by which our cause was greatly strengthened. The New York Conference held its session in that church in 1810. In 1812, a secession took place, another house of worship was erected, and a Reformed Methodist church was organized, which has long since ceased to exist. The first Methodist sermon ever known to have been preached in the *village* of Pittsfield, was by Rev. Freeborn Garrettson. The precise date is unknown. Methodism in that place is much indebted to Rev. Robert Green, who not only organized the first society, but also, after ceasing to travel, located there, and in

1806 or 1807, Rev. Laban Clark dedicated Mr. Green's house as a place for the ministry of the word, where occasional sermons were preached for many years. The first society in the *village* was formed August 22, 1827, and consisted of eleven members. In 1829, just forty years after the introduction of Methodism into the *town*, the church in East street was erected, and Pittsfield, which had previously constituted a part of a large circuit, soon after became a separate charge. This charge has been favored with revivals from time to time, the most extensive of which occured in the winter of 1837 and 1838, while Rev. Henry Smith was pastor, and in which Rev. James Caughey was a principal instrument. A number of ministers have been raised up and sent out from Pittsfield, some of whom have become distinguished for ability and success.

Parmely Chamberlain, Nathaniel Kellogg, F. G. Hibbard, Abiathar M. Osbon, D. D. Russell, M. Little, R. Pierce, and W. W. Pierce, here received license to preach, and the first four named are said to have been also *converted* there. Since the village became a separate charge, the following traveling preachers have been licensed by its quarterly conference, viz: Richard Brown, Adam Jones, J. S. Hart and C. M. Anderson. In 1851, while the writer held the pastoral relation to that church, a new and superior house of worship was erected on Fenn street in a central part of the village.

Returning to the period to which we had traced our history, we find that in 1791, the Saratoga circuit was formed; and in June of the same year, Mr. Garrettson dedicated the first Methodist Church in the city of Albany, to the worship of Almighty God. (See *Garrettson's Life*, p. 227.) This was a small building, about thirty-two by forty-four feet, which the infant society had erected on the corner of Pearl and Orange streets. In

1798, Albany, which had previously constituted a part of Albany circuit, became a separate station, and Rev. Joel Ketchum was its first stationed preacher. For twenty-two years, the little building in Pearl street held all the Methodists in that city. There Robert Green, Joel Ketchum, Cyrus Stebbins, Dr. Phœbus, Daniel Ostrander, Lewis Pease, Samuel Merwin, and others, held forth the word of life. Under the administration of the last named, in 1813, the church in Division street was erected. The church in Pearl street was subsequently occupied by the Baptists, and also by the Cameronians, and is now (1853) used as a grocery-store and dwelling.

In the same year that the first church was dedicated in Albany, Mr. Garrettson, speaks of a "small flock" in Johnstown, and of having contracted for a lot and engaged men to build a house of worship in that place. This building, if the writer is correctly informed, was in the principal street of the village, and was subsequently disposed of, and the society broken up. By a reference to the sketch of Rev. J. D. Moriarty, in another part of this volume, it will be seen that the present church in that village was erected under his administration in 1829.

Sometime in the year 1795, the eccentric Billy Hibbard preached his first sermon. It was in a tavern kept by a professed deist, at Hinsdale Flatts, Mass. God blessed his first discourse to the conversion of an aged man, who soon after died in the peace of the gospel. Mr. Hibbard preached frequently in Hinsdale and the neighboring towns during the two succeeding years, and in 1797, was sent by the presiding elder to assist Rev. C. Stebbins, on Pittsfield circuit. Thus began his career of self-denying, zealous labors, which were continued for nearly half a century.

The first Methodist preacher that is known to have visited Warren or Essex counties in New York, was Rev. Richard Jacobs. He was one of the band of pioneers under Mr. Garrettson, who first explored this region in that capacity. He belonged to a wealthy family of the "standing order" in Sheffield, Berkshire county, Mass. For becoming a Methodist he was disinherited by his father, and, with his young wife, thrown out penniless upon the world. In the spring of 1796, he left his family at Clifton Park and took a tour through northern New York, as far as Essex and Clinton counties, preaching to the few scattered inhabitants of that region. At Elizabethtown numbers were awakened and converted, and leaving the few sheep in the wilderness, for such that whole country then was, he promised that if possible a preacher should be sent them. After spending some weeks along the western shore of Lake Champlain, he started, in company with a Mr. Kellogg, to return to his family by way of the Schroon woods to the head of Lake George and thence to Clifton Park. They spent some seven days in the woods, meeting with almost insurmountable obstructions. Their provisions failing them, they became exhausted, and, attempting in that state to ford the Schroon river upon horseback, Mr. Jacobs was drowned. His family were all converted; three of his sons became ministers, and two of his daughters married Methodist preachers, one of whom is the wife of Rev. Dr. Luckey. (See *Christian Advocate*, May 20, 1836.)

The first circuit ever formed in Vermont was the Vershire circuit, on which Nicholas Snethen was the first stationed preacher. The first regular society west of the Green Mountains, Vt., was in Brandon, Rutland county. (See *Chn. Adv.*, vol. 8, p. 7.) The first circuit in that part of Vermont embraced within the present

bounds of the Troy Conference, was the Vergennes, which first appears in the minutes of 1798. Joseph Mitchell and Abner Wood were the first preachers regularly appointed there. Mr. Mitchell was a man of extraordinary natural powers. He was shrewd, witty, energetic and an overwhelming preacher. Lorenzo Dow relates in his journal an instance in which such an impression was made under his preaching, on a quarterly meeting occasion, that the usual business could not be transacted. When he began to exhort, a trembling commenced among the unconverted; one after another fell from their seats, and for *eleven hours* there was no cessation of the cries of the smitten assembly.

While Mr. Mitchell was on Vergennes circuit, he received a youth into the church, of whom a brief notice is here given. This youth was born in Dutchess county, N. Y. His mother was a Methodist, and used to take her boy with her to the class-meetings. On one occasion, after Father Abbott had preached, he led the class; and after having spoken to the others, he turned to this lad and said: "Well, my boy, do you think you are a sinner?" He replied, "Yes, sir." Mr. Abbott then with his accustomed vehemence said, "There is many a boy in hell not as old as you are;" and went on exhorting him to repent. This unexpected address not only frightened him; it also produced a real religious concern, which, however, gradually subsided. Subsequently he removed with his parents to Vermont. When about fifteen or sixteen years of age, being a good reader, a Methodist neighbor, who held meetings at his house, engaged him to read one of Wesley's sermons each sabbath, while he led the other religious services. The lady of this family used to talk with him privately on the subject of religion, and he says: "Her conversations, more than any thing else, were the means of my seeking

religion." On his way home from one of these meetings, he went into the woods, and, kneeling by a large tree, renounced his sins, and entered into a solemn covenant with God to devote himself to his service. How that vow was kept, is happily evinced in his subsequent history. He did not, however, obtain a sense of the divine favor at that time. For several weeks he sought after God, night and day, with anguish of soul and many tears. At length, one sabbath, after preaching, Mr. Mitchell held a class-meeting, during which the distress of this youth became almost insupportable. At its close, special prayer was made in his behalf, and while the man of God and the pious cottagers bowed around him were engaged in earnest supplication, the sinner's friend spoke peace to his troubled soul. That day, December 27, 1798, the name of ELIJAH HEDDING was written in Heaven, and the *same day* entered on a class-book as a probationer in that church of which he afterwards became a distinguished minister and a truly apostolic bishop. To two pious females, his mother and the lady alluded to above, the church is indebted for the services of more than half a century, rendered her by the man whose *portrait* graces our volume, and whose memory will be precious as long as "Christianity, in earnest," is known in the earth.

In February of the year in which Bishop Hedding was converted to God, Joseph Sawyer preached a sermon at Petersburgh, on the barren fig tree. Among those present was a young man, a school teacher. It was the first sermon he had ever heard from a Methodist preacher; and the word brought him into the deepest distress in view of his exposedness to the Divine wrath. Soon after he was made a partaker of justifying grace. There was at the time a class in Hoosick, but none in Petersburgh; and the young man in question proposed

to unite with the Hoosick class; but as his wife and two or three others were brought to Christ about the same time, a class was formed of which he was made the leader. Thus originated the first Methodist society in Petersburgh, N. Y., and thus began the religious life and evangelical labors of Ebenezer Washburn, who for about half a century continued in the field.

Furnished with a Hymn Book and Discipline, he began first to hold class-meetings, and soon after to exhort publicly. Souls were converted to God, and at the close of the conference year the class numbered over thirty members. Soon Mr. Washburn was licensed to preach, and during the following winter his labors were the means of the conversion of about thirty persons on the Petersburgh mountain, who were formed into a class by Peter Vannest. "About this time," writes Mr. Washburn, "I went to New Ashford to fill an appointment for one of the circuit preachers. A great congregation came together, and I read a hymn and prayed; and after singing again I gave out a text and divided my subject into three general propositions, from each of which I promised to speak to the people. No sooner had I done this than the whole subject seemed to close up from my view; all my premeditated matter was gone from me; and my mind appeared to be wrapped in more than midnight darkness. I inwardly cried to God for help, but found no relief. I spoke to the people about thirty-five minutes, and sat down completely confounded and ashamed. I called on an exhorter to close the meeting, hoping that he would say something to the edification of the congregation; but he knelt down and made a short prayer, without making any reference to the preacher or the words he had spoken. I refused to wait for any refreshments, and hurried away to the afternoon appointment, which was distant about four

miles. Here I also met a large congregation, and, to my surprise, I recognized a number of faces which I had seen at the morning appointment. I had great liberty of speech in addressing them, and the Lord laid to his helping hand, and we had the shout of a king in the camp of Israel. About six months after this, I was passing through New Ashford with my wife, and put up for the night with brother Sherwood, the leader of the class. After supper, sister Sherwood began to speak to my wife about my having preached there the spring before. I said: 'Sister, do not say any thing about that unfortunate morning; let it pass into the land of forgetfulness.' 'Why so?' said brother Sherwood, 'it was one of the best sermons we have ever had in this place. We have seven very likely young men now in society who were awakened under that discourse.' 'Then,' said I, 'glory be to God; I am sure it is God that awakens souls, and not the preacher.'"

Peter Vannest, in an account of his labors on Pittsfield circuit, in 1799, writes: "At a place called Dalton, I think, we had an appointment in a school-house, where there was great opposition; but the Lord carried on his own work. A number were converted; among whom was a young woman of a respectable family, an only daughter. When she was under conviction the Presbyterian minister waited on her, and wished her to join his church, saying that it was more honorable than the Methodist. I heard her say that she did not want honor; she would sooner crawl through the mud on her hands and knees to heaven, than to ride to hell in a coach. When she went home after joining the society, her father said he would not have the 'whore of Babylon in his house,' so he turned her out. Her mother followed her at a distance to see where she went; she found shelter in the house of a poor man, by the name

of Durkee, where she was entertained on the best they had. The Lord blessed her visit to the conversion of the man and his wife; glory be to his holy name. She went about twenty miles to a place called Adams, to keep school; but whether she ever went home again or not, I can not tell.

"At that place they employed a young man from Williamstown college to drive the Methodists out of the place. He was a large young man, wearing a morning gown and his head powdered. When I had done speaking the people kept their seats, and he rose and commenced asking me questions. We agreed so well in all points of doctrine, that, instead of destroying Methodism, he helped to establish it! Sometimes the devil over-shoots the mark."

In 1799, B. Hibbard and H. Ryan were on Cambridge circuit. They traveled about *five hundred miles and filled sixty-three appointments every four weeks.* This, however, they found to be too much for them, and some appointments were attached to another circuit. Mr. Hibbard says, "On Cambridge circuit the Lord wrought wonders. About three hundred, I believe, were awakened and converted, though the net increase was not quite two hundred." His residence was at Bethlehem, about forty-five miles from Ashgrove, the centre of his extensive circuit.

Of the early history of Methodism in Bethlehem, he says, "When I was first acquainted with this class about a year before, there were only eight members. We lived with them two years, and when we moved away the number in class was eighty-four." A single incident from his memoirs may serve to show the bitter persecutions to which the early Methodists were subjected in many places.

"The persecution in Thurman's Patent* was truly grievous. Many young people that experienced religion were turned out of doors by their parents. Some of them were whipped cruelly; *two young women were so whipped by their father that the blood ran down to their feet, and he then turned them out of doors, and they walked fifteen miles to a Methodist society.*" That father was a church member. Two younger brothers having been converted, were often severely beaten for attending Methodist meetings. "It astonished me," says Mr. Hibbard, "that the father of ten children, eight of whom had experienced religion, should drive six of them from his house, and whip these two boys for no other crime, in reality, than that of worshiping God with the Methodists." That father did not whip religion nor Methodism out of his children, for some of their descendants are now among our wealthy, influential and devoted members.

Thus from year to year the work spread and new societies were organized. Feeble, indeed, they were, and remote from each other; yet the Lord was with them. Before the close of the last century, Essex and Plattsburgh circuits were formed, and a noble band of men,

* Some of our readers may not recognize Thurman's Patent by that name. The territory now embraced in Warren county was at that time called Thurman's Patent. In that region, as we have seen, Mr. Jacobs found a watery grave, in 1796. The first society there was organized about that time, by Mr. Ryan, and consisted of seven members, the particular locality of which is not known to the writer. (*See T. Spicer's Life*, p. 34.) About the same time, Mr. Noble, who died so suddenly at Ashgrove, went to reside in Johnsburgh and thus introduced Methodism there. Our cause, however, gained but little permanent hold in that region until some years later, when it was known as Thurman's circuit, and at a later period as Warren circuit; it is now divided into Warrensburgh and Chester, Schroon, Johnsburgh and Luzerne circuits.

who subsequently did glorious things under God, had been raised up and thrust out into this part of the field. Among them were James Covel, Sen., John Crawford, Daniel Bromley, Robert Green, Joseph Mitchell, Elijah Wolsey, Ebenezer Stevens, Ezekiel Canfield, John Finnegan, Billy Hibbard, Shadrack Bostwick, and Elijah Hedding. These men of God traveled circuits larger than our present presiding elders' districts, endured privation and performed labors that would seem incredible were they not well authenticated, and which were worthy of the apostolic age. Amid obloquy and persecution, they laid the broad foundations of that work which has since progressed so marvelously. Many of them were not highly favored as to literary training, but their souls were fired and expanded by the love of God. They were men of good natural abilities, and their constant contact with the world gave them a knowledge of human nature, in all its phases, that has rarely been surpassed. "There were giants in those days." The Herculean tasks to which the pioneer ministry of the M. E. Church were called, could not fail, either to drive them from the field, or to develop the noblest traits of character. Nothing was more common than for them to be interrupted in the midst of their discourses by objections to their strange doctrines, and they were compelled to engage in almost daily controversy. By this means, these despised "circuit riders" acquired a skill in the use of the scriptures, and a power in debate that enabled them to put to confusion many of the "regularly educated ministry."

Pittstown, Fort Ann, Schroon, Broadalbin, Mayfield, and Bethlehem, were among the places in which Methodism gained more or less foothold before the close of the last century.

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1800 TO THE ORGANIZATION OF THE TROY CONFERENCE IN 1852.

In November, 1799, Lorenzo Dow left his appointment on Essex circuit, and Elijah Hedding began his itinerant labors by supplying it, under the sanction of the presiding elder. He labored there about three months, and being at the time but an exhorter he did not take a text. In April or May, of 1800, he was licensed to preach, and in November of the same year was sent to Plattsburgh circuit. There the first fruits of his labors were gathered. The circuit was reported to be "all on fire," and "the scene of singular displays of God's converting and sanctifying power." He spent about six weeks there, and then was removed to Cambridge circuit, to supply the place of a preacher who was taken sick. An humble cottage on the west side of Cumberland Head, about two miles from the village of Plattsburgh, has been pointed out to the writer as the place where this distinguished servant of God preached his first sermon. The minutes give no account of members on Plattsburgh circuit, until 1800, when one hundred and seven were reported.

In September of 1800, Rev. Jesse Lee, the apostle of Methodism in New England, in one of those extensive tours which these men were accustomed to make, passed through a part of our territory. On Sunday, the 21st, after holding a love-feast and preaching twice on the other side of the Canada line, he says in his journal, "I then took leave of Canada and rode back to Vermont, and down to Church's in St. Albans, and at night preached on Titus ii, 12. I had a sweet time, preaching to the strange people, and they were remarkably attentive, and heard as though it had been for their

lives. Then brother Peter Vannest exhorted with some life. We had a crowded house." "Saturday 27th," continues his journal, "we rode through Pawlet, and Rupert, and into the state of New York. I had been in Vermont eighteen days, and preached twenty-three sermons. We then rode through Salem, to Peter Sweetzer's. On that plantation Philip Embury died." He pursued his journey preaching at Cambridge, Troy, and New Lebanon, and so passed out of our bounds into Massachusetts. (*See Stevens' Memorials, series* ii, p. 57.)

During the conference year of 1800–1, Peter Vannest endured great trials and sufferings on Essex, afterwards called Fletcher circuit, Vt.; but God was with him, and he says, "I baptized, by sprinkling, pouring, and immersion, about four hundred persons." With my reader's permission I will introduce him to one or two scenes that occured in the winter of that year. "My work required me to cross Missisque river. When winter came, I was unable to get my horse over the river on account of the boat being sunk; I therefore left him with a friend to bring to St. Albans, a distance of about seventeen miles. I got over the river myself in a canoe, at double ferriage, an account of the drift ice. I traveled about one hundred miles on foot, and most of the way through the woods and deep snow, without a track, sometimes stepping into spring-holes up to my knees in mud and water; the snow would wear off the mud, but not dry my feet. On one occasion, in going sixteen miles through the woods, when I came to a house, they told me that one of my ears was frozen. I went out of the house, and held snow to it, in order to draw out the frost; but it continued sore until the skin all peeled off. Some part of my way was on the ice, which at that season covered Missisque bay, where I found the water three or four inches deep, and being compelled to travel

in shoes (having no boots), I had wet feet, of course. Thus I traveled on until I came to St. Albans, where I found my horse, and so traveled on until the beginning of summer, when my horse died at brother Craig's, in Waterbury."

The same year. Brandon circuit, which had previously constituted a part of the Vergennes charge, was formed. That year also, "Pittsfield circuit felt a shock of the divine power," which exerted its purifying influence on the place. In 1800, Abner Chase, another well known veteran itinerant, was converted to God, somewhere in the region of Johnstown or Northampton, within the bounds of what was then the Saratoga circuit. A pious female, the wife of a class-leader, he writes, "used to talk to me when I was but a lad so sweetly about Jesus, that my young heart many times melted, and I wished I was a Christian. She used generally to close the interview by laying her hands upon my head and offering up a fervent prayer, that God would make me a Christ ian. On one occasion, she not only prayed that God would make me a Christian, but a minister also. I seem to feel at this very moment something of that unearthly influence which sometimes rested upon me on these occasions."

In a little work, entitled Recollections of the Past, Mr. Chase introduces us to a quarterly meeting held in in the summer of 1801, at Kingsborough, Fulton county, another of the early posts gained by our army. He was one of thirty or forty who on that occasion lodged at the house of Mr. William Bentley, sleeping on the floor in rows as is now done at camp-meetings. Soon after, a quarterly meeting was held in the town of Northampton abont seven miles north of the Fish-house, at which the following singular and somewhat ludicrous scene occurred:

"The meeting was held in a large barn, the female part of the congregation occupying the floor, while the men occupied the hay-mow. While the prayer-meeting on Saturday afternoon was progressing in a good spirit, a wagon was driven up, in which was a number of young persons of both sexes. They came in high glee, alighted from the wagon, and after standing awhile at the door, and listening to several prayers from some of the females, one of the young women from the wagon pressed through the crowd, declaring she would pull down the next female that attempted to pray. Accordingly, as one commenced praying, she laid hold of her hair and drew her backwards, and when another commenced she treated her in like manner. This produced a great excitement throughout the congregation, and yet no forcible means were used to compel the young woman to cease from her rudeness, but several of the females commenced praying that God would lay his hand upon her, and show her and her companions that he could vindicate his own cause and protect his people. The spirit of these praying females seemed to be instantly diffused through the praying part of the assembly, as by a flash of electricity; and I have often thought that if I ever saw a company of praying people agreed, as touching one thing, it was on that occasion. While lips and heart were thus employed, this rude young woman seemed at once paralyzed, and stood like a statue; a death-like paleness came over her countenance, she trembled and fell to the floor as one dead. A loud shriek was uttered by her companions at the door; and after a short pause two young men, who had accompanied her to the place, pressed through the crowd—though with as much apparent alarm as though they had been approaching a loaded cannon, ready to be discharged—laid hold of her clothing and drew her through the congregation,

and through the yard, which had recently been wet by a shower; with her garments torn and besmeared with mud and manure, they threw her into the wagon, which the rest of the company entered with all possible haste, and drove away with speed. What became of her afterwards, I never learned."

It was not until 1801 that presiding elders' *districts* received a distinct name. The region now included in Troy Conference, and an extensive country west of us, was then all included in the Albany and Pittsfield districts, and there were then about *sixteen* traveling preachers within our limits. In 1802 the work was first divided into *Annual Conferences*, and that part of our territory lying west of the Hudson river was included in the Philadelphia, while the eastern part was embraced in the New York Conference, until two years later, when it was all attached to the latter. The ecclesiastical year 1801-2 was one of general prosperity.

In June, 1801, Elijah Hedding was received on trial by the New York Conference, and appointed to Plattsburgh circuit as an assistant to Elijah Chichester. God was with these modern Elijahs. Plattsburgh circuit then extended from Ticonderoga into Canada. There the youthful Hedding and his colleague forded streams, traversed forests, faced the pelting storms of that severe climate, slept in log cabins, and kindled a flame that after the lapse of half a century is not extinguished. Multitudes, through their instrumentality, were brought to God and into the bosom of the church. The next year, Hedding was on the Fletcher circuit, which took in an extensive range of country in Vermont, between the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, where, amid persecutions and privations, he assisted in planting that vine that now grows so luxuriantly and beautifies the Green Mountain state.

In 1804, what had been called the Pittsfield district, which included the whole of our ground east of the Hudson river and Lake Champlain, and Plattsburgh circuit on the west, took the name of Ashgrove district. In 1811 it was divided, and the northern part took the name of Champlain district. The southern part retained the name of Ashgrove until 1821, when the Saratoga district was formed, and the Ashgrove district was divided between it and some others.

A connected outline of the history of Methodism in Troy may be as much in place here as elsewhere. About the year 1801, a class, of which Mr. Stephen Andress was a prominent member, was formed in that city. This class was subsequently scattered, and one of its number for some misdemeanor was sent to the state prison. Hence, in 1804, when Mr. John Wright, a member of our church, moved to that city and inquired whether there were any Methodists in the place, the reply was: "No; there were some, but I believe they have all been sent to the state prison." He, however, found a small company worshiping in a private house. Precisely when the class was reorganized is not known; but it is known that Mr. Benjamin Betts, who died in 1804 or 1805, was a member after its reorganization, as was also Mr. Caleb Curtis. Messrs. Andress, Betts and Curtiss were among the first Methodists in Troy, and were substantial supporters of the infant church. About the year 1807 to 1809, a small church was erected in State street, which accommodated all our people in that city for twenty years. Troy first appears in the list of appointments in the minutes of 1810, when Dr. Phœbus was appointed to that charge. In the following year it does not appear on the minutes, and the presumption is that it was again connected with an adjoining circuit. In 1813 it again appears, Laban Clark being

appointed there that year. T. Spicer succeeded Mr. Clark in 1815. The charge then included Troy, Albia, West Troy, Lansingburgh and Brunswick, the entire membership of which amounted to one hundred and seven.

In the winter of 1815 and '16, under the labors of Mr. Spicer, a far more extensive revival than anything they had previously known in that city, took place. Elijah Chichester, who had located, greatly assisted in this work. At that time Noah Levings, began to exercise his gifts in public. After working at the anvil all day, he would throw off his apron and paper cap, wash and change his dress, and walk with Mr. Spicer to Albia, where he exhorted at the close of the sermons. At the end of his term of service, Mr. Spicer had the pleasure of reporting two hundred and fifty members; more than double the number that were there at its commencement. He was succeeded in 1817 by Rev. S. Luckey, under whose ministrations another outpouring of the Spirit brought about one hundred and fifty more into the church. Thus our cause began to gain strength in that city, and ever since its course has been onward. In 1827, when our membership there amounted to four hundred and thirty-seven, the old church gave place to the commodious house of worship now occupied in State street. In 1835 the North Second Street Church was erected, which has been prospered until it has become one of our strongest stations. Subsequently a small church was erected in South Troy, and in 1848 the one in Congress street was built. Our present membership in that city amounts to over one thousand, exclusive of West Troy, where we have two churches with a membership of three hundred and fifty. Rev. T. Spicer has expressed the full conviction that not less than five thousand sinners have been converted

to God through the instrumentality of Methodism in that city.

In those early days, to the history of which we now return, it was not uncommon for the preachers to be removed from one circuit to another every three or six months. Rev. E. Washburn spent a part of the year 1801–2 on Brandon, and the remainder on Vergennes circuit. Our preachers in those days were forced into constant conflict with the dogmas of John Calvin. E. Washburn says of his labors on Brandon circuit, "Here too I was obliged to be a man of contention. If I represented Christ as having tasted death for every man, that was strenuously opposed by the doctrine of particular atonement. If I called on sinners to repent and believe the gospel, I was told that a sinner could not repent till he was converted. If I preached the knowledge of sins forgiven, that was wild and dangerous fanaticism. Indeed the whole budget of Calvinian election and reprobation, with all its concomitant train of errors, was ready to oppose every point of truth in the gospel system, of a free, a known and a full salvation."

As a specimen of what our preachers in those days endured, I will quote again from Mr. Washburn's account of his labors on Brandon circuit; "I have had stones and snow-balls cast at me in volleys. I have had great dogs sent after me, to frighten my horse, as I was peacefully passing through small villages. *But I never was harmed by any of them.* I have been saluted with the sound, 'Glory, hosanna, amen, hallelujah!' mixed with oaths and profanity." Like their Master, these men of God "endured the cross, despising the shame," and many of them are now "set down" with Him, "at the right hand of the throne of God."

Speaking of his labors on Vergennes circuit, in

1801-2, Mr. Washburn says: "In Middlebury, I found a small and persecuted class. Our preaching place was at the house of Lebbeus Harris, and our average congregation was from twenty-five to thirty." He formed the first class at Charlotte; it consisted of Major Jonathan Brackenridge, his wife, and five others. "In Starksboro'," he says, "I found a good society. At Hinesburg there was also a good society. The house of Brother Beck, who was a leader and steward, was the principal home for the preachers. About three miles from this place was a wealthy Dutchman, by the name of Snyder, who had a large family, and his youngest child, an interesting little girl about four or five years old, sickened, and suddenly died. They called a Baptist preacher to attend the funeral, who preached a pointed Calvinistic sermon which did not much please the Dutchman, he being brought up to believe the doctrine of Luther. But when the preacher turned his address to the afflicted parents, he told them there was at least nine chances for their child to be lost, to one for it to be saved. The father's heart could bear no more; he gave a heavy stamp with his foot, and said: 'Hold your tongue; I will have no such talk in my house; I am so well satisfied where my little babe has gone, that, by the grace of God, I intend to do just so as to go to it.' He then turned to brother Norton, and said, 'Neighbor Norton, won't you bring a Methodist preacher to see me?' Brother Norton said, 'I will, if you request it?' 'When will you bring one?' said he. Brother N. said, 'I expect one at my house to-night; I think probable I can come here with him to-morrow morning,' 'Do,' said he. The child was buried without further ceremony. The next morning, brother Norton and I went to see him. The whole family were collected together, and I conversed with each one se-

parately, gave a general exhortation, and prayed with them, and then left an appointment to preach there in two weeks, and went on my way rejoicing. When I came round again I found the man, and his wife, and several of their children, earnestly seeking the salvation of their souls. I preached to them and a goodly number of their neighbors. The Lord was with us, and owned and blessed his word. The old gentleman, his wife, and some of their children, experienced religion, and joined the Methodists; and when I left the circuit I left a flourishing class in that place, of which brother Snyder was the leader."

The former part of the year 1801–2, Laban Clark labored successfully on Fletcher circuit, in Vermont. He says that in addition to filling the regular appointments, "I visited and preached in several new places where the preachers had never been. Although the country was new, the roads bad or none at all, the accommodations poor, and sometimes the fare scanty, yet I enjoyed myself well and felt my heart united with the people. My only object was to do them good and I had the satisfaction of seeing numbers awakened and converted to God." At the second quarterly meeting he was removed to Brandon circuit. The last sermon he preached on Fletcher circuit was at St. Albans Point, where his previous ministration had been owned of God to the awakening of several souls. After preaching, he held a class meeting; "a number stayed, and several found peace in believing. I formed them into a class, and we had a melting time. The next morning we all came together, and I took my departure from them with many tears."

During the latter part of the year, while on Brandon circuit, he and his colleague, Mr. Draper, greatly enlarged their circuits by establishing appointments in

Sudbury, Whiting, Shoreham, Orwell and Benson; so that their circuit embraced the whole country between Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains, and from Salisbury to Danby. They made it a point to meet each other every two weeks at Rutland. In how many of these new appointments they succeeded in establishing societies does not appear. (*Stevens' Mem.* 2d s., p. 156.)

From the Conference of 1802, William Anson was sent to plant Methodism in Grand Isle. God so blessed his labors that at the close of the first year he returned one hundred and two church members where not a single class had previously existed. See the sketch of W. Anson in another part of this volume.

Among the early fruits of Methodism on those islands, was Asel Landon. He was licensed to preach in 1809, and after faithfully serving the church for twenty years in that relation, he entered into rest. He is honorably represented in the person of his son, Rev. Seymour Landon, an influential member of the New York East Conference, who was born and reared on Grand Isle.

In the sketch of Rev. W. Anson, in another part of this volume, it will be seen that the first preacher that reached that island, did so at the imminent risk of his life. Other preachers have been "in perils of waters," in that region since that day. In 1832, Rev. John Frazer, now Dr. Frazer, having completed his labors there, was removing his goods in a small sail boat from that island, one man only being with him. Suddenly a violent thunder storm arose; they prepared for it as well as they could, by taking in sail and other precautions. The rain fell in torrents; the storm approached its height. "It now blew a hurricane, danger became imminent, we expected to capsize every moment and were, as nearly as I can judge, about half a mile from the shore. It was evident that the boat could not live, as we took

in water at almost every wave. We were nearing the shore as fast as we dared, and had recourse to bailing to keep our boat from sinking; but this was unavailing, the water poured in upon us amain, *and the boat filled.*" The waves swept over it, and just at that critical juncture, when hope had almost fled, the boat capsized, and they, with singular presence of mind, succeeded in getting upon it. There they sat, the waves dashing over them, and they exerting themselves to their utmost to maintain their hold. His companion began to yield to despair. Mr. Frazer pointed him to the Christian's hope and he began to cry mightily to God for mercy on his poor soul. "I can not say," writes our itinerant, "that prayer was the principal exercise of my soul; I felt more like confiding in the arm of the Omnipotent, and while wave after wave in quick succession burst over my head, the language of my heart was: 'Blessed be the God and rock of my salvation;' indeed, at one time, these words almost involuntarily burst from my lips, and although a considerable part of my earthly substance was floating around me, I was unmoved. O, 'what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits! Unmoved amid the roar of the tempest; unmoved while the vault of Heaven was rent by the tremendous bellowings of the deep-toned thunder, and the terrible sublimity of the scene was awfully heightened by the vivid flashes of lightning which glared on surrounding objects: *unmoved*, did I say? It should have been, *unmoved by fear;* for I was moved, and the emotions of my heart were wonder, praise and gratitude, and solemn awe."

Providentially, the boat drifted ashore before they became so exhausted as to let go their hold. After having been dashed with violence against the rocks, they succeeded in getting ashore, and with great difficulty

and danger climbed up the rugged steep to a place of safety; after which they knelt down and gave thanks to the Preserver of men. (*Chn. Adv.*, vol. vii, p. 12.)

Rev. H. B. Taylor, one of our faithful itinerants, while laboring upon those islands was subjected to a similar trial. Like the apostle of old, he was "a night and a day in the deep." He was crossing to the Isle La Motte in December, 1847, with two other men, on a scow, loaded with lumber for a new church. The wind capsized the scow, and the falling snow prevented their being seen, while the roar of the waters hindered them from being heard. They secured a few pieces of their lumber on which they sat or lay, and held on to the edge of the boat, while the waves were breaking over them. Far away from the shore, a watery grave seemed inevitable. "The capsizing took place about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the boat, by drifting, reached the shore about three o'clock the next morning. After being eleven hours in the water, they gained the land, in so chilled, frozen and exhausted a state, that they could not stand. By locking arms and bracing against each other, they managed to get to a house near by, and raised the inmates. Brother Taylor was at this time engaged in transporting lumber for a church that he was building. He had the privilege, too, of preaching faith to his two companions, who were irreligious, and who expected to perish."

In June, 1803, the New York Conference held its session at Ashgrove. Nearly seventy preachers were present. The Conference Sabbath was a high day with the Methodists of that region. About two thousand persons crowded in and about the little church, and the power of God attended the ministrations of that occasion.

One of the first circuits ever formed within our bounds bore the name of New City, the name by which Lan-

singburgh was formerly designated; but it is not known to the writer precisely when the first society was formed in that village. Laban Clark and Martin Ruter preached there in 1803. Under Mr. Clark's first sermon, Mr. Chandler Lambert was awakened and converted; he afterward became a useful traveling preacher. His memoirs may be found in the Black River Conference Memorial. In 1810, the first Methodist church in Lansingburgh was built, mostly through the instrumentality of Joel Ketchum and Elijah Chichester, both of whom had retired from the itinerancy. This was situated on the bank of the river, and occupied by the society for about twenty years. They then erected a church on Congress street, which they also occupied for about twenty years. In 1849, while the writer was stationed there, the present commodious and beautiful house of worship was erected, since which they have been visited with a glorious outpouring of the Spirit under the labors of Rev. H. W. Ransom, and our position as a church is now second to none in that place.

In 1803, Rev. Mr. Draper is said to have preached the first Methodist sermon in Whiting, Vt. Some time in 1818, one of our preachers, by the name of Jones, went from house to house in that town, telling the people that he would preach there on the following sabbath. His reception was any thing but flattering. One person, a member of another church, followed him around and told the people "there would be no preaching," "the man was not going to preach." Subsequently, that man was converted to God and became a member of the church which he had persecuted and despised. No society, however, was organized in that town until 1828, when, under the labors of Mr. G. Esty, a local preacher, several were converted, and a class of five members was formed by Rev. Joshua Poor. (*Chn. Adv.*, vol. xxiv, p. 75.)

In tracing the farther progress of the work, the details are too numerous for our narrow limits, and a few particulars only can be given. The following extract from an article in the Christian Advocate of April 21st, 1847, gives a connected view of our history in Schenectady up to 1842, since which time no very special changes have taken place in the affairs of the church in that city:

"In the early part of the year 1807, fifteen or twenty persons were hopefully converted to God in this city, in social meetings held at the house of Richard Clute, in Green street; of whom there are now living but two, Richard Clute and Cornelius L. Barhydt.

"About this time the first M. E. church in this city was organized by Rev. A. M'Kain, then preacher in charge on Albany circuit, New York Conference.

"In the minutes of the next Conference, which was held May 2, 1807, the name of Rev. Samuel Howe appears as preacher in charge of Schenectady circuit, with which the society in the city was connected until 1816; when it became a separate station, numbering about fifty members, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Laban Clark.

"The society, few in numbers and feeble in strength, struggled through various difficulties, holding their meetings first in private houses, and afterward in a school-house in Liberty street, until 1809; when, by the blessing of God, they succeeded in erecting a house for divine worship.

"In this sanctuary, the little flock continued to assemble for twenty-six years, and here the doctrines of a free, present and full salvation, were proclaimed, and signal displays of the divine power exhibited in the conviction and conversion of sinners. During this period, the names of the Rev. Messrs. William Thatcher, S. Luckey, W. Phœbus, James M. Smith, D. Brayton, George Coles,

B. Goodsell, Coles Carpenter, S. Stebbins, and J. B. Houghtaling, appear among those who were appointed to the pastoral oversight of this department of Zion. The circumstances under which these brethren labored were frequently marked by great and painful discouragements. Methodism, during a part of this time, was yet comparatively in its infancy. Its doctrines, usages, ministry and membership, were held in small reputation, frequently misrepresented, and generally misunderstood. Yet this advanced guard of the Lord's host pressed nobly and perseveringly onward. Their prudence, intelligent zeal and devotion to the cause of Christ, gradually and surely gained the confidence and respect of the community, and were owned by the conversion of many souls to God; so that in 1834, the number reported to conference in full membership with the church, was two hundred and thirty-five.

"In 1834, and during the administration of the Rev. J. B. Houghtaling, a change of circumstances made it necessary to erect a more spacious and convenient sanctuary for the worship of God. Arrangements were accordingly made, and the foundation of a large and commodious brick church edifice was laid in Liberty street. The year following, the Rev. Truman Seymour was appointed to the charge, and by his hearty cooperation and efficient aid, and the untiring zeal of the Hon. J. C. Burnham and Peter Banker, Esq., the house was finished; and in the early part of the year 1836 it was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God by the Rev. John Kennedy, D. D.

"The labors of brother Seymour were eminently useful in the regulation and arrangements of the internal affairs of the church, so that when at the following conference he was appointed to another charge, he left the station in a state of real and gratifying prosperity.

"The following year, the church was favored with the very able and efficient ministry of the Rev. N. Levings, D. D. In the winter of that year the charge was blessed with a remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and many were added to its communion, who are still pillars in the house of God. Dr. Levings was succeeded by the Rev. E. Goss, A. M. Under his vigorous and efficient administration, the church was greatly edified. A most powerful revival of religion attended his labors; hundreds were added to the Lord, and each of the important interests of the church was most nobly sustained."

The year 1809-10 was one of glorious prosperity in various parts of Ashgrove district, during which over six hundred were added to the church within its bounds. In 1810, Rev. T. Spicer traveled Brandon circuit; it was his first year in the itinerant work. That circuit then embraced *thirty-one towns*, had *thirty* regular appointments, and it was about *four hundred miles* around it. Here, as every where within our bounds, Calvinism presented the most determined resistance to the cause of Methodism. An interesting account of Mr. Spicer's labors on that circuit may be found in his Autobiography, p. 17. In 1811, we find the indefatigable Asbury passing through our bounds preaching at Ashgrove, Middlebury, Vergennes, Charlotte and Plattsburgh. At Middlebury he opened a subscription to build a church, expressing his full conviction that the Lord would visit the place. Some interesting incidents connected with what in 1818 and 1819 was called Schenectady circuit, may be found in Rev. G. Coles' First Seven Years in America.

In the former chapter, some account of the early history of Methodism in Albany is given. The erection of the church in Division street, in 1813, formed an important era in the history of the cause in that city,

The membership then amounted to one hundred and sixty-nine. From that period a favorable influence began to extend itself, and yet from time to time Methodism has there met with some serious reverses. Peter P. Sandford succeeded Mr. Merwin in 1814. Dr. Phœbus, Phinehas Rice and Tob as Spicer, were some of the men who administered the word and ordinances to that people from 1814 to 1825. Under the pastorship of the latter, a revival added about fifty to their numbers, and a burthensome church debt was much reduced. At the close of Mr. Spicer's labors, the membership numbered two hundred and sixty-five. About the year 1826 or '27, the question of renting the seats was agitated, and for two or three years was a cause of unhappy contentions. When the renting of pews became the settled policy, those who preferred the free seat system, organized another society. For a while, they met in a hall which they hired for that purpose, and subsequently purchased a large building on North Pearl street, that had previously been used as a circus, and fitted it up as a house of worship, under the name of Garrettson Station. This appointment first appears in the Minutes of 1829, and Rev. J. J. Matthias was their first stationed preacher. In 1851, that building was demolished, and their present one erected in its place, the seats of which are rented.

About the year 1830, some difficulties arose in the Division Street church, then under the charge of Rev. Mr. Green, which resulted in the organization of a Protestant Methodist church in that city, which about fourteen years after ceased to exist.

In May, 1834, a part of the members of Garrettson station were organized into a church, and took the name of Wesley Chapel, and commenced worship on the corner of Dallius and Bleeker streets. Subsequent-

ly they erected a house of worship at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, in Herkimer, near Pearl street, which was dedicated in September, 1837. That building was destroyed by fire April 20th, 1839. The Cameronian church in Westerlo street was then hired and occupied. The anti-slavery excitement which then divided the church prevented the erection of a new one. In 1839, a building, now used as a synagogue, was hired. In the spring of 1842, that was sold to the Jews, and the society being unable to rebuild, they disbanded, and went in classes to the two other churches in the city. Soon after, they hired a place for a sabbath school in John street, and in July of the same year reorganized and built the present church in Ferry street. In this enterprise, Mr. James Davis was specially active and influential. It was dedicated in December, 1842, and in 1852, was enlarged and improved. After having passed through many difficulties, that charge has acquired stability and strength,

In 1835, another church was organized, which occupied a building in State street west of the Capitol. God was with them, and prospered them. In 1842, they erected the Washington street church. It was greatly embarrassed with debt, so that it was sometimes thought it must be sacrificed, until 1849, when Mr. Thomas Schuyler purchased the obligations and rescued it, since which it has been relieved from most of its indebtedness.

In 1844, the church in Division street erected a new house of worship, fronting on Hudson and Plain streets. It is a noble edifice, the largest connected with the Troy Conference, and that charge is now known as the Hudson street church.

The same year preaching was commenced on Arbor Hill, in the north-western part of the city. Soon a con-

venient building was erected, and a permanent society has been established. This is now our only free seat church in Albany.

A few years ago, a Wesleyan Methodist church was organized in that city, which still exists. Recently a Methodist German Mission was commenced there, and last year they succeeded in erecting a neat little church in the south part of the city. A colored Methodist church has for years existed in Albany.

At present, the Bethel is supplied by Rev. A. A. Farr, a member of Troy Conference; so that there are now nine churches in Albany, in which Methodist Ministers officiate, five of which are regular stations connected with our Conference. In these last, the Minutes of 1852 report eleven hundred and sixty-eight members, and ninety-seven probationers.

The work of God spread and prospered gloriously in 1824, in Chatham, Canaan, Sandlake and Coeymans. The following year several circuits on the Champlain district, of which Rev. B. Goodsell was then presiding elder, were visited in great mercy and power. In 1828, I find notices of an extensive work on Pittsfield circuit by which over two hundred were added to our numbers, under Rev. B. Silleck. Rev. S. Martindale reported a good work in Troy the same year, and Rev. J. Poor had the pleasure of adding over one hundred converts to the church in Burlington, Vt. Of the many honored men who were instrumental in establishing Methodism within our bounds, our limits forbid our speaking of but a few.

The dignified appearance, musical voice, and eloquent appeals of *Rev. Samuel Merwin* have left their indelible impression upon the minds of multitudes within our bounds. He labored upon Albany circuit in 1810–11, Schenectady in 1811–12, Albany station in 1812–13,

and again in the same city in 1820–21, and in Troy in 1828–29. After about forty years of devoted and successful labors in the Christian ministry, he peacefully bid farewell to earth on the 13th of January, 1839.

Rev. Laban Clark's first appointment was on Fletcher circuit, Vermont, in 1801. The circuit included the whole of what is now St. Albans district, and a part of Burlington and Plattsburgh districts, reaching also into Canada. He subsequently labored within our bounds at Plattsburgh, N. Y.; Adams, Mass.; Lebanon, Troy, Pittstown and Schenectady, N. Y. Indefatigable in labors, the patron of all the benevolent enterprises of the church, one of the founders of the Wesleyan University, having spent more than half a century in the ministry, he still lingers on earth.

Rev. Samuel Draper did valiant service for God and Methodism from 1801 to 1824, when he died suddenly at his post. Fletcher, Brandon, Vergennes, Plattsburgh, Saratoga and Cambridge circuits were the scenes of his labors, when those circuits unitedly embraced most of our present territory. He was presiding elder of Champlain and Ashgrove districts from 1810 to 1818. He was laborious and useful, though perhaps not always as *grave* and *serious* as becomes the Chistrian minister.

Rev. Seth Crowell deserves an honorable place among the heroes of our early history. He entered upon his labors in 1801; into rest, in 1826. He combined distinguished argumentative powers with great hortatory ability. God was with him, and his appeals were sometimes overwhelming. Amid great bodily infirmity and severe mental conflicts, he labored with uncommon zeal until utter postration laid him aside. He died honored and beloved.

Rev. Samuel Cochrane endured "hardness as a good soldier," during thirty-eight years of effective service.

extending from 1803 to 1841. Several years of his ministerial life were spent within the present bounds of Troy Conference. He died suddenly in 1845.

Rev. Lewis Pease was reared and converted to God in our midst, in Canaan, N. Y. Though much of the labor of this lovely man was performed out of our limits, yet he began and terminated his work among us. Brandon was his first circuit, and North Second street, Troy, was the scene of his last successful ministrations.

A host of other worthy names are associated with our early history, most of whom "rest from their labors." A few linger among us, the remnant and representatives of a former generation.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS AND PRESENT STATE OF METHODISM IN THE CONFERENCE.

Reference has already been made to the organization of the Troy Annual Conference in 1832, and its boundaries have been given. To give even an outline of the spread of the work of God in the various parts of our field since that period would require much more room than comports with the plan of this work. The *early* history of Methodism in this region is more especially the object of this sketch. The introduction of Methodism into various localities possesses a peculiar interest and the incidents connected with it are in more danger of being lost than those of a later date; and as the actors in the more recent scenes are yet living, and many of them comparatively young men, we can not speak of them at present with that freedom which will

characterize the future historian. In a few particulars, the history subsequent to 1832 has been anticipated in the last chapter, and something may be learned of our progress from the tables in the appendix. An interesting series of articles, on the Middlebury District, may be found in the eighth volume of the Christian Advocate. The history of Warren Circuit is given in the same paper (vol. 20, p. 13), and an account of Albany District, in vol. 20, p. 149.

It will be seen, from the tables above referred to, that of the *ninety-one* who were members of the conference, when it was organized in 1832, *twenty-three* have been transferred to other conferences, *fourteen* have located, *two* have withdrawn from the church, *eleven* have died, and *forty-one* are now members. Of these *forty-one*, *four* are supernumerary, *thirteen* are superannuated, and *twenty-four* are in the effective ranks. The whole number that have been connected with the conference up to the present time (1853), is *three hundred and seventy-eight*, of whom *forty-seven* have been transferred to other conferences, *sixty-six* have located, *ten* have withdrawn, *five* have been expelled or deprived of their ministerial standing, *twenty-eight* have died, and *two hundred and twenty-two* are now members of the conference. Of these last, *nine* are superannuated, *thirty-one* are supernumerary, and *one hundred and eighty-two* are effective.

The membership, including probationers, amounted in 1832 to 18,492; now it is 26,295. The first year of our existence as a conference, the missionary collections amounted to $1,484·41. The last year they were $8,214·61. The whole amount raised for missions, since 1832, is $84,027·57. Our numerical increase was very much greater in 1843, when the Millerite excitement was at its crisis, than at any other time, amounting to over seven

thousand. The reaction in the few years immediately succeeding was so great that our membership fell more than *one thousand* below what it had been previously to the ingathering of 1842–3. It was several years before we regained the position occupied previously to the spread of this delusion. Judging from our statistics and other facts, we may conclude that without a doubt, *the Second Advent delusion has proved inconceivably the greatest calamity that has befallen us since our organization as a conference.* One of our churches, which more than doubled its membership at that time, subsequently sunk to less than half the number it had before the excitement began; and one who afterward held the pastoral oversight of that church, assured the writer that, in his judgment, *another such revival would annihilate it.* In another instance, a church that in June, 1842, numbered between one hundred and eighty and one hundred and ninety members, in June, 1843, reported over four hundred; and two years after had less than one hundred and sixty. Other causes might have operated to some extent, but the results of that delusion should not be forgotten for a century to come.

The region embraced in the Troy Conference has given to the church some of her most honored and distinguished sons. Levings was converted and licensed in our midst, and labored among us most of his days. Olin was born and graduated within our borders. Hedding, the apostolic Hedding, was identified with us as far as such a man could be with any one locality. Here he sought and found the grace of life; here he united with the church; here he commenced his itinerancy, and here he resided during several years of his episcopacy. The whole church honored him as a *general superintendent;* the Troy Conference revered him as a FATHER.

Very great improvement has been made within a few

years in our houses of worship, in reference to their size, style, and adaptation to all our various means of grace. Old churches have been enlarged and remodeled, and many new ones erected. At the same time we are far less incumbered with church debts than we were a few years ago. Though many of our churches are more or less in debt, few, if any, are seriously embarrassed thereby. Formerly, the seats in nearly all our churches were free; now, in many of the old and in most of the new ones, they are rented. Whether this change is an improvement or otherwise, the writer will not attempt to decide; doubtless each system has its advantages and disadvantages. Steeples and bells are becoming quite common in our villages; in the cities there are none, except in Schenectady. A few organs have found their way into our churches, as have various other musical instruments, though in most of them the music is entirely vocal, and in too many cases almost exclusively confined to the choir. Many of our parsonages are owned by the societies, though a majority of them are rented. Most of them are provided with the heavier articles of furniture. Our large old circuits are cut up into small fields of labor, so that in a vast majority of cases there is but one preacher upon a charge. One of the tables in the appendix shows our progress in the cause of missions. The new tract enterprise was entered upon with vigor the present year.

Whether, on the whole, we are increasing in spirituality and moral power or not, is a grave question that would be variously answered by different persons. Notwithstanding there is very much to deplore in our midst, the writer confidently believes the affirmative to be the true answer to this question. One of the most serious obstacles to our progress is found in the fact that, we are deprived of the services of a large number of our

preachers at that period of life when, by their experience and wisdom, they might be the most effective. Not a few fail in health, while many locate and engage in secular callings. Various causes have contributed to this loss of experienced men from our ranks, and the subject is one worthy of thorough investigation and profound thought. The average receipts of the preachers, exclusive of house rent, and the expenses of traveling to and from conference, and moving their families, in 1842, amounted to $288·86. In 1853, the average was $343·09. In addition to this, there are some perquisities, which, however, are probably more than balanced by extra expenses to which other families are not subjected.

The conference is at present less remarkable for its few distinguished men, than for its large number of active, energetic, devoted ministers of Jesus Christ. The oldest itinerant in the conference is Elijah Chichester. He entered the traveling connection in 1799, located in 1807, and re-entered it in 1852. Andrew McKean and Samuel Howe commenced their labors in 1802. They have long been superannuated. Father McKean was laborious in his day; a sound theologian, and good counsellor and disciplinarian; kind, exemplary and upright, he has maintained an unblemished character during his long life. He still resides in Saratoga county, and is worthily represented in the person of his son, Samuel McKean, who entered the conference last year.

Father Howe, after having maintained an untarnished reputation through a long series of years, has of late been very evidently ripening for heaven. He will soon be with Asbury and Hedding, and the fathers that have crossed the flood.

Next in age is Henry Stead, an Englishman by birth, who entered the itinerant field in 1804. He has bee

an animated and useful preacher, and an excellent presiding elder. Kind, frank and humorous, he nevertheless *could* reprove in a way not soon to be forgotten. Throughout his life he has been a man of sterling integrity, a warm-hearted Christian, and a decided Methodist. He lingers at his residence in Galesville, Washington county, N. Y., in great feebleness of body and mind.

Jacob Beeman entered the lists in 1808, and is said to have been laborious and useful. He never wearied in preaching, especially against Calvinism.

The noble spirited, shrewd, energetic Gridley, began his ministerial career in 1808. A good preacher and a powerful exhorter, his sword has proved too sharp for his scabbard; he has too much soul for his body, and feeble health has been the consequence. The name of Cyprian H. Gridley appears on the supernumerary list in 1841; subsequently we find him in the effective ranks, but in 1850, he again took his former relation. He still lives at Monkton, Vt., where he is greatly beloved.

Of Tobias Spicer, who stands next in seniority, it is needless to speak; he is "known and *read* of all men," who have any acquaintance with Methodism. Of integrity and industry he is a notable example.

Next in ministerial age is a name that stands associated with real, modest worth. Josiah F. Chamberlain entered the itinerancy in 1812, in which he continues to this day. He took a supernumerary relation in 1851.

Next is Sherman Minor, whose talents, uprightness, amiability and conscientious piety, have given him an enviable place in the regards of his brethren.

Timothy Benedict is the oldest effective man in the conference, having joined the New York Conference in 1817. For this honor he is doubtless indebted in no small degree to that pleasant equanimity, which so

strongly characterizes him. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

James Quinlan, who commenced his labors one year later than Mr. Benedict, has held an effective relation ever since; whereas, Mr. Benedict held for some years a supernumerary relation. Mr. Quinlan has, therefore, performed the pastoral duties for the longest unbroken series of years of any man among us.

Many others, who began their self denying work at a later period, have done nobly; but I am reminded by a judicious friend that I am engaged in a delicate task, and forbear. At a future time, some more able pen will make the grateful record of their toils, sacrifices and success.

PART SECOND.

REMINISCENCES OF DECEASED MEMBERS OF THE TROY CONFERENCE.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—SOLOMON.

REV. NOAH LEVINGS, D. D.

BY REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D.

It is the object of this article to give a brief sketch of the life and character of an eminent servant of God, who, during more than thirty years' service in the ministry, filled with honor and success the various stations and offices to which he was called; every where winning the affections of the people, and at all times enjoying the confidence and esteem of his brethren, till he was suddenly summoned from his work to his reward.

Noah Levings was born in Cheshire county, New Hampshire, on the 29th of Sept., 1796.† His parents being in humble circumstances, he was sent from home to earn a livelihood when about eight or nine years of age. From that time he shared but few of the joys or advantages of the parental home. But, even among comparative strangers, the amiableness of his character and the faithfulness of his service every where secured for him friends. His early advantages for mental improvement were very limited; a source of much regret

* See the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for October, 1849. Although Dr. Levings was not a member of the Troy Conference at the time of his death, yet as he was converted and spent most of his days among us, it is thought best that this sketch should be inserted.

S. P.

† His great-grand-father emigrated from Scotland, some twenty or thirty years before the Revolution, and settled in what is now called Cheshire county, N. H. His grand-father's name was Abel Levings. His father, whose Christian name was Noah, entered the army of the Revolution at the age of sixteen, about the year 1779. His maternal ancestry were of English descent, his mother's maiden name being Submit Temple. S. P.

to him in after life. In his case, it was a matter of little consequence that the public schools were poorly supported and poorly conducted; that text-books were defective and teachers incompetent. To him, thirsting for knowledge, yet from very childhood compelled to toil for his daily bread, the few advantages they did afford would have been regarded as a boon above all price.

His early religious impressions were deep and lasting. But experimental religion was little known at that period within the circle of his acquaintance. High Calvinism had begotten its opposite in error, Universalism, and the two opinions were in conflict for the mastery. It could not be doubtful (apart from divine interposition), in an age when the tone of piety and of morals was emphatically low, which would have the vantage-ground in the contest. The one required morality; nay, piety, after its kind; the other dispensed with both, while at the same time its "policies of insurance" were issued on the largest scale. In such a contest, carried on in such an age, the chances were on the side of the scheme which promised most and required least. Nor have we any doubt that Universalism would long since have obtained the mastery in New England, had not the fermenting mass been impregnated with the leaven of a purer faith and a richer experience. Divine providence raised up a people to proclaim a free, a present, and a full salvation; this, by the new elements of Christian power it evoked, has proved a check and an antidote to the system of religious licentiousness which was sweeping over the land like a flood.

At the age of sixteen, the subject of our memoir was apprenticed to a blacksmith in Troy, his parents having previously removed to that place. When he entered upon his new situation, he formed the resolution to be

faithful to his master, and regard his interests as his own. His morals were placed in great peril. His master was not religious, and did not pretend to control him upon the sabbath; and he was led into the company of sabbath-breakers, and with them spent much holy time in roaming over the fields and through the woods adjacent to the city. But his natural good sense, and the uncorrupted moral principles inculcated in early life, soon came to his relief. His parents, though not professedly pious, had trained their children to a strict observance of the Christian sabbath, and now the moral influence of that early training revived and wrought his deliverance, as it has that of thousands of young men similarly exposed.

Breaking away from these associations, he determined to become a regular attendant upon the worship of God in some one of the churches. All churches were alike to him, for he had not become familiar with the creeds of any, nor, indeed, scarcely with the peculiarities in their forms of worship. He therefore determined upon a circuit of visitation to the several churches in the city; and, in carrying out this design, he first visited the Presbyterian church, then under the pastoral charge of Rev. Jonas Coe, D. D.; who, he says, "was a good man and an excellent pastor." He next attended the Baptist church, where "good old Mr. Wayland (the father of President Wayland) was the minister." Though favorably impressed with the piety and abilities of both of these servants of God, he could not feel at home in their congregations. His third visit was made to the Protestant Episcopal church, but there he was wearied with ceremonies too numerous and complicated to be either interesting or edifying. He next attended the meeting of the Friends; but, here, instead of long prayers and tedious ceremonies, he heard nothing at all;

nor was he loth to leave when the hour was up and the sign for closing given.

His last visit of inquiry was at the Methodist Episcopal church. He found a small house, occupied by a simple, plain, and solemn people. Their worship, though not imposing in its forms, was hearty and sincere. It not a little surprised him to witness, for the first time in his life, a congregation kneeling down in time of prayer. The conviction was wrought in his mind that this people were the people of God. Under the ministry of the Word, feelings were awakened which he had known nowhere else; and under the powerful reasonings and cogent appeals of the Rev. P. P. Sandford, the stationed minister, he was often made to feel that God truly was in that place. But it was more particularly under the preaching of the Rev. Laban Clark, who succeeded Mr. Sandford, that he was led to realize fully his lost condition, and to feel the necessity of seeking salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. On one occasion he left the church so overwhelmed with the consciousness of his guilt and wretchedness, that he almost bordered upon despair. The struggles of his soul were deep and powerful; and in the privacy of his closet, he wrestled and agonized before God. This was long before he had broken the secret of his heart even to his most intimate friends. He at length unburdened his mind to a pious young man of his acquaintance. By this young man he was taken to the prayer-meeting, then held at the house of Dr. Landon, a man of God now departed to his rest, but whose memory is like "ointment poured forth." Here the young inquirer became more perfectly instructed in the way of salvation by faith, and was also a subject of special and earnest prayer.

He sought God sincerely and unreservedly, he prayed

earnestly and with many tears. There was no tie that he would not sunder, and no sacrifice that he would not make, if necessary, to secure the favor of his offended Lord. Yet his conversion was less sudden, and less strongly marked in its character, than that of many others. He was rather "drawn with the cords of a man and with the bands of love," than driven by the thunders of the law; though each had their appropriate influence in leading him to the Savior. Nor was the evidence of his change either sudden or clear. Upon this point he remained for a long time in a state of most distressing uncertainty. From the consciousness of guilt he had been delivered; but the witness of his adoption was necessary to complete his joy.

It was not till the 5th of June, 1815, that he was enabled to rejoice in this long-sought blessing. On that day—a day ever memorable in his history—as he was returning from his private devotions, where he had been wrestling with God for the witness of the Spirit, light broke in upon his soul, and he could exclaim, "Abba, Father," with an unwavering tongue. The power of the tempter was broken; his doubts were all gone. A divine assurance—the gift of the Holy Spirit—reigned in his soul, and filled him with unspeakable joy. His swelling heart, overflowing with emotion, gave vent to its transports, while he cried aloud:

"My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

But before obtaining this full assurance, he had publicly dedicated himself to Christ, by uniting with his church, and boldly advocating his cause. He joined the

Methodist society as a probationer in 1813. The circumstances are thus related by the venerable minister of God who seems to have been the principal instrument of his conversion: One day an apprentice-boy, in his blacksmith's garb, direct from his labor, called upon him, and made application to be received into the society. He appeared to be about sixteen years of age; was small in stature, bashful in his address, and the circumstances of his introduction were peculiar and somewhat disadvantageous. Yet there was something so unassuming and so winning in his manner, so sincere and so intelligent in his whole appearance and conversation, that a very favorable impression was made upon the mind of the preacher, and he admitted him as a probationer; at the same time giving him encouragement and counsel. On the following Wednesday night, at their public prayer-meeting, when the leading members had prayed, and it was nearly time to dismiss the congregation, at the close of one of the prayers, a youthful voice, whose feminine tones were scarcely sufficient to fill the church, was heard some two-thirds down the aisle, leading in prayer. The prayer was feeling and appropriate, but short—so short as to be at the longest, comprised within a minute. As the preacher passed down the aisle, his blacksmith boy stood at the end of the seat, waiting to grasp his hand with Christian affection. On the next Wednesday evening, the silvery tones of the same youthful voice were again heard, near the close of the meeting, leading in its devotions. At this time he prayed with more fervor, more compass of thought, and more self-possession; and yet his prayer was not more than a minute and a half. At the close of the meeting, as the official brethren gathered around the preacher, one inquired who that boy was; another said his forwardness must be checked;

and a third, that he must be stopped altogther. The preacher simply replied: "Now, brethren, let that boy alone—there is something in him more than you are aware of;" and from that time no one questioned the right of the young blacksmith boy to officiate in the public prayer meetings.

Such were the public beginnings of one who in after years became eminent as a minister of the gospel, distinguished alike for the ability and the success with which he preached "Christ crucified." Even the minister of God, who had cherished him as a lovely and promising youth, little realized the chain of causes he was setting in motion, and the results that would grow out of them. He had gathered a chance jewel from among the cinders of the blacksmith's shop; but little did he comprehend the richness of its value, or the transcendent lustre its polished surface would assume. So often does God make "the weak things" of earth praise him, and "the day of small things" to become glorious before him.

It is remarkable that the two eminent servants of God, who were mainly instrumental in his conversion, are still in the effective ranks, enjoying a green old age, cheered, loved and honored by their brethren who have grown up around them. The next preacher stationed in Troy was the Rev. Tobias Spicer. To the instructions of this eminently sound and judicious minister, as well as to those of the Rev. Messrs. Clark and Chichester, the young disciple was much indebted in his early Christian history. He says (in his journal) that they seemed to labor less to excite a momentary feeling, than to produce a solid and permanent religious character; one that would be most likely to withstand the shocks of temptation, and to accumulate strength through every period of its future experience. Nor did he cease to

acknowledge his obligations to these men of God till his dying day. Well had it been for thousands of sincere and susceptible young men, could they have been favored with equally competent and judicious advisers. While the youthful character is in this transition state, the influences brought to bear upon it make a deep and generally ineffaceable impression; and, for weal or wo, will they continue to bring forth life-long results. The proper training of young converts, and especially of young men in the Christian church, is a work of as high moment in the magnitude of its results as that of the mere instrumentality of their conversion. For the want of sound Christian nurture, thousands cease to be of any account in the church, just at a point when their usefulness should be taking direction and acquiring character.

During the pastoral labors of Mr. Spicer in Troy, there was a very extensive work of God in the church; so extensive that the membership were increased from a hundred and seven to two hundred and fifty during the two years. The church edifice was small, plain, and unimposing; the membership were few in number, and poor in worldly means—not many rich, not many great, not many noble were found among them. But they were devoted to God, and loved one another; and God put honor upon them, making them to abound in fruitfulness and joy. This revival, in an especial manner, awakened the zeal and called out the talents of young Levings. He had been converted at a time when no special revival was in progress; and the awakening and conversion of such multitudes seemed to fill him with astonishment and wonder, while at the same time it fired his own heart anew. He had already become an efficient teacher in the first sabbath-school established in Troy, and then sustained by the different denomina-

tions of evangelical Christians. While yet in his minority he was appointed a class-leader; and when, at the conference of 1817, the Rev. S. Luckey succeeded Mr. Spicer in charge of the station, he gave him license to exhort. On the 20th day of December following, being then a few months over twenty-one, he was duly licensed as a local preacher by the quarterly conference of the station.

Up to this time he appears to have had no distinct idea of entering the ministry. He had, indeed, an ardent desire to do all he could for the glory of God and for the salvation of men; but, so high appeared to him to be the qualifications necessary for a Christian minister, and so small and insignificant did his own appear to himself, that entering the sacred office seemed entirely out of the question. His mind had been at ease under this view of the subject; but now it came up before him in a new and stronger light. He was out of his apprenticeship; he was also of age; the responsibility of determining his future course now devolved upon himself. He wished to do right; he had an ardent desire to do good; he was wedded in his affections to the church of God; he groaned in spirt for the salvation of a dying world. And yet the magnitude of the work, the fearful and far-reaching nature of its responsibilities, appalled him. After many struggles of mind, he was at length led to the determination to follow the convictions of duty and the openings of Providence. Accordingly on the 7th of March, 1818, his license to preach was renewed, and he was recommended to the New York Annual Conference. The session of the conference was held in May following, in the city of New York. He was here received on trial and appointed to the Leyden circuit, having the Rev. Ibri Cannon for his senior preacher and superintendent.

If it had cost him a struggle to decide upon entering the ministry, he was now subject to a trial of a different character, but scarcely less painful to youthful sensibilities. He had been appointed to a distant circuit, and must now bid adieu to the home and the cherished friends of his youth. And then the prospect before him was by no means congenial to the feelings of a young man of a feeble constitution and a timid nature. An extensive circuit, embracing the roughest portions of Massachusetts, and spreading out over the hills of Vermont—giving promise of long rides through cold and mountainous regions and over bad roads, and also of much labor and but little worldly reward—was a prospect that might have disheartened a mind of less nerve or a soul of weaker faith. But he had put his hand to the gospel plough; and he could say, "None of these things move me." He left home for his appointment the day after he received it. After a ride of fifty miles on horseback, over roads rendered difficult by the thawing and heaving of the frost, having crossed the Green Mountains and descended into the valley of the Deerfield river, in a spot encircled by mountains covered with their ancient forests, he found himself upon the borders of his circuit. Leyden circuit, in 1818, included all that tract of country from the Green Mountains on the west, to the Connecticut river on the east, embracing portions of the counties of Bennington and Windham, in Vermont, and of Franklin and Berkshire, in Massachusetts. Among the towns and villages in which he and his colleague preached, were Readsboro', Whittingham, Wilmington, Halifax, Guilford, Vernon, Brattleboro', Marlboro', and Dummerston, in Vermont; and Leyden, Bernardston, Northfield, Gill, Shelburne, Colerain, Charlemont, Rowe, Monroe, and Florida, in Massachusetts. Dummerston on the northern, and Shelburne on the southern, extremity of the circuit were

some fifty miles apart. Northfield, the eastern appointment, was on the east side of the Connecticut river; and Florida, the western limit, was hid among the Green Mountains, near the western border of the state. One round of the circuit required a ride of not far from two hundred and fifty miles. To *traverse* this region at all seasons of the year, and in all kinds of weather, was no light undertaking. But to preach and lead class three times upon the Sabbath, frequently riding from five to ten miles between the afternoon and evening appointments, and then, after long rides during the day, to preach several evenings in each week, was a labor that required a robust constitution and a determined spirit. What, but the love of souls, could have constrained these men of God to such sacrifices and such labors.

The modification of the circuit system has been a natural and necessary result of the growth and increase of Methodism. By this modification, the labors of the preachers, so far as it regards long rides and frequent exposures, have been much abridged; without, however, abridging in the least their opportunities of laboring to build up the kingdom of Christ. Restricted as may now seem many of our little stations, or "patches," as they have been sometimes called by way of derision, when compared with the old circuits, we doubt not but that the most laborious servant of God might find sufficient to do in them to employ his whole time and consume his whole energy. The time necessarily spent formerly in accomplishing the long rides of the circuit, now rigidly devoted to earnest, faithful pastoral visitation, would not only furnish bodily exercise, but also tell in its influence upon the spirituality and usefulness of the minister. Nor should it be forgotten that the present arrangement of our stations, as well as the increasing intelligence of our people, requires an amount

of exhausting intellectual labor utterly impracticable under a *régime* like the old circuit system. Indeed, such a system, admirably adapted as it is to a country sparsely settled, and to the culture of weak societies widely scattered, becomes impracticable in a densely populated religious communion. It is one of the glories of Methodism that in all its economy, merely prudential, it possesses a flexibility that will ever adapt it to its changing circumstances, and to the wants of its growing communion. If, however, any one should be unable to satisfy his longings for amplitude of space wherein to exercise his powers, we advise him to emigrate to some country where a sparser population is to be found; to decamp forthwith for the prairies of the West, where his powers may have full scope, while he skirts along the vast range of the western borders of civilization. The moon-struck wight who now sighs for the good old days of long circuit riding, may be placed in the same category with those censors, who, making war upon the fashions of this degenerate age, would have us go back to the buckskin breeches and coon-skin caps worn by our ancestors, when forests were to be leveled and fields cleared for the habitations of men.

Upon the Leyden circuit the preacher was well received: his piety and his sincerity were so strongly marked that they won the entire confidence of the people. There was also a timidity in his manner, and an exquisite sensibility in his character, which took strong hold upon their sympathies. When standing in the pulpit, he was often unable to look his congregation in the face, so great was his timidity; but the earnestness of his zeal and the deep emotions of his soul, often expressed by the tears that flowed plentifully down over his face, found a response in the hearts of his congrega-

tion. The growth of his personal piety and the cultivation of his mind were objects of deep interest to him. To promote the former, he watched, prayed, fasted and meditated; he studied with devout attention the holy scriptures, and read with deep interest the lives of holy and devoted servants of God, that he might understand their character, imitate their example, and be imbued with their spirit. Of his desire to improve his mind, he gave evidence by his devotion to study whenever he arrived at one of those delightful homes for the itinerant scattered here and there over the circuit, and where he rested a day or two to recruit his exhausted powers for new fatigues. Solid attainments in both piety and learning, he felt were indispensable to him as a Christian minister. No amount of knowledge or sprightliness of talent, would, he knew, answer as a substitute for sound, genuine piety. Learning, unsanctified by religion, unwarmed by love, would be, like the mountain icebergs, splendid and imposing in appearance, but chilling and freezing in influence. But, on the other hand, zeal, and even a well-intentioned piety, would not answer as a substitute for a sound knowledge of divine things.

It was under the influence of such convictions as these, that he was led to apply himself diligently to the cultivation of both heart and intellect. And, no doubt, here, among the hills and mountains of Leyden, while preaching to small unlettered congregations, gathered for the most part in private rooms and school-houses, it was that he laid the foundation of that character which afterwards bore him up through a long and successful ministry, in many of the most responsible and important appointments within the wide range of the New York Conference. Many young men have set out with as good promise and as high hopes as the subject

of our memoir; but, imagining themselves straitened and cramped in their genius by small congregations and a rude field of labor, have flattered themselves that they would put forth their energies when assigned to more responsible and prominent posts. Thus self-deceived, and lured into a species of mental dissipation, before they were aware of it, their habits have become formed and their mental character fixed; and thenceforward, though the goal was often seen in the distance, and a spark of momentary ambition awakened, it soon subsided, and their lives flowed on in one sluggish and unvarying course. One of our most eminent divines and eloquent preachers once said to me, that many of his most finished and effective discourses were elaborated while traveling among the hills of upper Pennsylvania, and were first preached to congregations of ten or a dozen Germans gathered into log school-houses. Those same discourses have since been listened to with admiration by immense audiences in several of our large cities.

The spring at length came, and the session of conference was drawing near. The young itinerant found it hard to part with the people of his charge. They had greeted him in their dwellings, and stayed up his hands in their congregations. When dispirited and care-worn they had cheered and comforted him; in sickness they had watched over him and hailed with joy his returning health; and together had they shared the common sympathies and joys of the people of God. He had suffered in his long rides and fatiguing labors; he had been drenched by the falling rain; he had been chilled by the piercing cold as he had traversed the bleak hills of his circuit; by night as well as by day had he been in peril, as he threaded his path through miry and toilsome ways. But the very scenes of his

toils and his trials had become endeared to him by the honor God had placed upon him, and the favor he had given him in the eyes of the people. His last round upon his circuit was, no less to the people than to himself, an affecting, weeping time.

On the 29th of April, he recrossed the Green Mountains; and on the 1st of May reached the city of Troy, which was to be the seat of the conference that year. His welcome by his brethren was such as to assure him that he had not lost his place in their affections. The next day, being Sunday, he preached to a crowded house, in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. The conference adjourned on the 14th, and he received his appointment as junior preacher on Pownal circuit. It was but sixteen miles distant; and the evening of the same day of his appointment found him within the bounds of his charge. This was to him a delightful year, spent among a kind and loving people. He was still ardent in the prosecution of his studies and earnest in the cultivation of his piety. During this year he had deep and powerful convictions upon the subject of entire sanctification; and frequent and protracted were his struggles for the attainment of this blessing. Nor were those struggles in vain; though he failed "because of unbelief," to enter into that glorious rest, his piety became more deep, solid and ardent.

In 1820, he was ordained deacon by Bishop George, and appointed to Montgomery circuit. This year exceeded in toils and hardships either of the former years of his itinerancy. His health became so enfeebled by labor and exposure, that on his return to Troy in the spring his friends were greatly alarmed, and all regarded him as already marked for an early grave. Yet he received his appointment, determined, if he fell, to fall at his post. The appointment, Saratoga circuit, proved

highly favorable. He recovered his health, and his labors on the circuit were very acceptable and useful. While on Montgomery circuit he had been united in marriage to Miss Sarah Clark, who, after sharing with him the varied experience of an itinerant's life for nearly thirty years, is left in lonely widowhood by his demise.

Near the close of his year on Saratoga circuit, the presiding elder of that district, the Rev. D. Ostrander, communicated to him that the bishop, at the ensuing conference, purposed sending him to the northern part of Vermont. This information he had left with the presiding elder, directing him to communicate it just before the conference, so that he might have an opportunity to visit his friends and make preparations for removing; and probably, also, that his mind might be in some measure prepared for a post involving much labor and privation. The reflections of the young minister on the reception of this by no means welcome intelligence, are worthy of being preserved as illustrative of his character, and of the principles that actuated him in his work:

"It is understood that preachers in that part of the work fare rather poorly with regard to temporal things. This, with some other considerations, has rendered it rather an unwelcome lot to many. But I shall interpose no objection to going. For, 1. It is purely an episcopal appointment. 2. I am willing to take my share of the hard as well as the pleasant appointments. 3. I am young, and have no family except a wife; and we, being both young and in good health, can go as well as not; at any rate, better now than at any future period. 4. Having thrown myself upon the providence of God, as a Methodist traveling preacher, it would illy become me to forestall that providence and choose for myself. 5. I wish at all times to have the satisfaction of knowing that I am in the order of God, and then I can go to

him at all times with confidence, for relief in trouble and for help in labor."

Accordingly, at the ensuing conference—having been ordained elder—he was sent to Middlebury, Vermont. He commenced his ministry by discoursing from the text, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus, the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." And this text he placed before himself as the rule or formula after which his ministrations were to be modeled. The people received him with joy, sustained his hands in the work, and his labors were crowned with good results. The next year he was stationed in Burlington. We find him, while in these two appointments, still intent upon improving his mind and heart. "I feel," he would exclaim, "the want of more retirement for prayer and meditation, and for a closer application to study. Nothing but a closer application to study, accompanied with much prayer, will ever burst the bands of ignorance and darkness from my mind. Nothing but this will enable me to fathom and unfold the depths and the fullness of the divine word. Nothing but this will make me 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' skillfully and successfully preaching the 'gospel of the kingdom.' How much have I yet to learn of God, of myself, of my duty, of my privileges, and of the best manner of doing good! O Lord, teach me by thy Holy Spirit; and help me to be diligent in all things." Such were the aspirations of the youthful minister! Such his longings after God! Such his zeal to qualify himself to sustain the high responsibilities of his ministry!

Among the many books he read about this time, was the Life of Napoleon. The history and character of the emperor started in his mind a problem which has, no doubt, often troubled many a devout and sincere inquirer; and which can be solved only by a sense of

the dimness of our spiritual vision and the gross sordidness of our nature, even under the most favorable circumstances. When men are ready to make such sacrifices, brave such dangers, endure such labors, and ever manifest such sleepless, untiring zeal for earthly good, the possession of which is so transitory, and its enjoyment so imperfect, why is it that Christians, professing to believe in all the solemn realities of eternity—the enduring bliss of heaven—are so feeble and languid in their efforts to secure an immortal crown? "Did we but labor with as much diligence and zeal for the incorruptible, as Napoleon did for the corruptible crown, what victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil, should we achieve? How much good we should do, and how much happiness we should enjoy?"

While at Burlington, he made frequent excursions into the neighboring towns and villages, preaching the gospel with varied success. He would often leave home with a range of appointments for each evening running through two weeks. In some of these appointments he would meet with opposition, in others a hearty welcome. Sometimes his preaching was in demonstration of the Spirit and with great power, so that the breath of the Lord came down, and in a mighty gale swept over the valley of dry bones. These evangelical labors he prosecuted with even more success during the second year of his labors in Burlington; and they resulted in the permanent establishment of Methodism in several places. So fully had he imbibed the itinerant spirit, that, on his way to the conference at Malta, in the spring of 1825, he took a circuit through Middlebury, Sandy Hill, Glen's Falls, Amsterdam, Fonda's Bush, and several other places, proclaiming a free, full, and present salvation in every place.

His next two years were spent upon the Charlotte

circuit in Vermont. From this place he was removed, at the conference of 1827, to the city of New York. This appointment was unsought by him. So far from it, when he learned that such was the probable result, he ventured a request to the bishop to appoint him to some other portion of the work. And when the appointment had been made, he came to the city with many misgivings and with much fear. But he solaced himself with the reflection that the appointment was not of his own seeking; and, therefore, should he fail, on that ground he would be free from censure. The city of New York then comprised one circuit with seven churches, and a membership of three thousand two hundred and eighty-nine persons. The churches were those now known as the John, Forsyth, Duane, Allen, Bedford (then Greenwich Village), Seventh (then Bowery Village), and Willet street churches. Six preachers were stationed in the city. They circulated through the appointments in regular order, each preaching in the morning in one church, in another in the afternoon, and in a third in the evening; thus completing the circuit in a little over two weeks.

In this new field of labor the popular talent of Mr. Levings found ample room for exercise and abundant stimulus to call it forth. His discourses were characterized rather by brilliancy than depth of thought, by apt and striking illustration rather than by strength of reasoning. The tenacity of his memory and the fluency of his speech were alike remarkable. He never wanted for words, and his superintendent on the circuit, "representing his case" before conference, said: "Brother Levings was born with words on his tongue." The tones of his voice were well managed and pleasing; his gesture was appropriate and exceedingly graceful; his delivery was ardent, while at the same time his whole manner was self-possessed. These were precisely the qualities

to render a man popular in New York. Accordingly, his congregations were crowded to excess. Numbers followed him from church to church, unwittingly, perhaps, violating the proprieties of the Christian sabbath and of the worship of God in order to enjoy the eloquence of their favorite preacher. More than twenty years have passed away since that period, and yet I find many who still retain a vivid recollection of portions of his discourses, and of the effects produced upon the congregations by them. He has, during this period, been accused of catering to the religious enthusiasm of that class of excitable persons whose manifestations of piety are apt to be more vociferous than practical. What foundation for this charge his preaching at that day, when youthful enthusiasm was at its height, may have afforded, we will not undertake to say; or, indeed, how far his ardent zeal and his own high state of religious enjoyment may have superinduced these results, is a question we may not now profitably discuss. The purity of his Christian and ministerial character none have ever doubted; nor have any questioned but that the great ends of the gospel ministry were accomplished through his labors.

The manner in which he felt the responsibilities of his work, and the spirit that actuated him in its commission, may be best seen in the private journal of his labors and experience. In his record of September 7th, for this year, he says:

"For some weeks past I have felt more than ever the importance of the work in which I am engaged. I trust that I am enabled to love God more than ever before. O that my heart may be filled with supreme love to Him who is my life and my salvation! Blessed be the Lord God, my heart seems more and more taken up in his work! I am far from believing that raptures

are a sure evidence of deep piety. It is a good remark, that shallow water *ripples*, while that which is deep generally rolls on in silence and tranquility. If I have my will subdued, my passions governed, and my affections sanctified and set on things above, then have I evidence of a deep and genuine work of grace. O Lord, search my heart and know me; see if there be any wicked way within me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

On another occasion, when he had completed his thirty-first year, he enters into the following train of reflections:

"How swiftly do the years fly away? How soon will eternity be my everlasting home! How stands the account, let me inquire, between God and my soul? Wherein am I better than I was one year ago? Do I love God more than I did then? Have I a greater deadness to the world, or a greater conformity to Christ? Do I feel more the importance of the work in which I am engaged? I have much reason for repentance upon all these points; and yet in some respects I trust I am advancing in the divine life. Some of these questions I believe I can answer in the affirmative. But how slow my progress! I feel myself to be the weakest of the weak. O, for divine grace to help me! I have of late had some gracious intimations of the divine willingness to make my heart His constant home. O, when shall I experience all the fullness of God!"

Thus do we find this servant of God, in the full tide of his popularity, still yearning after holiness of heart; still panting for full redemption in the blood of Christ. Nothing could seduce him from his allegiance to the Savior; nothing could unsettle him in his determined reliance upon Christ.

He had a buoyancy and elasticity of spirit that some-

times seemed to border upon lightness. This he felt to be a sore temptation. He says:

"The Lord knows, and, to some extent, I know, that I have many imperfections, both as a Christian and a minister. I am naturally prone to be unguarded in speech; especially when in the company of Christians and ministers. By this I sometimes inadvertently offend against the generation of God's children. This often wounds my heart and wrings it with sorrow. May God forgive and help me, that I offend not in word; for 'the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.'"

We admire the watchfulness which thus led him to write bitter things against himself. But we have never known in him a breach of Christian courtesy to his brethren. And though possessed of a lively imagination, fine colloquial powers, and an inexhaustable fund of anecdote, making him a most interesting social companion; yet we must say, whatever may have been his faults in earlier life, that we have always found this exuberance chastened by the most sweet and lovely Christian spirit. The record of this temptation in his journal shows, that while panting for more holiness he did not cease to watch with a godly jealousy over himself.

During the fall of this year, the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson sickened and died at the house of his friend, George Suckley, in the city of New York. During his sickness it was the privilege of our brother to visit him, to be instructed by his counsel, and cheered by his resignation and by the triumphs of his faith. Under date of September 17th, he says:

"This morning I visited the venerable Freeborn Garrettson, who lies dangerously ill at the residence of George Suckley, Esq. He is faint, yet pursuing; and I trust will make a good and glorious end, when called to

lay down his body and his charge. He said, 'I have given up my wife and daughter; my treasure is in heaven.' Then with uplifted hands he exclaimed: 'I want to go home to Jesus. There is nothing below worth looking upon.' And, addressing himself to me, he said; 'Keep straight forward, straight forward.' I then said: 'Sir, you must feel at this time something like Simeon of old, having lived to see the salvation of God these thirty or forty years in the rise and progress of Methodism in these United States.' But on my expressing some fear lest we, who are sons in the gospel, should suffer the work to decline from its original simplicity and purity, he instantly replied: 'You will *stand*, and do better than we have done.'"

Nine days later, the good old patriarch departed to his rest. The dying scene, as well as the character and history of this old veteran of Methodism, seemed to make an ineffaceable impression upon the mind of the young preacher; and led him to long after the spirit of the old Methodist preachers, and to desire to imitate them in the entireness of their devotion and the abundance of their labors. Like Elisha, he prayed that the mantle of the departing man of God might fall upon him.

At the conference of 1829, Mr. Levings was stationed in the city of Brooklyn. During this year his family was much afflicted with sickness; and one of his children, "little Charles Wesley," was taken from him. His feelings on the occasion were thus expressed:

"Shall we receive good and not also evil at the hand of the Lord?

'Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal!'"

He was returned a second year to Brooklyn, and throughout the period of his stay labored with efficiency

and success. During this second year he accompanied John Garrison, Esq., on a pilgrimage to Salem, New Jersey, to erect a monument over the grave of that distinguished and holy man of God, Benjamin Abbott. At the conference of 1831, he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, and appointed to New Haven. During his second year in New Haven, the church in Fair Haven was erected through his agency. Finding an opening there to do good, he undertook to erect a small building for a prayer and lecture room: but the subscription soon became so large that he felt warranted in the erection of a church. In this enterprise, however, he was greatly afflicted by the opposition of some from whom he had looked for assistance and encouragement. This not only wounded his feelings, but in a measure crippled his energies. However, he went forward in the name of the Lord; and, being nobly sustained by one or two brethren, he carried the enterprise to so favorable an issue, that when the church had been completed, and was committed to a board of trustees, the debt upon it amounted to but one hundred and ninety dollars. Soon after, the society in that place was organized into an independent station, and have continued to maintain themselves as such until the present day.

His success in New Haven was not such as to afford him much satisfaction; and he regarded his labors there with almost as much pain as pleasure. At their close, he was led to review the causes of this want of success. This he did with deep feeling and with much prayer. As his reflections may be applicable to other societies, and withal are suggestive of important considerations, we insert them in brief, premising that we have no reason to believe them to be more applicable to that particular society at the present day than to any other. The

following he regarded as the prominent causes of the want of success and of prosperity in the society:

"1. Want of greater zeal, piety, and faithfulnes, on the part of the preacher.

"2. Divisions and party-spirit among the members of the church.

"3. Want of union, brotherly love, and Christian forbearance among the official members.

"4. Neglect of the leaders in visiting the members of their respective classes.

"5. Neglect of, or an irregular attention to, the prayer-meetings by the official members.

"6. Disaffection among some (very few, I trust) to the institutions of the church."

One of the evidences of this disaffection on the part of certain persons, was the fact, that whatever was written and published by disaffected persons abroad, would soon find its way into their hands, and seem to find a ready response from their hearts; and by them be circulated among other members of the church with great industry. Whatever assailed the church seemed to be regarded by them with more interest than that which was written for its vindication.

These are great evils in a church; and wherever they exist to any extent, they furnish a powerful obstacle to its religious prosperity. They will neutralize the most devoted and self-sacrificing efforts of the Christian minister. He may preach with "the tongues of men and of angels," but the word, to a great extent, must remain fruitless. The last cause mentioned might seem to indicate an undue and selfish jealousy on the part of the preacher. But we are bold to say, that whenever a restless dissatisfaction has crept into a society or chnrch, its members themselves are the main sufferers by it. Persons affected by this spirit, well-intentioned and

pious as they may be, see every thing in a wrong light. They may continue to adhere to the church; but their feelings are not cordial; their labors are not hearty, nor yet in faith. The hands of the minister and of the other members are weakened by them. Through them the church has no unity, no strength, and no success. And then the very want of success becomes an occasion of more bitter complaint; and too often is regarded as confirmation strong of the justice of their prejudice and disaffection. Thus, as it is said of jealousy, the spirit they possess creates the food upon which it feeds and by which it is nourished. This is the natural result of disaffection in a church; and sometimes it requires years of toil to repair the damage wrought in a few months. Nor are those societies few in number which have received shocks from which they never recovered.

Mr. Levings took but little part in the deliberations of the General Conference in 1832, being summoned home on account of the sickness of his wife, soon after its commencement. The Troy Conference was this year organized, comprising the northern portion of the former New York Conference. To accommodate the work, it became necessary to transfer him to this conference the next year, and he was appointed to Garrettson station, Albany. At first he yielded a reluctant assent to the transfer—heeding the saying, *A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and among his own kin;* but his reception was so cordial among the people, and God opened his way so graciously, that he soon felt the change to be in the order of divine providence.

He had been absent from this region six years, during which time he had filled three heavy and responsible appointments. His desire for mental improvement, and especially to enlarge the sphere of his theological knowledge, continued unabated. Besides extended studies in

the Evidences of Revealed Religion, and in Systematic Divinity, he had given considerable attention to Greek and Hebrew. But his progress in these latter studies was retarded by his necessary attention to pastoral and ministerial duties. He seemed to act upon the principle of Wesley—"Getting knowledge is a good thing, but saving souls is a better." Not that he would pervert the maxim into an apology for the neglect of study; but in all his studies he would not forget that the grand object of them should be to make him more skillful and more successful in winning souls to Christ. And while he husbanded the fragments of his time for the acquisition of knowledge, he did not forget that the duties of the pastoral office had a paramount claim. During this period also he had repeated calls to dedicate churches, and to deliver missionary and Bible addresses. In these efforts he uniformly acquitted himself as a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Two of his dedication sermons were published, and are very creditable specimens of pulpit eloquence.

His labors in Albany were greatly blessed, and he returned a net increase of one hundred and six members to the next conference. During the year he had also visited various places without the bounds of his charge, preaching the word of life with power and success. In 1834, he was stationed in Troy; thus, after sixteen years absence from the society which raised him up, and from which he went forth to preach the word of life, he returned to them as their pastor. In his weakness they had watched over him; they had counseled, encouraged and prayed for him. While yet a stripling, they had sent him forth into the vineyard of the Lord with their benedictions upon his head; and now, in the maturity of his strength, he came back to repay their kindness, and to devote his energies to the building of them up in

the Lord. To the people, though he had been absent so long, he seemed as one of themselves. They received him with joy, labored with him in harmony, and at the end of his two years were parted from him with deep sorrow. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1836, held in Cincinnati, and was distinguished no less by the amenity of his deportment, than by his judicious and conservative course in regard to the profoundly important and exciting subjects that came before that body.

At the ensuing annual conference he was stationed in Schenectady. The society here had just erected a new and beautiful church, and Methodism was assuming a position and an importance in the place that it had not previously had. Accordingly, in entering upon his charge, he felt that a great responsibility rested upon him. The character of Methodism in the place was to receive a new stamp, and the work of God a new impulse; its altered and improving circumstances required the development and right direction of new elements of moral power. Entering upon his work with these views and feelings, he prosecuted it with unwearied diligence and with great success. The congregation was greatly increased in numbers, and also improved in character. The membership of the church rose from one hundred and ninety-one to three hundred and fifteen; and to his services Methodism is not a little indebted for its character and standing even at the present day.

During the two years spent in this place he dedicated seven churches, one of which was the Seventh street Church in New York city. He also delivered a great number of special sermons, as well as missionary, Bible and temperance addresses. The performance of so much labor abroad, while at the same time his flock were not neglected at home, shows that he was a man of untiring

industry as well as of great activity. In the spring of 1837 he was called to dedicate a church in Hinesburgh, Vermont, under very interesting circumstances. Eleven years before, while on the Charlotte circuit, he had formed a small society in that place; a weak and sickly plant, he hedged it around, and fostered it by his labors and his prayers, yet doubtful of its existence and growth. But, watered from on high, it had taken root, grown up, and become a vigorous tree. The little society had now erected a house in which to worship God; and he, who had been the apostle of God's grace to their souls, was called to perform the solemn service of consecration. The recollections of former seasons and of former toils were vividly awakened in his mind by this visit. Greatly did he rejoice to find that the bread cast abroad upon the waters had been gathered after many days, and that his work had not been in vain in the Lord.

While in Schenectady, Mr. Levings had the good fortune to become personally acquainted with Dr. Nott, president of Union College. In him he found a kind friend, and a judicious, able counsellor; and not unfrequently did the doctor assist him in his work. At the invitation of the president, Mr. Levings preached to the students in the college chapel, and his discourse was well received and highly spoken of. Indeed, so favorable was the impression made, that, subsequently, while stationed in Albany, he was invited to perform a similar service. The estimate of his talents and acquirements formed by Dr. Nott, was afterwards expressed in a very significant manner; as, on his recommendation, the college over which he presided conferred on Mr. Levings the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

From some cause or other, some of the society in Schenectady were very much opposed to the preacher appointed by the conference to succeed him. Seeing

only evil to the society, as well as to the preacher, in this opposition, his generous heart impelled him to throw himself between the people and the preacher, and his fertile mind readily found a way to do it effectually. He reached home on Saturday, and, while the tones of discontent and dissatisfaction were heard all around him, he entered the pulpit the next day (the preacher not having arrived), and preached in the morning from,— "But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us." (Luke xix, 14.) In the afternoon he took for his text,— "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" (Isa. liii, 1.) Those who have marked the fertility of his mind, the facility with which he adapted himself to circumstances, can well conceive how these two subjects were employed on this occasion. Suffice it to say, no murmur of discontent was afterwards heard. The preacher was well received, labored in harmony with the people, and the result of his first year's labor was a net increase of seventy-five members; and a year later the same society reported to the conference a membership of four hundred and fifty, showing a net increase of one hundred and thirty-five in two years. How much better for the society than to run upon the rock on which so many societies have literally "split!" In the rejection of a minister, it is rarely the case that he is the only sufferer; often divisions and heart-burnings grow out of it, distrust is engendered, and years elapse before the church recovers from the self-inflicted evil. We say self-inflicted, because we have found that these objections often, if not generally, arise from unfounded prejudices or false views; and, at best, a violent remedy will almost invariably prove to be a worse evil than that which it seeks to cure.

At the conference of 1838, Mr. Levings was appointed presiding elder of Troy district. At the ensuing conference, however, he was removed from the district, being succeeded by the Rev. T. Spicer, and appointed to the North Second street charge in the city of Troy. On announcing the change to the conference, the bishop paused in reading the appointments, and stated that he had not made this change, 1st. Because brother Levings had requested it; for he had not. 2d. Nor because he considered him incompetent to the charge of the district. 3d. Nor because he had been unfaithful in discharging the duties of the district; for in both these respects he had the fullest satisfaction from both preachers and people on the district. 4th. But the change was made because brother Levings was wanted for another field of labor. This change brought him again into the midst of a people to whom he was strongly attached, and by whom he was greatly beloved. Not only were they strongly devoted to him, but they fulfilled the divine injunction—"Love one another." They were united and faithful; and the year was one of signal blessings—the return made to conference showing a net increase of one hundred and twenty members.

From this station he was transferred, at the conference of 1840, to Division street, Albany, where he spent the two succeeding years. During the summer of this first year he was greatly afflicted with the loss of a much-loved daughter. She died after an illness of only a few days, aged a little over five years. He had lost other children, but this was emphatically the child of his heart; and to part with her, he says, "was one of the severest trials of his life." For some months previous to her death, she had frequently spoken of dying and going to be with her Savior, and with her little twin sister, who had died when but a little more than

a year old. She often sang, with apparently deep feeling, the verse commencing:

> "What is this that steals upon my frame?
> Is it death, is it death?"

Thus exhibiting a maturity of intellect and of faith, uncommon at so early an age, the little sufferer passed sweetly away to her rest. From very childhood she had been the *companion* and *friend* of her father, an angel of love hovering around him, a sunbeam from heaven shining upon his path. Painful was the visitation, deeply was he chastened; but salutary did he feel the discipline to be.

From Albany he was removed to Troy, and again stationed in the State street church. At the close of this year, it was generally desired by the preachers, and also by many of the people, that Mr. Levings should again be returned to the district. To this, however, he had insuperable objections, founded not upon considerations of personal expediency, but upon principle. This, combined with other circumstances, induced him to ask a transfer to the New York Conference, which request was granted, and he was again appointed to New York city, to labor in the Vestry street charge. The cordial welcome he received on his first arrival, and the tokens of continued affection from his people, were the source of peculiar satisfaction to him, and greatly encouraged him in his work.

At the General Conference of 1844, the Rev. E. S. Janes, who for several years had filled, with distinguished ability, the office of Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society, was elected a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal church. In the June following, Dr. Levings was elected to the office made vacant by Mr. Janes's resignation. The church with whom he had been laboring but one year being strongly attached

to him, and quite unwilling to give him up, he was continued in the charge another year. He had, therefore, during the year to perform, as best he could, the duties both of his pastoral work and secretaryship. It was a year of great labor. A man of less activity and endurance, or of less flexible mind, would have found himself inadequate to the task. In addition to his home labors, he visited, during the year, four or five annual conferences, presenting before them the claims of the Bible cause; and delivered over thirty Bible addresses before various societies in different parts of the country. Notwithstanding these extra efforts, he continued to labor with great acceptability and success in his pastoral charge. And when the term of his service closed in Vestry street, he made a grateful record of God's mercy in sustaining him, and in giving him favor among the people, and success in his ministry.

Being now released from his charge, he devoted himself entirely to the duties of his office, and to the interests of the American Bible Society. Of his travels and labors for three succeeding years we have no authentic and definite account, aside from the minute of the places, times, and subjects of his discourses. No entry was made in his diary subsequently to the closing of his pastoral relation with the Vestry street people. It is, however, generally known that he devoted himself with unceasing assiduity to promote the interests of the Bible cause. He performed long and toilsome journeys, visiting almost every section of the country, and presenting the claims of the society before ecclesiastical bodies, and addressing numerous local auxiliaries. At the same time, also, a burden of correspondence, relating to local agencies and the financial operations of the society, rested upon him.

During the fall of 1847, while on an extensive tour

through the western and south-western states, he contracted a dysentery from the use of the water on the western rivers. He reached home very much enfeebled in health, and for two or three months was unable to resume his labors. Indeed, for the most of that time he was confined to his house and bed; and, during some part of it, it was doubtful whether he would ever be restored again to health. God, however, graciously raised him up, and he was again permitted to go forth to labor in his Master's vineyard. During this sickness, the writer of this sketch repeatedly visited him. The seasons of conversation and of prayer enjoyed at this time will long be remembered. He possessed the same buoyancy of spirit and sprightliness that ever characterized him; nor had his fund of amusing and instructive anecdote failed. He was indeed *himself;* but he exhibited a maturity of faith and a depth of piety that seemed to augur a speedy termination of his earthly pilgrimage. His constitution never recovered fully its former vigor; but he was able still to discharge the duties of his office with efficiency through the spring and summer of 1848.

In the fall of that year the interests of the Bible Society demanded of him another tour through the south-western states. He left home with much reluctance, and under great depression of spirits, having and expressing a deep presentiment of evil. Yet with his usual vigor he prosecuted his work; during the months of October and November he traveled near four thousand miles, visiting the Tennessee, Memphis and Mississippi conferences, preaching eighteen sermons and delivering nine addresses. He was subject to much inconvenience on some parts of his route, owing to the rainy weather and the bad condition of the roads. On one route he spent three days and three nights in a stage, traveling

over roads almost impassable. The last night two of the wheels sunk up to the hub in the mire, and the coach was nearly overturned. There were nine grown persons and two children inside, who were obliged to get out and stand upon the ground, while the rain was pouring down upon them, till the driver had unharnessed one of the horses and rode half a mile to obtain a gang of negroes to pry up the carriage. This occupied nearly two hours. Under such exposures, his health began to fail during the latter part of November. But he persevered in his mission till the 24th of December, when he preached in the Presbyterian church in Natchez. This was his last public discourse.

On the succeeding day he wrote a letter to his family in New York. This letter is full of tenderness and affection. He tells them that he felt it would be wrong longer to withhold from them the fact that he was in a very feeble state of health. In addition to other diseases which had hung about him, he had been subject to several severe attacks of asthma, involving sympathetically, if not organically, the action of the heart. His nightly rest was broken and disturbed, and he was reduced to a great degree of bodily weakness. He had purposed visiting the Louisiana Conference, but his health would permit him to proceed no farther. He now only thought of reaching his home, and had many misgivings whether he should ever accomplish that. The most expeditious and safe route homeward was by the way of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; and even this route was not at this time without its difficulties. The cholera was raging in New Orleans with great violence, and every boat that came up numbered a catalogue of victims on the passage. Those who died by day were secretly carried on shore in the night, and roughly entombed in the bank of the river. Nor could the sick and dying

expect much attention or care; and, indeed, the cold and damp state-rooms of the boats furnished but poor accommodations for the sick in any case.

With him, however, there seemed no alternative; and on the 29th of December he took passage on the steam boat Memphis for Cincinnati. The boat was six days on her passage; she was crowded with passengers, and many were sick and dying with the cholera. His sufferings on the voyage were greatly alleviated, and his mind comforted, by the kind attentions of a Christian brother, Mr. Elisha Payne, of Madison, Indiana. He also received medical advice and assistance from a Dr. Sale, who happened to be a passenger on the boat. It was indeed a gloomy passage, and he frequently expressed the apprehension that he would never live to reach his home. This was an object dear to his heart; and his highest earthly wish seemed to be that he might die in the bosom of his family. However, he was calm and resigned; and, for the most part, retained his accustomed cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit.

At length he reached Cincinnati; and, at the house of his devoted friends, brother and sister Burton, he found a welcome home. Ten years before, he had been their pastor in the east; he had united them in the sacred bonds of matrimony; he had been their friend and counselor in times of affliction and trial. Their hearts, as well as their house, were now open to receive him. Like ministering angels they hovered around him in his last earthly affliction. Sweet and yet mournful was the task of our brother and sister; they performed the last sad offices due to departing worth; they ministered to his last earthly want, listened with inexpressible sorrow to his last farewell, closed his dying eyes, and forsook him not till his dust had been gathered to its kindred dust. O, there are green spots upon our

earth, where human affection and sympathy shine forth with heavenly lustre! Priceless is their value! It is grateful to record them. The Rev. Mr. Strickland, one of the agents of the American Bible Society, was also with him night and day; and a numerous circle of friends rejoiced in the opportunity to minister to him in his affliction.

His sufferings were great, but in the midst of them all he enjoyed perfect peace; and signal was his triumph, through grace, in the last conflict. When he found that the great object of earthly desire—to see his family once more in the flesh and to die among his kindred—could not be realized, he only exclaimed: "The will of the Lord be done." On the Sabbath evening preceding his death, being asked if he realized strong faith in Christ, he replied, "O yes, the Lord Jesus Christ is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. I die in the faith of the gospel." On one occasion, when he was sitting up, brother Burton placed a large Bible to support his head, that he might breathe more easily. Observing the letters upon the back, he exclaimed, "Thou blessed book, lamp to my feet and light to my path; thou guide of my youth, directory of my manhood, and support of my declining years; how cheerless would this world be, were it not for thy divine revelations and Christian experience!" After his will had been signed, he said, "Thank God, one foot is in Jordan, and I shall soon cross over." When Bishop Morris reached the city, and hastened to the bedside of his dying friend, he said to him, "Thank God that I am permitted to see your face once more. I am not able to converse much, but I can still say, 'Glory to God.'" The bishop inquired if he had any message to send to his brethren of the New York Conference. "Tell them," said he, "I die in Christ; I die in the hope of the gospel. Tell them I have a firm, unshaken confidence in the atoning sacrifice of our Lord

Jesus Christ, as the foundation, and *only foundation* of my hope of eternal life; and, relying upon that foundation, all before me is light, and joyful, and glorious." In him was most gloriously realized the sentiment of the great apostle: *To live is Christ, but to die is gain.* With a firm faith in his Redeemer, and an unclouded view of heaven, he passed in peace and triumph to his everlasting reward. The last words he uttered were on the occasion of Mr. Burton's children being presented to receive his dying blessing. Taking each by the hand, he said, "God bless the dear children, and make them holy."

Between nine and ten o'clock, on the evening of the 9th of January, surrounded by sympathizing, praying Christian friends, he expired. On the following Thursday his funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, embracing many of the clergy in Cincinnati and its vicinity. And, after an impressive sermon by Bishop Morris, his remains were deposited in the city cemetery, but subsequently removed to the Wesleyan Cemetery, where the Young Men's Bible Society of Cincinnati propose to erect a suitable monument to his memory. Subsequently, a funeral discourse was delivered by Bishop Morris before the New York Conference, and was requested for publication by that body. The preachers' meetings in Cincinnati and New York, the Board of Managers of the Young Men's Bible Society of Cincinnati, and also that of the American Bible Society, and various other associations, passed resolutions expressive of their high estimate of his character and worth.

Few men have been more generally beloved within the sphere of their labors, and few have been more sincerely lamented in their death, than Dr. Levings. His manner was affable and winning; his heart was warm and generous; his mind, naturally fertile and

lively, and stored with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, coupled with a retentive and ready memory, a brilliant imagination, a striking aptness at comparison, and fine colloquial powers, made him a most delightful companion in social life. If these peculiarities of character, strongly marked in him, sometimes made him appear more light and jocose than was befitting the ministerial office, and especially to age and superior standing in it, there were at least redeeming considerations to be found in the artlessness and sincerity of his piety, and the sacred veneration in which he ever held divine things. He was an almost universal favorite among his brethren in the ministry. And few ministers have left behind them, in the congregations where they have ministered, a larger number of strongly attached personal friends.

The cast of his mind, it would be inferred from what has already been said, was not that which grapples with profound truths and evolves mighty thoughts; but rather that which would take the popular and practical view of things. His reasonings generally were of this tone and character; and yet his sermons were well digested, and presented clear and forcible exhibitions of divine truth. His performances were almost exclusively extemporaneous; he rarely committed more than a very brief skeleton to paper. His mind, however, was a storehouse of facts and illustrations, and also clear in its perceptions, and tenacious in its retention of truth. His tongue was like the "pen of a ready writer;" and he was never at a loss for appropriate language in which o give utterance to his thoughts. He combined, in an unusual degree, close argumentation with apt and striking illustration and an animated and attractive delivery. His personal appearance was such as would naturally make a very good impression; his manner

was self-possessed, the intonations of his voice well managed, and his gesture easy and appropriate. His preaching exhibited none of those overwhelming strokes of eloquence which mark the oratory of some distinguished men; but, when his energies were aroused and called into action, his discourses everywhere sparkled with the richest gems. Indeed, few could hear him at any time without being pleased, instructed, and even powerfully impressed. But the highest honor placed upon his ministry was the eminent success with which God crowned it, in making him the instrument of turning multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of sin to the service of God.

Such was the man whose history and character are but inadequately sketched in this paper. He has now ceased from his labors and gone to his reward. Multitudes have been blessed by his ministry; some of whom—dear in his memory—had before him entered into rest. Did they not welcome him to the partnership of their joys on high? He has gone to rejoin them, gone to behold again the loved Martha Ann, "the child of his heart," whose sweet spirit passed away with the summer flowers of 1840. He died as the Christian minister might wish to die, mature in the graces of the spirit, fresh from the battle-fields of the cross. Those who had been blessed by his ministry accompanied him with prayers and tears down to the brink of Jordan; those who had gone before, joyfully welcomed him over. Thus, in the maturity of his strength and in the height of his usefulness, a brother has been called away, a standard-bearer in Israel has fallen.

He was licensed to preach on the 20th day of December, 1817, and died on the 9th of January, 1849; consequently, he sustained the ministerial office a little more than thirty years. During that time he officiated in

eighteen different appointments; preached nearly four thousand sermons; dedicated thirty-eight churches; delivered sixty-five miscellaneous addresses; and, finally, traveled 36,539 miles, and delivered two hundred and seventy-three addresses in behalf of the American Bible Society. But the best of all this was, his life and ministry were crowned with the divine blessings, and his dying moments with the divine glory.

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."*

REV. COLES CARPENTER.

Although nearly twenty years have passed away since this man of God exchanged the conflicts of earth for the bliss of heaven, multitudes, who used to hang upon his lips with gracious pleasure, and spiritual profit, still cherish his memory; to them the name of *Coles Carpenter*, revives the recollection of scenes and associations the most sacred and lovely. The writer feels assured that such will appreciate this humble effort to rescue from oblivion some reminiscences of their former friend and pastor. The regrets, so often expressed, that many, even of our most distinguished ministers, have left no records of their trials and triumphs, are applicable to him. One of our denominational historians, deploring this fact, says of Mr. Carpenter. "Notwithstanding his extensive travels, and a quarter of a century spent in ministerial labors, scarcely any facts

* An interesting sketch of Dr. Levings, by Bp. Morris, may be found in his Miscellany.

in his history have been recorded, except in that higher registry which is kept in heaven, and to which these self-sacrificing men looked as their reward." (*Stevens' Memorials of Methodism*, 2d S., p. 448.)

He was blessed with a godly ancestry. His paternal grandmother was one of the first Methodists in this country, and a most exemplary Christian. I am assured that her influence is still felt upon her living descendants of the fourth generation. His father's name was Morris Carpenter, and both of his parents were members of that branch of the church, of which their son was a prominent minister. Mr. Carpenter was born in Westchester county, N. Y., March 17, 1784. In his youthful days, he showed a fondness for the amusements and follies common among the young; but when, at about the age of seventeen, he became the subject of converting grace, he abandoned forever the pleasures of sin. That an occasion of temptation might be put away, he desired at once to sell a fast horse, of which he had been proud.

He began immediately to exhort his fellow youth to repentance, and his appeals were often exceedingly affecting, drawing tears from eyes unaccustomed to weep. Decision of character exhibited itself in his early religious history. Soon after his conversion, as he was passing the house of an irreligious neighbor, his piety was made the subject of ridicule. With a firmness that did him and his Master honor, he replied, "Your unbelief shall not make shipwreck of my faith," and passed on his way. His exemplary conduct on that occasion, made a deep impression on a daughter of the man that was ridiculing him, who heard and saw what passed, and who has long since embraced the religion so happily exemplified in this youthful disciple.

At an early period in his Christian life, he was li-

censed to preach, and in 1809 he was received on trial in the New York Conference, being then twenty-five years of age. In 1811, he was ordained a deacon by Bishop Asbury, and in 1813 to the office of an elder by Bishop McKendree. He continued in connection with the New York Conference until its division in 1832, when his lot fell in the Troy Conference, at the first session of which, held in August, 1833, he was appointed presiding elder of the Troy district, and took up his residence in Lansingburgh. In this important office, he was permitted to continue but a short time; long enough, however, to evince his adaptation to this new sphere. He passed once around his district, making a favorable impression upon preachers and people. Soon after commencing his second tour, he was confined to his house, some three or four weeks, with inflammation of the liver. When but partially recovered, he attended two quarterly meetings, being able to do little more than preside at the conference.

He went to his next quartely meeting at Cambridge, and on arriving, in company with his wife, at the house of Mr. Darrow, on Friday evening, he expressed the hope that he should be able to preach twice at the approaching quarterly meeting, as he felt better than he had done since his sickness. But how little we know of the future! His last sermon was already preached, his days were numbered, and he was then on the threshold of the eternal world!

That evening as he was seating himself at the tea table, he was suddenly and violently attacked with bilious cholic. The kind family used every exertion in his behalf. Four physicians were called, they were unremitting in their attendance and efforts, but all in vain, and on the following Sabbath evening, February 17, 1834, his sufferings terminated in death.

During his short sickness he was perfectly rational, and, sudden as was the call, he met the king of terrors with perfect composure, conversing about him with freedom and cheerfulness. With his dying lips he declared his firm confidence in the truth of the doctrines he had preached, and repeatedly assured his friends, that the prospect before him was clear. A little before he died, he asked the doctor whether he thought he might live an hour longer, and expressed a strong desire to continue until his children should arrive, assigning as a reason, that he wished to give them his last blessing. In the inscrutable providence of God, he was denied this privilege. He was content, and said "It is no farther from Cambridge to heaven than from Lansingburgh." He left his dying charge to his children, that they should "be good, and meet him in heaven." When his voice failed so that he could no longer speak aloud, the anxious ear of his friends caught the last whisperings of that tongue, which had so often and so sweetly told of redeeming love, the riches of grace, and the heavenly inheritance. Those last whispers were: "Glory! glory! glory!" until his tongue was silent in death.

Thus died the Rev. Coles Carpenter, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His remains were taken to Lansingburgh, where, by the side of his companion and daughter, they await the summons of the last day. The Presbytery, which was then in session in that village, showed their respect for him, by adjourning to attend his funeral. A sermon was preached on the occasion by Rev. T. Spicer, on "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," in which it was shown: First, that good men are the friends of Jesus. Secondly, that though his friends, they must die. Thirdly, their death was compared to a sleep—they shall awake again.

Mr. Carpenter is universally spoken of in high terms,

by his associates in the ministry. Dr. S. Luckey speaks of him as a "lovely, meek, unassuming man, a good counselor and a peacemaker." He is represented by another, who knew him intimately, as "a man of God; a man of prayer, faith and the Holy Ghost."

As the head of a family, he was affectionate and faithful. The following extract of a letter, addressed to one of his sons soon after leaving home, bespeaks his pious solicitude and fidelity.

"NEW YORK, June 8, 1829.

"MY DEAR BOY: I feel much concerned for you, believing your future respectability and happiness depend, in a great measure, on your present behavior. You are now, in some sort, from under the eyes of your parents; and if you have not consideration enough to watch over yourself and refrain from loose company, we must regard your imprudence as an omen of your future ruin. Let respect for yourself and for your friends, who have offered up prayers and tears for you, stimulate you to a laudable ambition to shun all improper behavior, and to secure the confidence of the wise and good.

"Your parents are now approaching old age, and, if after all their labor and toil to bring up their children, they should see any of you dissipated and pests to society, the evening of their life would be covered with a cloud, and their gray hairs would go down in sorrow to the grave.

"I beseech of you, do not neglect to attend church on the sabbath. Do not associate with such as spend the holy day of the Lord in a profane manner. You need have no fear but you will always find friends if you properly respect yourself. COLES CARPENTER."

The following letter shows that the hand of God was heavily laid upon him, in domestic bereavements, and indicates the spirit in which they were received.

"Coeymans, March 20th, 1827.

"Dear Children: We have just heard of the death of your little boy. And is he gone! Yes, and we must soon go to him. Death has lately made many breaches in our family, but in no case have we been called to sorrow as those that have no hope. Five times has the earth opened her mouth in the course of a few short months, to swallow some bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. In the day of adversity let us consider. This providence certainly conveys instruction in an impressive and useful manner. I pray that we may neither despise the chastisements of the Lord, nor faint at his rebuke. While we are called to mourn, we are also called to discharge the debt of gratitude. When I retrospect, I see the solemn and trying day in which I was full of fears for you both, and I shall always think that in answer to many tears and prayers, things have had so happy an issue. You tell me you have again commenced house keeping, and let me say to you, that I do not expect to see you prosperous, either in spiritual or temporal things, unless you are punctual in family prayer. Persevere in the service of God, and, although matters are somewhat gloomy now, your light shall rise in obscurity, and your darkness become as the noonday. Your father, Coles Carpenter."

A letter dated New York, April 6th, 1830, addressed to his oldest son, Mr. Morris Carpenter, of Nassau, N. Y., shows that death had again invaded his family circle. He says, "We have lately been called to part with our dear little William. He died of dropsy in the head on Saturday last. He will not return to us, but we must go to him. May the good Lord prepare us to meet him and all our friends in glory. Like other men, I am born to trouble, but my greatest trouble is that I am not more holy and useful.

"I would say to you, as I have always said, 'Know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind.'"

In November of the same year, another of his family, a much loved daughter, was taken from him. The following letter, written on the day of the funeral, breathes a spirit of meekness and submission which is instructive to the reader, while it exhibits the character of the writer.

"SCHENECTADY, Nov. 6, 1850.

"Dear Children: We are again wounded, deeply wounded. Our Anne Eliza is no more. A few hours since, we committed her remains to the tomb. She died on last Thursday evening, between eight and nine o'clock. For the space of five weeks she suffered greatly, but we trust she is now at rest in the paradise of God. O, may we prepare to follow her!

"The dear child was very lovely and affectionate; but the Lord gave her, and he had the right to take her away. We may not murmur, though we mourn. This is grievous, but not so bitter as a guilty conscience. William, and Caleb, and Anne gone! My merciful God, who next shall be summoned away? By tears and prayers, and fasting, I besought Infinite Goodness to spare her a little longer. Blind mortals, we know not what is best for us. May he who said to his servant Paul, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' grant us grace to help us in time of need. COLES CARPENTER."

And yet again, before his own sudden departure, he was called to see another lovely daughter sink into the cold embrace of death; but there was light in that dwelling. He tells the mournfully joyous tale in the following note to his son:

LANSINGBURGH, January 6th, 1833.

"Dear Children: Our dear Phebe is gone. She

breathed her last ten minutes since. As long as she had strength she clapped her hands. She died gasping the name of Jesus, saying, 'He can make a dying bed easy,' then kissed the family a few minutes before she ceased to breathe, and charged us to meet her in heaven. No doubt our loss is her infinite gain.

COLES CARPENTER."

Substantial evidence of his having exemplified religion in the family, and discharged his duty as a father, is found in the happy deaths above alluded to, and in the fact that his six children now living were all converted to God in early life. Five of them are now members of the M. E. Church and some of their descendants are also following in their steps. Five generations of his family connections, extending from his worthy grandmother to his grandchildren, have held an honorable relation to the church of his choice. What encouragement to the Christian parent! Though Mr. Carpenter was denied the privilege of giving his *dying* blessing to his children, he gave them what was more valuable, his *living* blessing; and they in their turn will hereafter call him BLESSED.

He was a superior preacher. His pulpit ability did not consist so much in analytic, or argumentative power, as in the clearness and beauty, the pathos and force with which he exhibited the leading features of the remedial scheme, and entreated men to be reconciled to God.

There was more of John than of Peter, more of Melancthon than of Luther in his character. Though unwaveringly attached to Methodism, one distinguishing trait in his character was his liberality of sentiment and feeling toward other denominations. He could see and appreciate goodness, and greatness, outside of his own communion. He disrelished controversy, and was

just such a man as would be, and often was, selected to fill the pulpits of other denominations, at the sessions of the Conference. He was both an *attractive* and a *useful* preacher. Possessing a clear, musical voice, a smooth, ready utterance, a good imagination, a sound judgment, and ardent piety, his sermons could not fail to interest and profit. His own soul, and all around him, melted beneath the power of his appeals. There was a tide of sweet sympathy and affection, flowing out from his heart that greatly endeared him to those in whose behalf he labored.

In sitting under his preaching, you could not avoid the impression, that he was strongly influenced by a sense of his responsbility to God, and was earnestly seeking to save souls. Sometimes he rose apparently above himself, and poured forth a stream of elevated, chaste, flowing, melting eloquence that astonished and overwhelmed the people. Dr. Luckey says, "He was one of the most truly eloquent men that I ever heard." Rev. T. Benedict, who was at one time his colleague, speaks of him as "an able preacher, and a lovely-spirited man." Rev. E. Osborn describes his preaching thus: "Mr. Carpenter was very pathetic and impressive in exhortation and in hortatory discourses, but seldom took up those controverted topics which were so ably handled by his senior colleague. Neither did he, like him, frequently pour out the terrors of the law in overwhelming torrents upon the unconverted, being rather a 'son of consolation,' than a 'son of thunder.' Some of his descriptions of the glories and joys of the heavenly land are still so distinctly remembered by me, that I can almost fancy that I hear his melodious voice yet sounding in my ears,"

He filled several of our most important stations in the city of New York and elsewhere. His appointments

within the bounds of Troy Conference, were at Chatham, Sandy Hill and Glen's Falls, and Schenectady; and to the presiding eldership of Troy district. Let those who knew, and heard, and loved him on earth, imitate his virtues and heed his counsels, and, erelong, the sacred associations of the past shall be renewed and perpetuated in the Paradise of God.

REV. ANDREW C. MILLS.

"——— he waited not for noon;
Convinced that mortal never lived too soon,
As if foreboding then his little stay,
He made his morning bear the heat of day."

The subject of this brief memoir was born in Castleton, Vt., February 21st, 1807, and died at the residence of his parents in Chester, Warren county, N. Y., October 18th, 1835, in the 29th year of his age, and the 4th of his Christian ministry.

He was blessed with pious parents, who endeavored to train up their family in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." They were both members of the M. E. Church. Andrew did not, however, embrace religion until in the nineteenth year of his age. During his boyhood, he manifested a decided taste for music; otherwise, he was considered rather a "dull boy." It is a somewhat singular fact that he did not remember ever to have wept, up to the day of his conversion. But the softening, genial influences of divine grace, opened up the fountain of tears, and from that day he wept often and freely. It not unfrequently occurs, that those whose joyous conversion and ardent first-love give promise of great usefulness, disappoint expectation, while those in

whom the early manifestations of spiritual life are feeble and unpropitious, subsequently grow and mature until they become men in Christ Jesus. Andrew C. Mills belonged to the latter of these classes. During the first two years of his Christian life he gave no special promise of usefulness to the church; and yet the good seed was taking root, divine grace was exerting its leavening influence upon his soul. Modesty and other untoward circumstances may for a while restrain the outward manifestation, when the inward workings of the Spirit may be very active.

About two years after his conversion, young Mills, in company with another young man, commenced holding meetings for exhortation and prayer, and God blessed their efforts to the awakening and saving of many souls. The success of those meetings was a great benefit to the subject of this sketch. It inspired him with new zeal, gave him encouragement and confidence, and indeed formed an era in his life. From that time to the close of his short career, his zeal in the cause of God was ardent and unwavering.

In December, 1829, he was licensed as an exhorter, and, in March, 1832, he received his first license to preach. In June of the same year, he was employed by the presiding elder as an assistant on the Northampton circuit, where his labors are believed to have been owned of God. At the session of the Troy Annual Conference in 1833, he was received on trial and appointed to the Bern circuit. In 1834 he was sent to Westport. At the conference of 1835, he was received into full connection, ordained a deacon, and appointed to Luzerne circuit. He entered upon his work in this new charge full of zeal and hope, little thinking that his course was so nearly completed. After spending one sabbath there, he visited his parents in Chester,

was taken suddenly ill at his father's house, lingered some five weeks, and passed to the home of the pious above.

Mr. Mills' early advantages were not the most propitious, nor were they improved as they might have been. When, however, the grace of life had elevated his soul to the high and holy aspirations and aims peculiar to the Christian faith, he sought to make amends for his early deficiencies. He possessed energy of character, decided piety, and a deep sympathy with the people in their spiritual interests. His uncommon zeal in his Master's work, led him to unceasing efforts to save souls. His Christian cheerfulness rendered him an agreeable companion. He had already become an acceptable and useful preacher, and gave promise of increasing proficiency in the science of saving souls. He was passionately fond of music, was a charming singer, and laid this talent under contribution to the cause to which his heart and life were devoted.

Multitudes, without imagining for a moment that such a thing could take place, have sung these well known lines:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and *sing herself away*,
To everlasting bliss."

Mr. Mills' passionate love of music is believed to have caused his death. Those who knew him well, say that "*He sung himself sweetly to sleep in death.*" Thus, in one instance at least, the above lines were in some sense literally realized. His race was short, but victorious. Who can look upon one just girding himself for the conflict, with error and sin, and see him called to lay his armor off so soon, without a kind of melancholy interest bordering upon regret?

The sovereignty of God is, however, exercised in infinite wisdom and goodness. Heaven saw the consecration of his life to the self-denying work of the itinerant ministry, the sacrifice was accepted; an early and unexpected release from the toils and prviations incident to his calling was given him, and he passed away to join in the anthems of the upper sanctuary.

He died well. In his last sickness his mind was generally tranquil and peaceful until a few days previous to his death, when he became the subject of severe temptation. It was his last conflict with the powers of darkness, Satan's last effort to torment, and, if possible, destroy his soul. In this hour of darkness he desired his attendants to leave the room, that, like his Master, he might contend with the adversary, unseen by human eyes. All left him except his father. He wrestled with God in prayer until deliverance came; the tempter fled, and his last victory was achieved.

Thus did this young messenger of the cross exchange a world of perils and conflicts, for one of everlasting security and peace. His last words were those triumphant utterances of St. Paul, "I am *now ready* to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

REV. ARNOLD SCHOLEFIELD.

BY REV. ELBERT OSBORN.

The parents of Mr. Scholefield, it is believed, were natives of the United States; but at the time of his birth they resided in Nova Scotia. In early childhood he returned with his mother to this country. While quite a youth, he became pious, and when about twenty-two years of age, he entered upon the work of the Christian ministry.

On a cold morning in the begining of the year 1810, a stranger called at my father's house, told us his name, and informed us that the presiding elder of the New York district had sent him to fill a vacancy on that circuit. He preached at my father's house that evening on Isaiah iii, 10, 11. "Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him" &c. Such was the effect produced on my youthful mind, and such the apparent satisfaction of the hearers generally, that in my childish simplicity I said to my mother, "I guess that man will some time or other become a bishop." That youth was Arnold Scholefield. He labored a few months very acceptably on that circuit (Reading, in Connecticut), under the direction of that excellent but eccentric minister, the Rev. B. Hibbard.

At the ensuing conference, he was received on trial as a traveling preacher, and appointed to Charlotte circuit in Vermont. In 1811, he was sent to Litchfield, Conn., and in 1812-13, to Middletown, in the same state. In 1814, his field of labor was the east end of Long Island, and in 1815-6, in the city of New York. One of the most intelligent laymen of our church, in that

city, recently spoke to me with much affection and respect of Mr. Scholefield, of whose pious labors, and amiable character, he seemed to have a lively recollection. In 1817, he was appointed to Albany circuit, and in 1818–19 to Delaware. These circuits were then very large, embracing mountainous regions, which Mr. Scholefield cheerfully explored, in search of blood-bought souls. In 1820–1, he was on the Newburgh circuit, and in 1822–3, the people of Dutchess circuit were blessed with his evangelical labors. Information recently received from an aged, pious and respectable brother confirms the opinion, which I had previously formed, that he was very useful among that people. He was not only successful in leading sinners to God, but also in defending the doctrines of the gospel, and in preserving the lambs of the flock.

In 1824, he was appointed to the charge of the Goshen circuit, in Connecticut. Here I had the privilege of being under his paternal care, as I was the junior preacher on that circuit. It was my second year in the itinerancy, and in Mr. Scholefield I found a father indeed. His manner was affectionate, and his conduct exemplary; his preaching was excellent, and his conversation instructive. I shall never forget my parting with him after we had labored together about eight months. Being sent by my presiding elder to fill a vacancy on another circuit, I called to bid him farewell. While affectionately grasping my hand, he looked upward, and asked me to remember him in my prayers.

In 1825, he was appointed presiding elder of the Rhinebeck district, which then extended from Albany, N. Y., almost to Hartford, Conn., embracing all that part of Massachusetts west of the Connecticut river. He filled the place assigned him, with dignity and usefulness, for three years. Strong was the affection of the

preachers under his care towards their presiding elder. Deep was the interest which he manifested in their temporal and spiritual welfare, and in the prosperity of their work. A sermon which he preached at a camp-meeting on Canaan mountain, Litchfield county, Conn., in 1825, is still remembered by some in that region, with great interest. It was on the last evening of the meeting, when the hearts of Christians were warm with holy fire, and his text was, "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains." Isaiah xlii, 11. I trust that some of those who shouted "Glory to God," that evening, are now, with the minister who addressed them, worshiping on Mount Zion and rejoicing before the throne.

At a camp-meeting in 1827, while Mr. Scholefield was exhorting, two unconverted men were so affected by the force of divine truth that they fell to the earth, the emotions of their souls overcoming their bodily strength. Mr. Scholefield loved, and enjoyed the power of religion.

"At the conference held in New York in 1828, the presiding elder of our district, Rev. A. Scholefield, was not with us. He was taken sick in May previous, while attending General Conference, in Pittsburgh, far from family and home, and sickness detained him there after the General Conference closed; but a kind brother delegate, Rev. Tobias Spicer, remained with him till he ventured to leave Pittsburgh, and they returned home together. May God grant that these friends may meet in that city where sickness can not come, and where friends never part."* (*See Life of Elbert Osborn, page* 139.)

* Mr. Scholefield being unable to return home at the close of the General Conference, the question was asked among the New York delegation, "What shall be done in the case of brother Scholefield?" To which Mr. Spicer replied, "I will take that brother home, either

At that conference, he received a supernumerary relation, in which he continued for three years, residing in Austerlitz, Columbia county, N. Y., and laboring in the work of the ministry as his strength permitted. In 1831, he resumed effective work, and was appointed to the charge of the Chatham circuit. Here he rejoiced in seeing the work of God revive. His residence that year was the next door to mine. With great pleasure he would relate to me what God was doing on some parts of the circuit, while he mourned that more good did not result from his labors in other parts. During this year he had the unspeakable pleasure of witnessing the conversion of his eldest daughter, at a camp-meeting held at Canaan, Columbia county, N. Y. After a pious life of some years, she was called from earth to her heavenly home. At the same meeting, he preached, by request of his brethren, a sermon on a controverted subject. The discourse brought light to the understanding, and warmth to the heart. During the meeting, several from his circuit were made partakers of pardoning mercy. Some, who are now prominent ministers in the different conferences, were then young preachers, sitting under his instruction with delight, and they doubtless still remember the gracious season.

In 1832* he was appointed presiding elder of the Troy district. Before the year expired, a paralytic stroke disabled him from regular service in that work which he loved so well. While in a superannuated relation, he remarked in a letter to the writer: "If health and strength permitted, how gladly would I again take the

dead or alive." He did so. After watching over him for three weeks, he hired a hack, and brought him, by easy stages, to Erie, a distance of some one hundred and fifty miles, from which place they reached home by public conveyances. S. P.

* The Troy Conference was organized in 1832, by a division of the New York Conference, and Mr. Scholefield became a member of the former. S. P.

roughest circuit I ever traveled, and point sinners to the Lamb of God."

"Shortly after the session of the Troy Conference, in 1836, Mr. Scholefield was returning with his wife, from visiting his friends east of Albany: they had occasion to ride in the evening, in order to reach a public house. When within about two miles of Spraker's tavern, in the town of Palatine, he dropped his whip, began to slap his right hand on his thigh, and to stamp his foot. He attempted to speak, but could scarcely articulate a word. Mrs. Scholefield took the reins, and succeeded in getting him to the tavern. He never uttered another sentence; but after lingering three days and a half, he expired." (*Gen. Minutes, v.* 2, *p.* 495.)

Mr. Scholefield was an affectionate husband and father, a kind neighbor and an ardent lover of his country. The unconverted highly respected him as a worthy man and citizen. The friends of Jesus were very dear to him, especially his brethren in the ministry. He delighted greatly in their society. Well do I recollect spending a night with him, in company with another preacher, on our return from a camp-meeting. The glorious season which we enjoyed that evening in a little family prayer meeting, is still fresh in my memory, after the lapse of twenty-three years.

"And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!"

Mr. Scholefield was a man of firmness and decision of character. Although abundant in kindness, he was ready to defend the truth. Perhaps few men were more capable of meeting and repelling the champions of error than was Arnold Scholefield, and few would do it with such Christian meekness.

He had a heart to sympathize with the afflicted. His fervent prayers for, and with my family and myself, when a beloved little one lay on the bed of death, indicated the warmth of his brotherly love, and the depth of his Christian sympathy. His strength of mind, the extent of his general information, and his unwavering attachment to the cause of God, and to "*Christianity in earnest*," led his brethren cheerfully and repeatedly to elect him to the responsible post of a delegate to the General Conference.

His plainness of dress, his condescension to inferiors, and his willingness to labor, when necessary, with his hands, all tended to satisfy the observer that he possessed that charity which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Those who are now the elder ministers of the New York, Troy and New York East conferences, must have a vivid recollection of the bland appearance of our departed brother, as they used to meet him at the annual gatherings of the original New York Conference, when he always had a kind word for the youngest and weakest of his brethren.

Among those whom we believe God gave him as seals to his ministry, was one, at least, who became a useful minister of the Lord Jesus. Many of those who were persuaded by Mr. Scholefield to come to Christ, and with whom he offered strong cries to God for their deliverance from guilt, are now, we believe, uniting with him in ascribing praises to God and the Lamb. May all who loved him on earth, dwell with him in the regions of everlasting glory.

To what Mr. Osborn has said, a few words may be added. Arnold Scholefield was a man of no ordinary character.

He was a *lovely* man. Possessed of an even temper, gentlemanly and agreeable in all his intercourse, his

conversation was well calculated to win the affections, while it ministered grace to the hearers. The more substantial part of his church, especially, appreciated and esteemed him.

He was a *strong* man. Not imaginative, not flowery, but possessed of a vigorous intellect, a clear head, and a sound judgment.

He was decidedly an *able preacher*. There was a peculiar richness and pleasing variety in his sermons. They were thoroughly studied, well arranged, and full of evangelical sentiment. There was no mouthing, no effort at display in his preaching; he aimed at *results*, and by the blessing of God he reached them. His voice, though strong, was clear, and musical. There was more of Paul, however, than of Apollos in his preaching. Argument was his *forte;* and in defending the great principles of Christianity he was a master-workman. Some of his doctrinal sermons are vividly remembered after the lapse of a quarter of a century. A sermon preached by him at a camp-meeting at Sandlake in 1825, lives in the memory of his hearers. His text was Ezekiel xxxiii, 13-6: "When I shall say to the righteous, that he shall surely live; if he trust to his own righteousness and commit iniquity, all his righteousness shall not be remembered; but for his iniquity that he hath committed he shall die for it. Again when I say unto the wicked, &c." His propositions were: First. The wicked man may become good and be saved. Second. The righteous man may become wicked and be lost.

These propositions were sustained by an array of pertinent scriptural arguments, with a clearness and power that was overwhelming. Though he often dealt heavy blows at the dogmas of Calvinism, he ever kept in view the motto adopted by the sainted Fletcher, "Let brotherly love continue."

Such was the meek, talented, laborious Scholefield. If we may but have a succession of such men in the ministry, truth and righteousness will triumph through the land.

REV. WRIGHT HAZEN.

BY REV. N. LEVINGS, D. D.*

The subject of this notice, was born in Kent, Putnam county, N. Y. He departed this life in the triumphs of Christian faith, November 12, 1838, in the 39th year of his age, and the 12th of his ministry.

He was naturally of a very mild and pleasant disposition, which won for him the esteem and affection of all who knew him. When at a suitable age, he was removed by his father to the village of Newburgh, N. Y., and placed as an apprentice to the late Mr. Enos Randall. It was during the time of his apprenticeship with this religious family, that he was awakened and brought to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus. The immediate cause of his awakening, was the fervent prayers of an aged and pious female, whom he overheard one day pleading with God, for the children of her family. He sought and found the pearl of great price, and soon became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Not long subsequently to this, he began to feel himself moved to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. About this time (the time of his apprenticeship having expired), he removed to the city of

* This article appeared in the Christian Advocate, soon after Mr. Hazen's death.

Troy, where he engaged in business, first as a journeyman, and subsequently on his own account.

June 13th, 1824, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. John Wright, of Troy.

Being satisfied of his call to the great and responsible work of the ministry, he received license as a local preacher in February, 1826, and in May, 1827, was admitted on trial by the New York Annual Conference, and appointed to the Half Moon circuit, where he labored two years with acceptability and success. At the conference of 1829, he was admitted into full connection, ordained a deacon, and appointed to the Luzerne circuit. Here he continued to labor until the month of November, when, in consequence of temporal embarassment, arising from the failure of those who were indebted to him prior to his entering the traveling connection, he obtained leave of his presiding elder to retire and settle up his temporal affairs. Late in the fall, he repaired to the city of New York with his family, entered into business, and, with the exception of some little help which he received from one of his relatives, with his own hands, in about a year and a half, paid up all his debts, amounting to $500, besides supporting his family in that city. This is the reason his name is returned, on the minutes of 1830, "without an appointment at his own request." This step of our departed brother was truly honorable, and developed at once his high sense of moral justice, and his piety toward God.

He seemed deeply impressed with a sense of obligation to his fellow men, and this formed an important part of that governing principle, which actuated him in all his intercourse with men. With him, the bankrupt in business, and the minister of Jesus Christ, were char-

acters, which he could not associate in the same person. He could not see how a man could teach others to "owe no man anything," and yet be in debt himself, beyond his power to pay.

Nor did success in business wean him from the work to which he viewed himself called of God. While engaged in business, a friend of his who felt interested for his success, as a minister of the gospel, said to him on one occasion, "Perhaps, brother Hazen, by the time your seventy years' captivity are expired, you will be so well pleased with Babylon, that you will not feel disposed to return to the land of Israel." His reply was, "Wait till the time comes, and see!" And, sure enough, as soon as his obligations with men are fulfilled, though in the full tide of success, he is again in the itinerant field. One scarcely knows which to admire most, the promptitude with which he laid hold of the business of life, which promised him deliverance from his embarrassments, or that with which he returned again to his Master's work when thus delivered.

At the conference of 1831, brother Hazen was elected and ordained an elder in the church of God, and appointed to the Hoosic and Bennington circuit, where he labored two years with eminent success. He was the honored instrument in the hand of God, of the awakening and conversion of scores, if not hundreds of souls during the two years he traveled that circuit. His whole heart was in the work.

At the General Conference of 1832, the New York Conference being divided, brother Hazen was among the preachers who composed the Troy Conference; and at the first Troy Conference, held August 28, 1833, he received his appointment to the Adams circuit, where he labored two years with zeal and fidelity, and with a good degree of success. During the time he labored

upon this circuit, he was called to drink deeply of the cup of affliction. He experienced the opposition and persecution of the wicked, but the most painful of all was the loss of one of the best of wives. She died suddenly, but in great peace, and holy triumph, in North Adams, June 26, 1835; leaving three helpless children to add to his care and anxiety.

At the following conference, 1835, he received his appointment to Waterford station, where he labored one year with acceptability and usefulness among the people. In 1836, he was stationed in West Troy, where he continued one year, and where he will long be remembered for his zeal and faithfulness in the cause of God. During this year he was united in marriage to Miss Lorena Witt, of West Troy, who still survives to mourn the loss she has sustained in the death of so excellent a husband.

His next appointment, in 1837, was the Cambridge circuit, where he labored with his usual zeal and diligence for one year. At the conference of 1838, that circuit being divided, brother Hazen was appointed to the northern section, which bears the name of Greenwich. Here his labors and his life terminated together. On returning from the last conference which he was ever permitted to attend, he called the official members together and stated to them, that as the circuit was now divided, and they were thrown upon their own resources, both with regard to the temporal and spiritual interests of the circuit, it would require the united exertions of all their wisdom and strength, to sustain themselves and the cause of God committed to their charge. He had already laid his plans of usefulness, and commenced his labors; but he was not permitted to carry out those plans, nor finish those labors, with that dear people, according to the original design. He was soon arrested by the hand of disease.

He was first attacked by a bronchial affection, which soon terminated in the pulmonary consumption. In compliance with medical advice he visited the sea-shore, in hope of deriving benefit from the sea air; but it only accelerated his disease, and, therefore, after a short time spent on Long Island, he hastened back to his friends at the north. He frequently mentioned his visit to the south with emotions of gratitude for the many tokens of friendship which he received from the friends with whom he sojourned. He particularly and gratefully mentioned the kindness and sympathy manifested toward him by Rev. R. Seeney, Richard Cornell, Esq., and family, and Mr. Haines, all of Brooklyn. He also mentioned the sense of obligation which he felt himself under to the captain (name not recollected) of one of the steam boats which ran between New York and Sing Sing during the camp-meeting at that place. This gentleman received him on board his boat, and carried him back and forth for two or three days, boarding him the meanwhile, and, after treating him with marked attention and kindness, would take nothing of him.

During the subsequent stages of his disease, brother Hazen was occasionally flattered with the hope of recovering; but, when disappointed in this, no murmur or complaint was ever heard from him. He frequently expressed considerable anxiety for the welfare of his family, and for the prosperity of the cause of God on his circuit; yet he would remark, "I have committed all into the hands of God, who will order all for the best. Should he see fit to raise me up and spare my life, he shall have all my time and strength, but if otherwise, the will of God be done." The Lord did order otherwise, for his work was done, and the time of his departure was at hand. He sunk very rapidly during a few of the last weeks of his life, and yet without pain

or distress of any kind. Indeed, he was most mercifully dealt with in this particular. To the last, his sufferings were light; his reason sound and clear, and his peace like a river. On being asked what were his prospects on the near approach of death, he replied that he had "no doubts or fears in regard to his future state; and," said he, "as I approach nearer the close, my prospects brighten for immortality and eternal life. I think much of seeing how it looks in heaven, and, above all, of seeing Jesus, my Savior." To a friend, he said, "The gospel I have preached to others I find to be my support and comfort in this trying hour." Nearly his last words were, "The cradle of death is fast rocking me away into eternity, and I assure you it rocks easy." Yes, I repeat it, he died without pain or trouble, in the perfect possession of his senses, and in the sweetest tranquillity and peace of mind.

Thus died Wright Hazen, a man of a feeble constitution, but of a good mind, which he labored to cultivate and improve by a diligent application to study, observation and prayer.

On Thursday, November 15th, the occasion of his death was improved at Greenwich by a sermon from Rev. Robert Washburn, a local minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to a large and deeply affected audience, and subsequently his remains were removed to Troy, and interred in the family burying ground of his first wife. His death was subsequently improved in West Troy, the residence of his surviving widow and one of the fields of his former labors, by a sermon founded on Hebrews xiii, 7, 8.

As a man, Wright Hazen was upright and honorable. In his intercourse with men he was discreet and gentlemanly in all his behavior. He seldom, if ever, transgressed the rules of propriety in company. He

deliberated before he acted, and spoke with care and prudence. His conversation was entertaining and serious, but never gloomy. His heart was susceptible of the tenderest sentiments of friendship, and gratitude was a distinguishing trait in his character.

As a Christian, he was deeply experienced and sincere. Humility and meekness shone conspicuously among the graces which adorned his character as a Christian. He was never noisy in his devotions, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. He was regular and uniform in his religious duties, both in public and private; not the creature of circumstance, but governed and directed by principle. He enjoyed a good measure of the comforts of experimental religion in his own soul daily, as he often testified.

As a preacher, brother Hazen was a man of very respectable talents. He had stored his mind with a good degree of general information, but his principal study was the Bible. His sermons were well digested and well arranged in his own mind beforehand, and, though delivered with a feeble voice, they were heard with pleasure and profit, and often carried deep conviction to the sinner's heart. He was not a noisy declaimer, but a sound, sensible, good preacher, such a one as will *wear* well, and be liked the better the longer he is heard. But what speaks loudest of all in his favor as a preacher, is the success which attended his labors. If "he that winneth souls is wise," then was Wright Hazen a wise man; for during his ministry he won many souls to Christ.

As a pastor, he was faithful to the flock of Christ, of which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. He not only taught publicly, but from house to house. He did not select a few of the most wealthy of his charge, to take his turn among these and neglect the poor of the

flock; but wherever his duty called him to go, in the discharge of his pastoral work, he was ever ready and willing to go, regardless of their outward condition.

As a husband, he was ever faithful and kind; and as a father, he felt deeply for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his children, of which he left four, three of whom are too young to realize the loss they have sustained.

Finally, in the death of brother Hazen, the church has sustained the loss of one of her most faithful ministers; his family, a faithful friend and protector; and the Troy Conference, one of its most faithful and persevering ministers.

REV. PHILETUS GREEN.

"The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up."—PSALMS.

Philetus Green was born in Cooperstown, New York, January 16, 1809, and died in the city of Troy, February 15, 1840, aged 31 years. But little is known of his early life. He was blessed with a pious mother, and resided in his native town until he arrived at manhood. His early occupation was that of a coach painter, in the pursuit of which calling he removed to Troy, about the year 1830. At this time he was strongly inclined to be skeptical in regard to the Christian religion. In January or February of 1832, however, he was brought to an experimental acquaintance with scriptural truth, in its soul-saving efficacy. He at once united with the State Street Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. John B. Stratton.

The change in his character was decided and tho-

rough: from that time he became a zealous,
sistent Christian. Shortly after his conversion, he adopted a set of rigid rules for the regulation of his daily conduct, relative to sleep, private devotions, study, company, &c. These rules were read regularly, and observed conscientiously. In this he imitated some of the wisest and best of men; and to this, in no small measure, may be attributed his rapid improvement in divine knowledge and grace. In about two years from the time of his conversion, a part of which was spent at the Wilbraham Academy, he was received on trial by the New England Conference. This fact is recorded as it occurred; nevertheless, the writer can not but look upon his entrance upon the duties of the Christian ministry, as premature. Mr. Green continued in connection with the New England Conference four years, during which his labors were acceptable and useful.

In 1837 he was transferred to the Troy Conference, and stationed at Waterford, where he was made a blessing to the people. The following year he was appointed to the Greenbush and Castleton mission, where he also enjoyed the respect and affection of the people, and the blessing of God upon his ministrations. Near the close of the year his health began to fail: indications of pulmonary consumption were manifested, and although for awhile no special fears were entertained, it proved that this insidious disease had marked him as its victim.

He attended the conference in June, 1839, at Schenectady, during the session of which he was taken with an alarming hemorrhage of the lungs, and but just escaped bleeding to death. Prostrated by this attack, he lay some weeks at the house of Rev. T. Seymour, in Albany. His work was finished; or rather, he was prematurely taken from it. He lingered some eight months, until the date above named, when he peacefully crossed the flood of death.

The subject of this sketch was not a learned man; his early education was deficient; but from the time of his conversion he was very studious, and made rapid improvement. At the time of his death, although only in the seventh year of his ministry, he had gained a respectable standing in the conference, and, had he lived, he bid fair to become a truly able minister of the New Testament.

His piety, from first to last, was ardent and vigorous. He greatly loved the means of grace. His diary everywhere indicates the spirit of deep devotion to the service of God, and earnest longings after the fullness of divine grace. The first New Year's eve after his conversion, was spent in attendance upon a watch-night, at the close of which, he contrasted his present with his past condition, thus:

"Last year closed up in idle speculation and in sinfulness; this year ended on my knees in solemn prayer to God: then I was a poor wretch seeking pleasure, where I had so often been disappointed; now I have a hope which is sure and steadfast: then, wandering like the prodigal; now I am in my father's house."

Some idea of his relish for the means of grace, in his early religious life, may be gathered from the following entry in his diary.

"Sunday, August 5, 1832. This has been a delightful day. I have walked six miles, attended three classes, heard two sermons, attended two sabbath schools, and a prayer meeting. I am so hoarse that I can not pray or sing very loud; but my soul is on full stretch for God's sanctifying grace."

In the pulpit his zeal knew no bounds; he preached with the retributions of the eternal world before his eyes. He dwelt not so much on the terrors of the law, as upon the mercy of God, in Christ Jesus. While en-

treating men to be reconciled to God, his soul was stirred within him, and he often wept freely. He was of an ardent temperament, somewhat grave, and yet tolerably free in his intercourse with those around him. The following extract from a letter addressed to one, who, though a professed skeptic, had just been led to feel deeply on the subject of religion, but who was relapsing into his former habits, may illustrate his fidelity in availing himself of every means of saving souls. The person addressed was about to engage in a business that was incompatible with the claims of Christianity.

"Dear Sir: I have no other apology to make for obtruding this letter upon your notice, than the honesty of my intention, and the purity of my motives. Thinking that perhaps this well-meant endeavor of my pen might be more acceptable than those of my tongue, I beg your candid attention to a few thoughts. Our acquaintance has been short, and I write, anticipating that in a few weeks I shall leave the place, never again perhaps to see the face of Mr. ——, until we meet above at the judgment seat of Christ; for both you and myself will soon pass from the generation of the living, to that of the dead; but what will be the destiny of our thinking, reasoning spirits? Will they be happy, or miserable? This is a question that has obtruded itself upon your thoughts, and will as long as you live, and will embitter and poison your happiness, long as you live in the neglect of religion, and do and say that which you know to be wrong.

"The question, what must I do to be saved? a few weeks ago agitated your mind, and I believe you then saw yourself to be a sinner. You read God's holy word; you prayed, and made solemn promises to God, that you would lead a Christian life, and no more persecute those that profess religion. You attended the house of God, and seemed to enjoy yourself there. Alas! dear sir,

what is there in prayer, in reading the scriptures, in the means of grace, or in our holy religion that caused you so soon to turn from the holy commandments? Can you, as a reasonable man, find any fault with the commands of the Bible? If not, why did you turn back? Was it to enter into your anticipated business without prayer, without God, and at the expense of the salvation of your soul? Pause and reflect for a moment; are you prepared to sell your soul, and dishonor God for a few dollars? Are you prepared to meet the consequences in another world, which will result from your present course? Did you think that by leading a Christian life you would become poor? Surely not, for religion does not prohibit any honest calling, which does no injury to yourself or others. An honest calling will have God's blessing upon it, and better is a crust of bread with heaven's approbation, than great riches and a curse with them. * * * * * *

"You have a rising family, and they will doubtless copy the example of their father to a great extent; and what if your example should lead them to forget God, ridicule religion, and plunge into dissipation. Will you not be responsible, in some measure, for their ruin? * * * Dear sir, in concluding this first and last letter to you, permit me to beg of you to *pause where you are, and deeply consider the final consequences of abandoning the service of God.*

"God has given you great light; you know your duty, and I entreat you to do it without delay. Betake yourself to earnest prayer. Beware of the society of those that mock at sorrow for sin, and at sin itself. * *

* One reason of my writing to you is, that you are generally so engaged in business that I could find no convenient opportunity of conversing with you on the subject. I hope I have written nothing that will offend you; for let me assure you that I entertain the kindest

feelings toward you, and can appeal to the Searcher of Hearts for the purity of my intention in what I have written."

Before this letter reached the person to whom it was addressed, a fit of apoplexy brought him suddenly into the presence of his Judge. "Whoso readeth, let him understand."

Mr. Green fell into one error which perhaps ought not to be concealed; it was the fatal error of his life; fatal so far as his earthly existence was concerned. He spoke "*too loud*," and doubtless died a victim to the injudicious use of his voice. Impelled on by a sincere zeal for the salvation of souls, he did not realize, until it was too late, that he was inflicting an irreparable injury upon himself. This circumstance is not named to cast a shade upon the character of this worthy man, but as a warning to others. His burning zeal was most commendable, but its manifestation was not according to physiological knowledge. From the commencement of his public labors he often alludes, in his journal, to his hoarseness and temporary loss of voice, though he seemed not to have understood those significant intimations of nature. On his dying bed he said, "I am a martyr to my own folly." What a host of clergymen; many of them choice spirits, men of energy and activity, have gone to an early grave or have been compelled to leave their calling from this cause. At a time of such unprecedented scarcity of preachers, the church can not afford to lose annually such numbers of her more most zealous and devoted men, ere they have arrived at the zenith of their ministerial career. Defective views of what constitutes effective speaking have had a share in this mischief. A *noise* though as loud as the roar of Niagara, if monotonous, will fail to be impressive, while it will *not* fail to impair the vocal organs.

Could the subject of this sketch be consulted, he would doubtless be glad to have his dying regrets recorded, if they might be the means of saving to the church and the world but one ardent, devoted minister, that might otherwise fall a victim to bronchial disease, and consumption.

God was with him in the last conflict, and he was perfectly resigned and happy. When very near his end, his weeping companion said to him, "My dear, you are going home to Jesus." He replied, "*Yes, I am going to my home in heaven.*" Then bidding her adieu, he kissed his little daughter, looked upward, smiled, and entered into rest.

About five years after, that daughter joined her father in the Holy Land. The widow and only son, Philetus H., born a few days subsequent to Mr. Green's death, live to cherish the memory of a worthy husband and father.

REV. AMOS R. RIPLEY.

Of the birth and early history of Mr. Ripley, the writer knows nothing; and of his subsequent life he has been able to learn far less than is desirable. He was one of a class of thirteen who were received on trial by the Troy Conference at its session in Schenectady in 1839, and was then about thirty-one years of age. His mind had for a length of time been exercised upon the subject of the Christian ministry; but the views which he entertained of the greatness of the work, of its fearful responsibilities, and of his own insufficiency, led him to shrink from its performance, to the acknowledged

injury of his piety. After severe mental conflicts, he tremblingly yielded obedience to the divine claim, and the Master honored him with success in his ministry.

His appointments were at Whiting in 1839, Esperance and Amsterdam in 1840, and Charlton and Galway in 1841. At the Conference of 1842, this last circuit was divided, and Mr. Ripley was appointed to Charlton. On his way back from Burlington, where the conference was held that year, he was taken sick, and while the people of his charge were anxiously awaiting his return, he passed to the rest that remaineth to the people of God. He died of lung fever at Pittsford, Vermont, on the seventeenth day of June, 1842.

Mr. Ripley was a very promising young man. He was mild, amiable and meek in spirit, gentlemanly in his deportment, of a pleasant and thoughtful air, and very affectionate towards his friends. He is said by those who knew him well, to have been a good preacher for one of his age in the ministry. Enlightened and ardent piety invested him with her own adornments, and he was greatly beloved by the people.

In his last sickness, Mr. Ripley was calm and resigned. He left with his physician and friends his dying testimony to the excellence of scriptural religion; gave his last counsels to his family; bade them farewell and commended them to God; and then appeared to spend the remainder of his time in prayer for the success of the gospel in the earth.

Thus did he pass peacefully and in the sunlight of the divine favor, through the valley to the New Jerusalem.

REV. GILBERT Y. PALMER.

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Why the young man, who has been made the subject of renewing grace; been called of God to the great work of the Christian ministry; prepared by gifts and grace for his work; has just learned to use "the weapons of warfare;" just begun to give evidence that God is with him, should be cut off and consigned to the grave, when a world lying in wickedness so much needs his sanctifying labors, and while the profligate youth, the corrupter of others, is permitted to live on, is an unfathomable mystery of divine providence. Submission says, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." Faith says, "He hath done all things well;" and yet the mystery remains unsolved. The case is in part, and only in part relieved by the consideration that our pious departed friends are still living, active and happy; moving in a higher and holier sphere; and *possibly* are as *useful* as when on earth. It is our painfully pleasing task to record the early deaths, one after another, of the messengers of peace; to place upon record a few brief mementoes of those whose lovely tempers and useful lives, endear them to their families, the church and the world.

Gilbert Y. Palmer was born of respectable and pious parents in Wilmington, Essex county, N. Y., July 20th, 1814, and died at Pittsford, Vt., December 31st, 1842, in the 29th year of his age. When about sixteen years old he was brought, through the ordinary means of grace, to see his wretchedness as a sinner, and seek the forgiving mercy of God. He obtained a sense of pardon

of sin when alone, and rejoiced in the *clear witness* of his acceptance with the Lord. His parents being members of the Baptist church, and strongly attached to that communion, were *exceedingly* opposed to his becoming a member of any other church. Though painful to him, such were his views of duty that he felt compelled to act contrary to the wishes of his friends, in compliance with what he believed to be the will of God. This he did by uniting with the Methodist Episcopal church, to the institutions of which he remained ardently attached until the close of his life.

It was not long after his conversion that his mind began to be exercised in relation to the ministerial calling. His mental conflicts on that subject were exceedingly painful, and, to use his own language, "it was not until his feet had well nigh slipped," that he decided to devote his life to the sacred calling. He was licensed to preach at Poultney, Vt., while a student at the Troy Conference Academy. In the summer of 1837 he was employed on the Fort Ann circuit, where he continued to the close of the ecclesiastical year. At the conference of June, 1838, he was received on trial, and appointed to the Orwell and Benson circuit, as an assistant to Rev. P. P. Harrower. In 1839 he was the junior colleague of Rev. Hiram Blanchard, on Bridport circuit, who says, "He was a man of sound judgment, discriminating mind, undoubted integrity, gentlemanly deportment and unquestioned piety. As a minister of Christ, his abilities were above mediocrity. His subjects were well arranged, and forcibly delivered. On the whole, he was a *strong* man for one of his years—one of nature's noblemen."

At the conference of 1840, he was received into full connection, and appointed to Ticonderoga as preacher in charge, Rev. E. Noble being his colleague. He re-

mained there two years. He attended conference at Burlington, Vt., in 1842, where, after listening to a most affecting and appropriate ordination sermon by Rev. Charles Pitman, on "I have sent thee to bind up the broken hearted," in company with N. B. Wood, J. Thompson, V. Brown, J. Seage, G. McKillips, J. Hall, B. O. Meeker, T. Kirby and the writer of this article, he was ordained an elder in the church of God by the late Bishop Hedding. Never will some of us forget the affecting solemnities of that hour. Little did brother Palmer think as he stood with us around that altar, that in a few short months he was to receive an honorable discharge from the obligations there assumed. Two of that number have finished their course with joy, and entered into rest. Kind Heaven help those of us who remain to maintain our integrity to the end, and join them in the upper sanctuary.

Mr. Palmer's presiding elder, Rev. Truman Seymour, says, "He was an estimable, pious man, universally beloved. He had a fair education, was a good speaker and an able and popular preacher; one of the most promising young men that I have ever known. Had he lived he would doubtless before this time have filled our most prominent appointments."

From the time he entered the ministry until the Master called him home, he was emphatically *a man of one work*, having *one object in view*, viz: the salvation of souls. In all his pulpit efforts, and pastoral work, this leading object of his life was apparent. He was habitually cheerful and happy, as well as dignified and grave. The following is from the pen of Rev. S. D. Brown:

"Soon after his removal to Pittsford, he was seized with an illness, which subsequently proved to be a disease of the spine, and assumed an alarming aspect. His disease increasing, his labors were necessarily

limited; yet he continued to preach as frequently as his strength would permit until a few weeks previous to his decease. His last sermon was preached at Pittsford on the first sabbath in December, and produced a deep, and, we trust, lasting impression; for all felt that he would soon cease to speak to them the words of life. About two weeks previous to his death, his disease assumed a new and more threatening appearance, and from this period he declined rapidly. During a portion of the time, his mental powers were deranged; but there were seasons when the light of reason shone, and at such seasons he possessed unshaken confidence in God, and enjoyed the consolation of the religion he had proclaimed to others. To a minister of the gospel who visited him on the sabbath evening preceding his departure, he said, "I am prepared for either life or death." His sufferings were excruciating, yet he bore them with Christian fortitude and resignation. and died in the hope of a blissful immortality beyond the grave.

Brother Palmer was truly a man of God. His talents as a preacher were above mediocrity, and a good degree of success attended his labors. Amiable in his disposition, kind and condescending in his spirit, devoted to his work, and faithful in the discharge of every duty, he secured the confidence and affection of those for whom he labored; and one of the official members of his late charge remarked, upon the day of his interment, 'Bro. Palmer goes universally beloved and lamented.' His funeral was attended upon the first day of the new year by a large circle of friends, whose sad countenances and falling tears, evinced the deep emotion of their souls. And, to their praise be it spoken, while they have dropped the tear of anguish upon his tomb, they have extended the hand of kindness and Christian charity to his bereaved widow, and the wants of herself and infant child

have been abundantly supplied. Our beloved brother is gone. His place in the itinerant ranks is vacant. He sleeps with his fathers, yet he still lives in the remembrance of many who look back upon the hours spent in his society with gratitude and delight, and forward with the pleasing hope of rejoining their deceased brother and pastor in the climes of unclouded day."

REV. WILLIAM D. STEAD.

BY REV. C. R. MORRIS.

Brother Stead was the son of Rev. Henry Stead, who is now one of the most aged members of the Troy Conference. He was born in 1799, in the parish of Brayton, Yorkshire, England, and was brought to this country by his parents, when only three years of age. In his nineteenth year, while residing in Albany, he was convicted of his lost estate as a sinner, and sought and found the pearl of great price. Soon after his conversion, he felt it his duty to devote himself to the ministry; but his sense of the greatness of the work, and his great diffidence, caused him to delay yielding to his sense of duty for a number of years.

He commenced his ministry in the thirty-first year of his age, on Saratoga circuit, under the direction of the presiding elder. By the quarterly conference of this circuit, he was, during the same year, recommended to the New York Conference, as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection. He was accordingly admitted on trial, in 1832, and received an appointment to Johnstown circuit. He labored successively on

Lansingburgh and Waterford, Pittstown, New Lebanon, Chatham, and Chester circuits, to all which, with the exception of the two places first named, he was reappointed the second year. Near the close of his labors on Chatham circuit, his health failed; but not apprehending permanent illness, he received an appointment as an effective man, to Chester circuit. This was a laborious charge, requiring the energies of a strong, well man, and brother Stead, in his crippled state, found himself unequal to the task; but he toiled on through the year with great inconvenience to himself, but, nevertheless, to the great profit of the people whom he served. This was his most successful year. During the winter of this year, a blessed revival of the work of God took place in the village of Warrensburgh, where he resided. The extra exertions connected therewith, together with the care and anxieties occasioned by sickness in his family, induced an aggravated type of his disease, and doubtless hastened its fatal termination. In the month of August of the next year, he was compelled to relinquish his public labors, and soon after was confined to his room, where he lingered and suffered until death closed the scene. He died January 6, 1844, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his ministry.

The nature of the disease which terminated his career, was such as to occasion excruciating suffering, which he bore with the fortitude of a martyr. His patient, cheerful and even buoyant temper of mind, blended, as it was, with a habitual religious feeling, gave to his friends the best assurances, that to him death was disarmed of its terrors. Though his disease was lingering, yet his departure was sudden. A new type of his complaint developing itself, he was in a brief period hurried away from the scenes of life, yet during that short interval, he gave satisfactory tokens of his victory over the last enemy.

Brother Stead was a plain man. He was ingenuous, kind, cheerful and sociable. He had a heart full of rich, friendly feeling, and he threw around him such a bland, pleasant influence, that he won the affections of those about him, and exerted a strong influence over them.

As a preacher, though not brilliant, yet he had the elements of effectiveness. He had the power of enriching ordinary ideas by his own warmth, his pathos and his manifestly deep interest in the welfare of the people. Success attended his labors from the commencement; but the last year of his effective ministry was the crowning one. He fell on the field of battle, with his armor on.

REV. DANIEL HOLMES.

"In this wild world the fondest and the best,
Are the most tried, most troubled and distress'd."—CRABBE.

Daniel Holmes was born in Newburgh, N. Y., on the 24th day of August, 1802, and died in Lansingburgh, N. Y., October 5, 1843.

His parents were among the first Methodists of his native town. When about thirteen years of age, he was awakened to a discovery of his condition as a sinner, under the ministrations of Rev. P. P. Sandford, and obtained an assurance of his acceptance with God, at a camp-meeting, held at Croton, in 1816. He united with the M. E. Church, under Rev. Heman Bangs, and gave early promise of usefulness. In 1826 or 1827, he married Miss Jane Flagler, of Newburgh, who died about six years after, leaving two children, who still live.

Soon after his conversion, his mind was exercised on the subject of the Christian ministry. He did not, howev-

er, enter upon the duties of the sacred calling, until about thirty years of age. He was received on trial, in the New York Conference, in 1832, and in due time admitted to full connection, and graduated to elder's orders. His appointments in that conference, were as follows: 1832, Montgomery; 1833, Catskill and Saugerties; 1834, West Point; 1835, Deposite; 1836, Coeymans. In the summer of 1836 he married Miss Lydia Chichester, daughter of Rev. Elijah Chichester, of Lansingburgh.* After spending five years in the N. York, he was transferred to the Troy Conference, in 1837, and appointed to Amsterdam. His next appointment was Watervliet. During his second year on that circuit, his health failed, and in 1840 he was compelled to take a supernumerary relation. From 1840, to the time of his death, he resided for the most part in Lansingburgh, never again being able to resume the active duties of the ministry.

Mr. Holmes was a remarkably modest, unassuming man. He entertained a very humble estimate of his own character and abilities. In his business habits he was prompt and exact. He was ardently attached to his family. Had it been the will of God, he would have been pleased to have lived for their sakes, though, otherwise, he desired to depart. He was very faithful in his attention to family religion. He is said, by those who knew him well, to have been a clear, sound, good preacher. Rev. T. Spicer, who was intimately acquainted with him, says: "Brother Holmes was an excellent man, and an acceptable and useful preacher. He was very conscientious. Whatever might have been his views of himself, when laboring under a mind affected by disease, of which, no doubt, the enemy would take all possible advantage, those who knew him best, doubted not, that from the time he first experienced religion,

* This very excellent Christian lady is still living with her two sons, Charles Sherman and Daniel Landon, in Lansingburgh, N. Y.

he was a deeply pious and devoted Christian. And we doubt not he will be found among those who turn many to righteousness, and who will shine as the stars, forever and ever."

During the latter part of his life, Mr. Holmes was most emphatically *an afflicted man*. His sufferings were peculiar, protracted and distressing. A state of extreme debility, brought on, in part, it is believed, by excessive depletion, subjected him to that train of mental and physical sufferings, which is attendant upon general and extensive derangement of the nervous system. His mind was affected to a degree amounting to partial insanity. Mental depression sometimes seemed to overwhelm him, leading him to doubt his religious experience and his call to the ministry, and imagine himself abandoned of God. At such times, his distress of mind was almost insupportable. About a year before he died, God visited him in great mercy, subsequently to which, the power of unbelief was in a measure broken, and peace and comfort were enjoyed. Ever after, he delighted to tell what a deliverance God had wrought out for him. It is doubted, however, whether he was ever perfectly restored to soundness of mind. In view of these peculiar circumstances, it is a matter of devout thanksgiving, that the closing scene of his life was peaceful. The clouds and darkness that had gathered over his spiritual horizon cleared away, and the words of the prophet were happily exemplified: "At evening time, it shall be light."

"Again there shall be light;
As, after darksome day,
Oft breaketh out ere fall of night
A sun-bright western ray;

Light, as of heavenly dawn,
Of God's own light, a ray;
Light, earnest of a glorious morn,
Pledge of an endless day."

REV. CHARLES SHERMAN.

"I regard it as an abundant reward of my labors, to know, that I live only to serve others."—LUTHER.

Charles Sherman was born in Woodbury, Conn., October 20, 1803. It was his unspeakable blessedness, to be born of parents who were eminently pious.

His father, Mr. Elijah Sherman, was born in New Milford, February 24, 1754. In early life he removed to Woodbury, Conn., at which place he resided until January 5, 1844, when he departed this life in the *ninetieth* year of his age. He was a man of sound mind and sterling character. In the course of his useful life, he held various offices in his town, which he several times represented in the General Assembly, much to the credit of his constituents, and the state in general; originating and defending with success certain bills for the relief of the poor. The third Methodist sermon ever preached in Woodbury, resulted in his conversion. He was then forty years old, and the remaining *fifty* years of his life, he was a firm, active, intelligent and liberal member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His house was for a number of years, in some sense, both a church and a parsonage; where many an itinerant held forth the word of life, and found a cordial welcome to the fireside. For many years he was a faithful class-leader, and he often went into adjoining towns to hold religious meetings. He was greatly devoted to family religion. Honoring God with his substance, he was prospered of the Lord. He exemplified St. James' "pure religion" to an extent that but few do. The weary and destitute were often directed to his residence

as the well known place, from which none were sent empty away. It was his custom on Fridays to fast in the morning, and distribute to the poor in the afternoon. When, in his extreme old age, his faculties were so impaired that he could not recognize his own children, he still talked to edification on religious subjects. Such was the father of Rev. C. Sherman. The prototype of the prominent virtues of the son, were exhibited in the father.

His mother was a woman of distinguished piety. It was her earnest and expressed desire that God would convert her youngest son, Charles, *and put him into the ministry.* This desire, however, she did not live to see fulfilled. When he was about fifteen years of age, and about two years previous to his conversion to Christ, he was called to follow his devoted mother to the tomb.

The religious influences associated with the endearments of parental affection, and the home of his childhood, were not lost upon him. One who attended the weekly prayer meetings at his father's house, and saw little Charley there, not always more grave than other children, might not have supposed that any very salutary influence was being exerted upon his mind. How surprised might such an one have been to hear him in his mature years describing those scenes, telling how he used to sit in the chimney corner of the old farm house and hear them sing.

"Salvation! O the joyful sound," &c.

and how happy he then felt, though a child, and unconverted. Often while relating these circumstances, at love-feasts and elsewhere, has his soul kindled with the holy fire of grateful love, and with streaming eyes, has he praised God, for the parental piety and family religion that dwelt in his childhood's home. Every parent should know, for his encouragement, that it is a

law of our nature that these early associations and impressions become more endeared and influential with the lapse of years; that the seeds dropped upon the virgin soil of the infant and youthful mind grow with our growth, and mature with advancing age. The unthinking observer might have set a light estimate upon the eagerness with which that boy watched for the coming of the messengers of Christ, at the time of their periodical visits, and the delight with which he performed the humble office of a groom, in behalf of these servants of mankind; but may we not here discover the early dawn of that delight in serving the church, especially the ministry, for which he was so remarkable in after life. The hallowed associations of *home* were cherished with great strength of affection by the subject of this sketch. He greatly revered the memory of his *mother*, and often alluded to her with heart-felt interest.

In the seventeenth year of his age, he made a public profession of religion, and became a member of that branch of the visible church in the communion and ministry of which he died. In the latter part of the year 1823, although but twenty years of age, he was licensed as a local preacher, which relation to the church he held for several years. Rev. L. A. Sandford, who I believe resided near him in those days, says, "I never saw the man that was more deeply pious than he seemed to be at that time. He was then regarded as much more than an ordinary preacher." Rev. Dr. S. Luckey, referring to this period of his life, says, "He was valued for his worth and promise by all classes and denominations. He was intelligent, lovely, pious and laborious; and appreciated in an uncommon degree the importance of the ministerial work." While a young local preacher, other denominations manifested their estimation of him by inviting him to their pulpits.

While yet in the local ranks he was ordained to the office of a deacon. Soon after Mr. Sherman commenced his public labors, the Rev. Samuel Merwin predicted that he would "become a star of the first magnitude."

In 1830 he was received into the traveling connection by the New York Annual Conference, and appointed to Stratford circuit, Connecticut, where he remained two years. Notwithstanding the general truth that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country," Mr. Sherman's first appointment was to the same circuit that recommended him to the conference; and after he had spent two years there, the people parted with him regretting that the order of the church limited the term of ministerial service to so short a period. His next two years were spent on Burlington circuit, Conn. His third appointment was to Division street, Albany, he being transferred that year (1834) to the Troy Conference. The appointment of so young a minister to so important a charge was as unexpected to the church in Albany as to him. They having anticipated that a certain distinguished preacher, who has also gone to his reward, would be sent to them. Some solicitude was at first felt, and the inquiry was made, "Who is Charles Sherman?" This question was soon answered most satisfactorily; they found him to be a man of God, an able minister of the New Testament, a wise and indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He was greatly beloved by the people, and his labors were crowned with success. In 1836 he was appointed to North Second street, Troy, where he also labored with distinguished ability and success. The language of a leading official member of that church to the writer may serve as an index to the estimation in which he is there held. On asking him what he could tell me about brother Sherman he exclaimed, "O dear, dear, dear!

there never was such another man in this world! you just ask Jesse Anthony!

At the conference of 1838, having been only eight years in the traveling connection, he was appointed presiding elder of Albany district, by Bishop Morris. The duties of this office he discharged with singular ability, for the term of four years. These were doubtless the most useful years of his life.

That large district gave fine scope for the exercise of his uncommon talents. He passed from appointment to appointment, laboring *beyond* his power of endurance, inspiring, every where, among preachers and people, the spirit of animated and determined aggressive warfare upon the kingdom of darkness. Revivals of religion spread and prevailed over the district as they probably never had before. During those four years there was an increase, over and above all losses by deaths and otherwise, of *seven hundred and forty members.* While a presiding elder, an extensive correspondence was one of the means by which he promoted the work of God. The following letter, written to a leading member of the church in Gloversville during the first year of his presiding eldership, indicates the spirit of the man.

"SCHENECTADY, Jan. 15, 1839.

"DEAR BRO. WARD: After service in Johnstown, I rode to Palatine and preached on sabbath evening. The people there are blessed with a gracious visitation by the good Spirit of all grace; a number have been brought into the kingdom, several of much interest and promise I returned last evening much fatigued and a little ill. The post office, faithful to its functions, brings me additional calls for service. Well, the motto is a good one, 'Labor here and rest in heaven.' The sentiment of the philosopher, though it may appear sage, is in my

estimation a very cold one, viz: 'There is time enough to rest in the grave.' How much more inspiring that of our holy religion. 'Time enough to rest in *heaven*.' Blessed be the Redeemer! labor and toil, anxiety and care are sweetened by the presence of God, the luxury of doing good, the interest of Christian friends and friendship, and the hope of the better country, where is the Christian's inheritance. Should we not rejoice in that feature of the gracious economy of God that recognizes the law of human instrumentality, in the enterprise of man's salvation? Is it not a privilege to work in such a department of effort!

"But I am reminded that I took my seat to answer

* * * *

Yours, in Christian love,

CHARLES SHERMAN."

The following characteristic letter to his brother Samuel, can not fail to be read with interest:

"SCHENECTADY, Feb. 12., A. D. 1840.

"DEAR BROTHER: In the midst of multiplied and multiplying cares, I take my seat to address you a few lines. While I do so, my mind turns upon the associations of by-gone years, and affectingly fixes upon some of the changes that have marked the lapse of time. The hand of time has passed over the connectives of my childhood and youth, and scenes of the past live only in the fond interest of grateful recollection. How afflictively, yet instructively fleeting is every thing in the wide empire of mutation. Are not the changes that in our retrospection rise to our view, faithful mementoes of the frailty of life, and of the instability of this world? The character of the rhetoric is distinguishing; but the lessons are not weakened, but I think rendered more efficient, by the mode of address. The

book of providence, as well as of scripture, is opened before us, and the hand-writing of our God in varied oratory brings home to our minds and hearts monitions and instructions, numerous and impressive. I survey the spectacle of change in the family of our aged father with deep and strong emotions. Several of the children dead! others scattered! our mother dead! and father, aged and feeble, and at present the only member of the former family that inhabits the paternal residence! How soon does time bring a twilight over the brightest scenes, and enshroud with a kind of gloominess the localities of earth's loveliest associations. Well, we are but strangers and pilgrims in this world.

The letter you had the kindness to write me, which brought the inspiring tidings of the divine mercy in your conversion, gave me much joy, and kindled fresh gratitude in my heart to Him from whom all good proceedeth. It tended, happily, to increase my conviction of the availing influence of faithful prayer; and as we were at that time holding a continuous meeting, in my charge at Troy, I felt much blessed in mentioning the circumstance, in connection with some history of our father's family, as an encouragement to Christians to pray for the conversion of their relatives. The season, I remember, as having been one of special interest to the people.

Our indebtedness to God, for the blessing of Christian parents, impresses me much more than formerly. Their prayers, with the legacy of their pious example, I prize above all earthly price. When I was last in Woodbury, I visited the grave yard, where lie entombed the remains of a number of our friends. I thought of the observation that I once heard father make, viz: that "he had been to visit that part of the family that was under ground." The reminiscences of our departed mother, her maternal tenderness, her sweetness of disposition, her life of piety, her

numerous prayers for us, prayers now on file before the throne, her peaceful and triumphant death, all inspiringly moved my heart; and frequently, when far away from the sepulchral place, when winding my way along the vales, or climbing the hills in quest of souls, the reflections pertaining to our departed mother, have filled my eyes with tears, and inspired my heart with fresh desires to meet her, where separating death will divide no more.

My solicitude to see father, once more in the flesh, has been and is very strong. When brother Elijah and his wife were here, in the fall, I had some thought of going to Connecticut before the winter; but the amount of business pressing upon me, together with the fact that I have to leave for Baltimore city, in the latter part of April, rendered it exceedingly difficult for me to be absent long enough to make the desired visit. I have so much feared that an intervening providence might prevent my seeing father, the coming spring, that I have almost regretted that I did not break away, and make the visit in the fall. I hope and pray, that it may please the Arbiter of our life, to favor me with seeing him once more, this side of the house appointed for all living. Brother Elijah promised to write, immediately on any seriously unfavorable change in his health: and not having received any letter, I conclude that he remains about as usual.

You may wish to know something of my field of labor. The eastern boundary of the Albany district is the Hudson river. Embraced in my district is the largest part of Albany county, the whole of Schenectady, and the major part of Schoharie, Montgomery, Fulton, Saratoga and Herkimer counties. There are nineteen charges, and between six and seven thousand church members, and between thirty and forty traveling

preachers. There have been, up to this time, this conference year, several hundred conversions; and in several places the work is now progressing in a blessed manner. A meeting in our church, in this city, has just closed, during which it is judged that more than one hundred have been converted. The preachers in my charge are at work with great diligence and fidelity, and we are looking for very extended achievements of God's mercy among the people. The care, responsibility and labor, are heavy indeed. I often feel depressed by the weight, but endeavor to trust in Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness. Most of the winter has been severe, and the traveling has been seriously obstructed by the great amount of snow. My exposure has been more than ordinary, and my health somewhat impaired. For a fortnight past, I have been considerably ill, but am, at present, improving. God gives me a love to precious souls, the dear-bought purchase of a Redeemer's blood; and he blesses me in the work assigned, and hence I am fully reconciled to my lot. Is it not a spiritual luxury, to labor with God's blessing in his vineyard?

The pecuniary embarrassment, in all this region, is severe and depressing. This bears upon the preachers somewhat closely; for, in the flow of pecuniary prosperity in the community, Methodist ministers may say with emphasis, as did Whitefield, 'Ours is a *poor trade*, but a *glorious calling*.'

Remember us affectionately. * * You will please have the goodness to inform father definitely, of our design to come and see him in April. * * *

Yours, affectionately,

CHARLES SHERMAN."

The earnest desire, expressed in the above letter, to see his father once more in the flesh, was gratified. That

father, however, had then reached the advanced age of some eighty-five or six years; and his mind so far sympathized with his body, that he was unable to recognize his own children. While on this visit to Woodbury, Mr. Sherman preached at the church near his father's house. At the close of the service, his father approached the preacher, not knowing that it was his own honored son, and with his accustomed simplicity and cordiality, said: "Brother, will you go home with us? We sometimes entertain the preachers;" thus showing, that although he had forgotten his own children, he was "not forgetful to entertain strangers." That father and son were destined soon, within a few weeks of each other, to pass to a world where the infirmities of age will never blunt or becloud the faculties of the soul.

His brethren gave evidence of their estimate of Mr. Sherman, by electing him to the General Conference, of 1840.

Though possessing a strong physical constitution, his cares and toils on Albany district proved too much for him, and his health became seriously impaired, during the last year of his term of service. The following extract, from a letter to the writer, throws some light on this subject.

"Albany, Feb. 7, A. D. 1842.

"Dear Bro. Parks: * * * * My health has been very seriously impaired, as I suppose you have been advised. Some amendment, I thought, had been realized for a time; but for some days past I have rather seriously relapsed, so much so, as to be kept from my appointments on the sabbath. This day I have been to Doctors McNaughton and Hun, professors in the Medical College, and have submitted to an examination. My complaint is hypertrophy and dilatation of the heart. This is a serious matter, and the issue we can not tell. With great

care, moderation and depletion, there is hope that, with the blessing of God, it may not speedily increase, and that I may so far recover as to enjoy comfortable health, and be able to do a little. This I deeply desire. May the good Lord help and give his blessing. May I share your prayers to Him whose we are, and whom we serve, that his blessing, without which no good cometh, may be given.

Affectionately, yours,

CHARLES SHERMAN."

At the close of his term on Albany district, it was found indispensable, that a light field of labor, if any, should be assigned him; and, agreeably to his own inclination, he was appointed to Jonesville, a delightful little country station, in Saratoga county. A year spent in this quiet retreat, though not without its toils and responsibilities, brought him to the conference of 1843, in an improved, though by no means sound, state of health. Peculiar circumstances in the condition of the church in North Second street, in Troy, were made the basis of a strong effort, to secure his reappointment to that charge. This was remonstrated against, not only by the brethren of Jonesville, but also by others, as being dangerous to his health and life. One of the bishop's council said, at the time, "If you send that man to North Second street, he will never leave it alive." Unhappily for the church, the prediction was literally fulfilled. The special interest that he felt for that people, with whom he had previously labored with so much harmony and success, led him to enter upon his duties among them with even more than his wonted zeal. The internal difficulties then existing took hold upon his soul, and the result is too well known. After about nine months of hard service, he sickened and died. The following account of his death, is from the pen of Rev. T. Spicer:

"About the first of February, he took a severe cold

by being exposed after preaching in the evening. But notwithstanding a violent head-ache and other symptoms of insidious disease, he suffered himself to be urged on by his accumulated duties to the performance of severe mental and physical labors until the sixteenth day of February, when he was obliged to be confined to his room. Medical aid was called in, and it was found he had quite a degree of inflammation on the brain; however, in a few days the disease seemed to yield in some measure, so that hopes of a favorable result were entertained, unless his old complaint of affection of the heart, should interfere, which was greatly feared. Although he grew weaker, yet there were many favorable symptoms in his case, and hopes were entertained until the 8th of March, when a sudden incursion of inflammation of the lungs took place, induced no doubt by the disease of the heart, which caused him to sink very rapidly. After this he survived only two days. An investigation held subsequent to his death, showed to be true what his physicians all along had supposed to be the case, that his heart was affected.

"Every thing was done that the kindness of friends and the skill of physicians could do. If the solicitude, prayers, and tears of his brethren could have saved him, our brother had not died; but it was the will of his heavenly Father that he should now finish his course and enter into his eternal rest.

"During his whole sickness his mind was calm and peaceful. His only anxiety was respecting the church of which he had the charge. For some time he could hardly submit to the idea of being laid aside by sickness, when the church, just at that time, seemed to need his services so much. Several friends inquired of him whether he felt ready to die, to which he always gave an answer, with cheerfulness, which seemed full of faith

and hope, that he was ready. But he often expressed a desire to live that he might bring more sinners to Christ. He became very much weakened before his death, so that it was difficult for him to converse much; but whatever he said indicated his strong trust in God, and love to the Saviour and his cause." He died on Sunday morning, March 10, 1844, in the forty first year of his age. As in the case of Stephen, "devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." With deep emotion and many tears, preachers and people encircled his remains, and attended his funeral rites.

In attempting to sketch the character of Rev. Charles Sherman, the writer has an embarrassing sense of his inadequacy to do justice to his memory, or meet the reasonable expectation of his numerous friends.

In his personal appearance, Mr. Sherman was large, corpulent, and of a light complexion. He avoided the extremes, of fastidiousness and slovenliness, in his attire. His appearance and bearing were decidedly dignified and gentlemanly.

Although altogether above mediocrity intellectually, nevertheless, intellectual strength was not his *most* prominent trait of character. He had *an enlargement of the heart* in more senses than one. Bunyan would have named him *Mr. Greatheart;* and none who knew him would hesitate to place him in the front rank of "nature's noblemen." There was *a greatness of soul, a depth and enlargedness of sympathy, that was* ALTOGETHER EXTRAORDINARY; *and that seemed to grasp the whole race in all its interests for both worlds, and yet leave ample room in his capacious heart for a special regard for his numerous friends, and favorite enterprises.* The following verse was a great favorite with him. Its sentiments happily harmonize with the expansive benevolence of his heart.

"O that the WORLD might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would ALL MANKIND embrace."

The writer never knew the man that was more ardently and universally beloved than Charles Sherman. His unaffected and deep interest in the welfare of all around him, gave him this position in their hearts. Not a few looked upon him as their *special* friend, and could hardly believe that many others had a similar place in his regards. The pious, generous impulses of his soul were not confined to any one channel or form of manifestation, but vented themselves through every available outlet. No one class of ministerial duties occupied his attention, to the neglect of others. His character and habits were based upon enlightened, comprehensive, and well-balanced views of Christian and ministerial obligations. No one striking excellence stood out in bold relief, made prominent by contrast with concomitant defects. As, in a magnificent building, the just proportions and grandeur of the whole, are what the beholder admires, rather than individual beauties, so in contemplating the subject of this sketch, it is not so much single excellencies as the symmetrical and full development of Christian character, that raises our admiration. The colors of the sun's rays appear less gaudy and striking when, blended in just proportions, they present the pure white light, than when separated by the prism; and yet for practical purposes, the Creator saw it best thus to combine them. So were the Christian graces blended in the character of the subject of this memoir.

Liberality was in some sense hereditary with Mr. Sherman. His father not only set his family a most striking example of this virtue, he also early and dil-

igently inculcated it upon them. He supplied them with money for public collections and benevolent purposes, and thus gave them early to taste of the luxury of doing good. Mr. Sherman used to refer, in after life, to the pleasure it gave him when a boy to contribute to the quarterly and other collections, and he frequently exhorted Christian parents to accustom their children to the early exercise of beneficence. He was liberal, both from a sense of duty and also from the love of it. He *enjoyed* giving. This was apparent even in little things. Having been presented with a pail of cherries, and having occasion to call on two or three families on his way home, he could not resist the temptation to divide them repeatedly, until they were nearly all gone. He has been known, after carefully cultivating a bed of melons until they were ripe, to call the boys of a neighboring academy from their play in the street and give them some of the finest of them. An old man dies in extreme poverty some distance from his residence, and Mr. Sherman is on hand to order a coffin on his own responsibility. Again, he and a friend are buying each of them a quarter of beef, one quarter remains unsold. "I don't know what I shall do with the other quarter," says the owner, as he is about to drive off. "I guess" says Mr. Sherman, turning to his friend, "we had better send it to sister ——," naming one of the Lord's poor that lived in a back street of the city. Jointly they pay for the quarter, and it is duly delivered to the indigent sister. He has been known to assist the preachers on his district in their temporalities, when really embarrassed himself. It is doubtful whether his purse had any *strings*. If it had, they must have been *broken*. Before me lies a letter in which he urges the pastor of one of the churches, to push forward the work of building a lecture-room, and among other encouragements

he offers to increase his own subscription, rather than that the work should not go on. When his resources failed, his habit was, to draw by his influence upon the means of others. The following is a specimen of his drafts upon the deposits of his wealthier brethren.

"SCHENECTADY, June —, 18—"

"BRO. W:—DEAR SIR, * * * One thing more; give my respects to brother E——. If I do not mistake I heard him tell about having a good deal of hay that he would have to summer over. Now let me suggest, brother —— is poor, and if brother E—— will bring a little of his surplus hay to brother ——'s barn, I think it would be well. Brother P—— is also a farmer I believe; just suggest to him to remember brother —— a little on his arrival. A little of this just at the first, would not be amiss from two or three of the brethren who have farms. * * * Respectfully yours,

CHAS. SHERMAN."

Cheerfulness was a marked trait in the character of Mr. Sherman. More than this, he laughed often and heartily, and the writer believes with a good conscience. If the demure look of the nun, or the "sad countenance" of the Pharisee is essential to godliness, then he was not a man of God. It is somewhat difficult to convey precisely the true idea of his character in this respect. His pleasantry was seldom if ever untimely, or such as to dissipate religious feeling. There was a peculiar blending of cheerfulness with seriousness in his spirit and deportment. Sunshine and rain at the same time, incongruous as they may seem, have something attractive about them. So his pleasantry ordinarily added to, rather than detracted from, the influence of his piety. He combined and embodied this two-fold spirit in a singularly happy manner, when, with his peculiar

grip, he said as no one else could, "Be good and clever." While a playfulness, like the dancing of the sunbeams upon the water, was apparent on the surface of his feelings, at the same time, the intonations of his voice bespoke the deep-toned religious affections of his soul.

As a *preacher*, Mr. Sherman was peculiar, and yet not eccentric in the ordinary acceptation of that term. In the pulpit he was what every man ought to be—*himself*. His sermons were rich in evangelical thought. He did not ordinarily confine himself to one specific topic. His discourses, at least after he was appointed to the supervision of a district, were *presiding elder sermons*. They embraced a considerable range of thought, and, although seldom wearisome, generally exceeded the ordinary length. There was, indeed, a sense in which they were sometimes wearisome. A preacher, of over twenty years' standing in the ministry, remarked to the writer, that, after listening to him on one occasion for more than two hours, so intense had been his interest in the sermon, and such had been his effort to grasp and remember the whole in its proper connections, that at the close of the service he found himself more exhausted than he ordinarily did after preaching three times on the same day. There was a naturalness about his arrangement, which might have led some to regard his pulpit preparations as wanting in method. The entire absence of any apparent effort to shine marked all his pulpit performances. The declaration of the apostle, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake," was emphatically applicable to Mr. Sherman. He had an uncommon command of language, and used especially the qualifying terms of our tongue as but few could. His skill in the use of language was not em-

ployed so much to give *grace* as *force* to what he said. "He united," says Rev. T. Spicer, "the dignity of manly eloquence with remarkable simplicity and tenderness." One of the most striking characteristics of his preaching was his *pathos*. His hearers felt themselves to be in contact with *a great benevolent soul that was laboring for their good*. The same tender emotions were manifested when he spoke of the terrors of the law, as when he dwelt upon the riches of grace. Longinus, in referring to the effects of the speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes, says that the people went from hearing Cicero's orations, exclaiming, "What a beautiful speaker! what a fine voice! what an eloquent man *Cicero* is! but when they heard Demosthenes, they lost sight of the speaker, and cried out, "*Let us fight Philip!*" Thus with Mr. Sherman's hearers, they went from listening to him impressed with the subject. The preacher was lost sight of in the magnitude of redeeming mercy, and the vastness of the soul's interests.

He was not always equally free, and clear, and happy in his pulpit efforts. When he was trammeled, and his language seemed labored, and he imagined that the desired results were not likely to be reached, his resolute will exerted itself to the utmost, and he presented the spectacle of a giant in chains, struggling for freedom. If in such a case he succeeded in gaining deliverance, it was like the breaking away of a dam by the accumulated force of the superincumbent waters, and a flood of living truth and overwhelming eloquence was poured around.

Mr. Sherman did not study and preach, as is sometimes done, at the expense of his *pastoral* work. He was a faithful shepherd of the flock of Christ. Few men surpassed him in the amount of pastoral visiting performed, very few equaled him in its effectiveness. The poor as well as the rich shared his visits and sym-

pathies. It was his custom in some of his appointments to call at every house, irrespective of denominational alliances. He had a peculiar faculty for becoming acquainted with everybody and of making himself at home in every class of society. He did not think it beneath his dignity to notice the children in his pastoral visits, and he had a tact for interesting them in his conversation. He was accustomed to inquire of them about the sermon of the preceding sabbath. The text and heads of discourse were often made a topic of conversation on such occasions. May not Christian parents derive a useful hint from him in this particular? How much the interest and profit of the young in the ministrations of the sabbath might be increased in this way; and the sermons, by becoming a subject of subsequent conversation, would be more fully remembered by both parents and children, while false impressions as to the meaning of the preacher might thus be corrected. Mr. Sherman also frequently suggested passages of scripture to be committed to memory by the young, and on a subsequent visit recited to him.

He was a man of *prayer*. Had he not been, other traits of character to which allusion has been made, could never have been possessed. His correspondence, which was very extensive, and one of his means of usefulness, abounds with such expressions as these: "The Good Being guide and bless you;" "Heaven help;" "The Merciful Being guide and send prosperity." Similar expressions were of frequent occurrence in his religious conversations. On leaving the conference room, when transferred to the Troy Conference and appointed to Albany, he said to a good brother, with an earnestness not to be forgotten, "Brother Osborn, pray for me." In 1840, the writer was stationed in Albany, Mr. Sherman being at the time presiding elder

of the district. My study was in a central part of the city, and so located as to be accessible from the street without interfering with the family in which I then boarded. His official relation to the churches called him to spend considerable time in the city, and he found my room a convenient place of retirement during the day. There, while I have been pursuing my studies, he has often been upon his knees in prayer. Sometimes I have joined with him and at others left him alone with his God. Sometimes he has said to me, familiarly, "Now, brother, you go and visit your people, and leave me alone." Next to the intercessions of Christ, what could be more encouraging to a young preacher than to know that his superior in office was closeted with his God, imploring the divine blessing upon the pastors and churches under his charge?

His *public* prayers will long be remembered by many with lively interest. There was a peculiarity about them not easily described. He prayed to God, not to his congregation. They were the outgushings of a soul deeply sympathizing with his congregation, and accustomed to talk with God. He sometimes used some of the finest passages of the "liturgy" in a way that made that old "form of sound words" seem to have experienced a resurrection from the dead. With a soul enraptured by the joys of communion with God, and a voice trembling and yet invigorated by intensity of emotion, he has been heard to exclaim, "Glory be to the *Father*, and to the Son, and to the HOLY GHOST; as it was *in the beginning*, is now, and EVER SHALL BE, world without end." There was an originality, a vivacity, and pathos in his prayers which it is vain to attempt to transfer to paper. He seemed to take his congregation with him and go up as it were before the mercy seat, and as a prince to prevail with God.

Gratitude to God shone brightly in the constellation of graces that adorned his character. His prayers abounded in thanksgiving. A multitude of mercies were gratefully remembered before God, of which most Christians seem to take no notice. So also his conversation abounded in thankful acknowledgments of the hand of God. As he rode past the fields of ripening grain, and the trees bending beneath their load of luscious fruit, though he had no personal interest in them, he often blessed the name of him who "crowneth the year with goodness," as many of the owners of those products never thought to do.

Without disparagement to others who have filled that office with dignity and usefulness, the writer has no hesitancy in saying that, taken all in all, Mr. Sherman approached the nearest to his *beau ideal* of a *presiding elder*, of any man within the range of his acquaintance. Entirely irrespective of the merits of the discussions relative to the presiding elder question, it may be safely affirmed that had all who have held that office been such men as Charles Sherman, those discussions would never have originated. In a variety of respects he seemed peculiarly adapted to that office. By his preaching, piety, and tact in managing religious services, his quarterly meetings were rendered seasons of great interest and profit. His concern for the well-being of the preachers on his district was intense, and extended to everything great and small. While he cheered them on to deeds of valor in the moral battle field, he watched over their health and cautioned them against needless exposure. In their temporal sacrifices and embarrassments he rendered them all the help in his power. In their perplexities and trials he gave them counsel and encouragement. Toward the young preachers, especially, he felt and acted as a father. A pile of letters lies be-

fore me, consisting in part of whole sheets of foolscap, filled with wise counsels, judicious cautions, and inspiring and affectionate expressions of interest in the work of God. Did I not believe that the following brief extracts from two of them would be acceptable to the reader, they would not be given. My limits forbid more extended extracts.

"SCHENECTADY, Oct. 14, 1841.

"BRO. PARKS: * * * I hope you are succeeding well in arranging the class-books, and getting matters straight. See that new ones are procured, when they are needed; that the time of joining is affixed to probationers' names on the class-books, as well as on the circuit probationers' book, and that the leaders mark their books. See to this at ———. I think that reining up class-records and class-meetings a little more, in that society, would be favorable in many respects. * * *

"In the multitude of matters devolving on you, be assured you have my sympathies and my prayers. I hope the good and merciful Being, in whom is all our trust, will supervise, guide and bless you. Try to rectify matters in ——, as the Lord may render the way clear before you. On the subject of finance, I wish just to say, that in the present circumstances, on your circuit, it will be necessary for the preachers to pay considerable attention to those matters. * * *

"I have you, your colleagues, and your field of labor in my heart and in my prayers, every day. I earnestly desire your success this year. I beseech God to help, in every appointment and in every department of the work. I desire the people to be good, and to be Methodized; to see prosperity in all your borders. Heaven help evermore, Amen.

"I suppose you are in some battle, in these days; write me frqeuently, and let me know of your success. * * * Very respectfully, yours,

CHAS. SHERMAN.

P. S. The sermon on Education, with accompanying collections, should be attended to soon. You remember the conference resolutions."

"SCHENECTADY, Feb. 24, A. D. 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER PARKS: * * * Bro. W—— would be good help for you. Were it not for my having been taken worse yesterday, I would go to his circuit right off, to-day; but I dare not be out. Brethren should think but little of a few miles, or scores of miles of travel, under the circumstances attending things in Gloversville, nor of a few dollars expense. I enter into your circumstances in my feelings, very deeply. Stick to the work. I should think, that, in visiting, prayer meetings, &c., &c., you would all need to be employed, even if you should get help in the pulpit; hence, I should not think it best to commence a meeting in J—— just now. Keep your forces as much as they can be spared, for operations in Gloversville, while the circumstances so specially require it. Keep the brethren from getting feverish, about what operations are in progress elsewhere. Keep them looking up to the Lord for light, and fire, and power, and mercy. If you get new help, get them into the way of short pulpit exercises, full of point and fire. I should not be so particular about the intellectual calibre of the man, as I should about the spirit, tact, &c. I pray God to guide, help, and, in every needed way, to bless you. Did my health permit, O, how I would like to take my place side by side with you, my dear brother, and help in the blessed battle; but I can not do it. * * * *

"Get a good deal of religion, trust in God, and the Highest himself will help you. Give my love to brother W——, and P——, and E——, and P——, &c., &c. I love a good many folks in your country.

Very affectionately,

CHAS. SHERMAN."

The reader can not fail to gain, from the above extracts, some insight into the character of him who wrote them. Their inspiring influence upon a young and inexperienced preacher, amid the cares of a large circuit, can only be fully appreciated by those who have been placed in such circumstances.

Mr. Sherman's *skill as a manager*, in the affairs of the church, was one of the sources of his popularity and usefulness. Few men have equaled him in this respect. His plans were laid with the ability of a thorough statesman or general, and prosecuted with vigor and success. Many illustrations of his success in reconciling differences among brethren, might be given. In one of his charges, where the spirit of division and secession was prevalent, persons, on coming to him for letters of dismission, have been subdued by his kindness, and have abandoned the idea of secession. In one instance, in particular, a pious female received her letter from him with such kind expressions of regard for her welfare in her new church alliance, as contrasted so strongly with the spirit prevalent in those new associations, that she was induced by this marked difference, to return her letter, without offering it where she had intended.

Mr. Sherman's tact in the business affairs of the church manifested itself in numerous ways, in the exercise of his office as presiding elder. In adjusting differences among brethren, he manifested such kindness as generally led all parties to regard him as their friend. Nor were they mistaken; he loved every body. Instances might

be given in which persons have come to him under strong excitement to demand redress of their grievances, who have left him calm, subdued, and concluding that it was not best to say anything more about their complaints. The following incidents illustrate his skill in meeting emergencies.

A camp meeting on his district was to be continued over the sabbath. On Saturday evening, a company of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," came upon the ground, with a determination to break up the meeting. They came on in such numbers, and manifested so much *spirit*, that the most unhappy results were feared. To attempt to oppose them by physical force, or arrest them, was, in view of their numbers, out of the question. Mr. Sherman saw the dilemma in which they were placed, and mounting the stand around which the mob had collected, began to exhort them in the name of the Lord. In imitation of Paul at Jerusalem, he related his religious experience. God blessed him in the effort, and while he shouted "Glory to Christ for salvation," the spell-bound mob became as quiet as lambs. Not the slightest disturbance occurred that night.

On the following morning, an occasion of a very different character occurred for testing his generalship. Dr. Bascom was present and preached to a vast congregation, on "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God," &c. It was one of his splendid efforts, and the people were completely captivated. But when the Dr. had closed, what next? That was the rub! In the presence of this giant, the preachers "were in their own sight as grasshoppers; and so they were in the sight" of the congregation. How to bring the people back from the regions to which they had been translated, and open the way for the exercises to move on with freedom and ease, was the question

to be solved. Let the preachers keep calm now, and let the presiding elder keep his own counsels. The next man that appears upon the stand is a colored local preacher. He has been for some years a missionary in Africa, is possessed of considerable speaking talent, and has not the fear of man before his eyes. Nothing daunted, he announced his text, Acts xxviii, 28. "Dr. Bascom," said he, "has told you what the gospel *is*, I will tell you what it will *do;* and I will take Africa as my field." As he described with graphic simplicity the triumphs of grace in the land of his forefathers, his own heart was touched, and the deeply-interested congregation were brought back, they knew not how, to the simplicity and practical realities of a camp meeting prayer meeting. The exercises moved on without embarrassment.

Mr. Sherman's *social qualities* were of a high order. He gained in an uncommon degree the confidence and affections of all classes, without any apparent effort to do so. Many made him their confidential friend and adviser, unbosoming to him their private troubles, as they did to few others. Few men obeyed the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens" to the extent that he did. His social qualities greatly endeared him to both preachers and people. The preachers on his district were wonderfully attached to him; so much so that several of the younger, and some of the more aged of them, inadvertently fell into the habit of imitating the intonations of his voice, and copying his phrases.

In Conference, Mr. Sherman said less than some others of far less ability; when he did speak, he carried an influence with him that was not easily resisted. One who was associated with him in the bishop's council, says, "I never saw the man that was more tenderly and keenly alive to the interests of both the preachers

and appointments than Charles Sherman. Groaning over the difficulties inseparable from the work of making out the appointments, he would pray, "Lord of the worlds above, help us." In this, as in every other part of his work, a deep sense of his accountability to God evidently pervaded his mind, and influenced his conduct.

He was ardently attached to the church of his choice. An official member of his last charge, in speaking of him, says, "I have never known the man whose whole soul was so wedded to the church. Had he been spared to attend the General Conference of 1844, of which he was a member elect, in my opinion, he could never have lived through the scenes of that session, and survived the dissolution of the union of the church." This may seem extravagant to some, but taking into account his chronic affection of the heart, it will scarcely be so regarded, by those who knew him best.

He has left us a worthy example of *industry.* If there were a division among brethren to be healed, a church to be erected, or a revival in progress in any part of the district, that was the place to find the presiding elder. It is said of Cæsar that he never said "Go," but "Come." The same might be said of Sherman; he loved to be in the hottest of the battle. Rev. T. Spicer says, "His industry was almost without a parallel. I have known him intimately for ten years, and was a boarder in his family for nearly two months; and I must say, that for industry and activity I have known but few who were his equals."

He was a *happy* man. He was one sabbath morning driving to his appointment through a dreadful snow storm. The deep snow drifts were unbroken; the wind was high; the snow was flying in clouds around him, and his horse was plunging slowly through drift after

drift, as best he could, aided by his considerate driver. In the midst of this scene, which would have cooled the ardor of most men, Mr. Sherman, supposing himself far from every ear but that of his Master, was overheard by an aged sinner joyfully shouting, "Glory to God." This will do, thought the stranger, in a Methodist prayer meeting; but why a man should shout the praises of God so, on such a morning, and from amid the drifting snow was a problem that troubled him.

But it may be asked, "Had he no faults?" He had, for he was a man and not an angel; they were, however, such as "leaned to virtue's side." No shadow, it is believed, ever rested upon the integrity or purity of his character. That his administration, with all its excellencies, was faultless is not pretended. The error of his life in my humble judgment was a want of regard to the physical laws of his being. Not that he was, in general, more careless in this respect than others; but long sermons, late hours, and overtaxing a good constitution, deprived the church of God of one of her brightest stars, before he had reached the zenith of his career. Had he lived, his influence in his own conference must have become almost unbounded, nor could it have been confined to those narrow limits. Possibly some who were unacquainted with him, will think this sketch overdrawn. To such I would say, ask those who knew him.

The name of Charles Sherman will long be cherished by many as being among their choicest and most sanctified associations. He was indeed "a burning and a shining light." Happy will it be if the numerous juvenile members of our people's families who bear his name, emulate his virtues. Let their parents imitate his parents, and that name shall not be dishonored. May not the writer hope that this sketch may stimulate some to

follow him as he followed Christ. Grace made him what he was, and that grace is free for all.

In his last sickness, when deprived of reason, his thoughts dwelt upon the subjects that had been nearest his heart; and he incoherently exhorted sinners to repent, invited mourners to the altar, and pointed them to the Savior. Among the last words that he uttered were these: "*Glory to God, I am ready to go.*"

"Mortals cry,—'A man is dead.'
Angels sing,—'A child is born!
Born into the world above.'
They our happy brother greet:
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Savior's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says 'Well done.'"

REV. JAMES COVEL, A. M.

"—— Messenger
Of grace, and light, and life, whose eye, unsealed,
Saw up the path of immortality,
Far into bliss, saw men, immortal men,
Wide wandering from the way."—POLLOCK.

This worthy man was a descendant of one of two brothers, who emigrated from England, at an early date in the history of this country. His paternal grandfather was a Baptist minister, whose wife was a Methodist. His maternal grandfather was a Methodist preacher in Asbury's times.

Both the parents of the subject of this sketch were pious; his father, James Covel, Sen., was a medical practitioner, and also one of the early Methodist preachers. He entered the itinerant ranks in 1791. In 1793,

he traveled Pittsfield circuit, one of the first circuits formed within the present bounds of the Troy Conference, and in 1797 he located.

James Covel, Jr., was born in the town of Marblehead, Mass., September 4, 1796. His father, on being informed of the birth of his son, fell upon his knees, thanked God for the gift, solemnly vowed to consecrate him to the Lord, and earnestly prayed that he might become a minister of Jesus Christ. When eight days old he was taken to the sanctuary, and there consecrated to God, by his father, in holy baptism. In his early schoolboy days, James gave indications of a disrelish for study, which was a source of affliction to his father, who one day expressed to him his anxieties and regrets on the subject. James listened with attention, his eyes filled with tears, and his speaking countenance said emphatically, "I'll try." From that day he was manifestly more studious, and yet his early attainments were very moderate.

His parents removed to the province of Maine, and thence to Poughkeepsie, N. Y. While residing at the latter place, and when about sixteen years of age, James was awakened, and converted to God. Soon after, with great modesty and humility, he ventured occasionally to be heard at social meetings in prayer and exhortation. Encouraged by his brethren, and moved as he believed by the Holy Ghost to call sinners to repentance, he, after many painful mental conflicts, asked and received of the quarterly conference of Poughkeepsie, a license to preach. His first license is dated June 26, 1815, and signed by N. Bangs, presiding elder. Almost immediately after being licensed, he was employed by the presiding elder on Litchfield circuit, Conn. Previous to this he had learned a trade, at which he was earning two dollars per day; this now he left to receive

one hundred dollars a year; provided the people whom he served were *benevolent* enough to *give* it to him.

At the session of the New York Conference held in June 1816, he was admitted on trial, and appointed to Pittsfield circuit; at which time he was not quite twenty years of age. He was greatly favored in having that excellent man (now with him in heaven), Rev. Lewis Pease, as his senior colleague; and scarcely less in having Timothy Benedict, who was then making his first essays in the work of the ministry, as his junior associate. The people of the circuit were proud of their *boy-team*, as they familiarly called Covel and Benedict. After the lapse of thirty-five years, the writer has heard Captain James Root, and others of Pittsfield, refer to them and their labors with affectionate interest.

Mr. Covel at this time was eagerly embracing every opportunity of gaining knowledge. In his conversation with his colleagues, he was full of inquiries, relative to the meaning of difficult portions of scripture, and other matters pertaining to the Christian ministry. At this early period, though very anxious to hear the opinions and reasonings of others, he thought for himself, and had considerable independence of opinion. A little circumstance that occurred that year, may illustrate this trait of character. Riding together to a quarterly meeting at Lenox, on the way, "the boys" had an animated, though perfectly friendly, discussion upon the import of this injunction of Paul to Timothy: "Keep thyself pure." They finally agreed to leave it to Dr. Bangs, their presiding elder. On reaching Lenox, they proposed the case to him, not letting him know the ground they had respectively taken. The Doctor's decision favored Benedict's opinion. "Well," said Covel, with thoughtful earnestness, "I will give it up, because I said I would; but I am no more convinced than I was before."

A prominent member of our church in Troy, Mr. I. Starks, lived at that time within the bounds of the Pittsfield circuit, and has a vivid recollection of Mr. Covel in those early days. He represents him as a very modest, devoted young man, who deeply realized his insufficiency for the work of the ministry, and whose preaching was full of pathos and power. Dr. Skilton, of Troy, also remembers well his youthful appearance, his zeal and simplicity while preaching in his shirt sleeves, in a crowded little school house, at North Watertown, soon after he commenced his ministry.

He was subsequently appointed to Brandon, Vt., Dunham in Canada, St. Albans, Vt., Ticonderoga, and St. Albans a second time; where in 1821 he married Miss Ann G. Rice, by whom he had six children. Five of them, with their widowed mother, still live. In 1822, he was appointed to Grand Isle; in 1823-4, to Charlotte; 1825-6, to Peru; 1827-8, to Watervliet; 1829-30, to Brooklyn. A nett gain of about one hundred and fifty members took place while Mr. Covel was there. From Brooklyn he went to Newburgh, thence to New Windsor, and from thence to the city of New York. In 1838, he was transferred to the Troy Conference, and appointed principal of the Troy Conference Academy, at West Poultney, Vt., which responsible office he held until 1841, when he was appointed to Fort Ann. In June, 1843, he was stationed in State street, Troy; where he finished his course on the fifteenth day of May, 1845, in the *forty-ninth* year of his age, and the *twenty-ninth* of his ministry.

Mr. Covel ranked among the most distinguished men of the Troy Conference. He was a *devoted student* and a *good scholar*. On being led, soon after his conversion, to turn his attention toward the work of the ministry, he found that though he had become expert at his se-

cular calling, in what was vastly more important, he was sadly deficient. The deficiency in his education he deeply deplored; and here began that close application to study, which characterized all his subsequent life. He began with the rudiments of science, not attempting to lay the top stone of his educational edifice before he had laid its foundation. A geography and English grammar were first *mastered;* and, subsequently, history, anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, geology and astronomy, occupied his attention. Mental and moral philosophy, logic and rhetoric, natural and revealed religion, became, one after another, the subjects of his diligent study. Sacred literature was always a favorite pursuit. At an early period of his ministerial life, he commenced the study of Hebrew and Greek, and learned to read the Bible in the inspired originals. The study of sacred history and geography, engaged his special attention. In 1830, he prepared some question books for sabbath schools, which are still in use. In 1835 the Wesleyan University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In 1836 he completed his Bible Dictionary, designed chiefly for sabbath schools, a work of considerable merit, indicating extensive research. It has passed to a twelfth edition.

He was a close, untiring student, to the close of life. When in his early days he traveled large circuits, it was his custom (on arriving at a place of entertainment), to dispose of his horse, and pass through with the salutations of the occasion with all possible dispatch, and finding the best place of retirement at hand, to lose sight of all outward things in the study of some useful subject. At the time of his death, he was engaged in preparing a work to be entitled the Preacher's Manual. It was not an uncommon thing for him to become so abstracted from all surrounding objects, when en-

gaged in study, as to require considerable effort to recall him to a recognition of his connection with the visible world. Under these circumstances, he sometimes committed somewhat ludicrous mistakes; thus, on a friend entering his study, he has been known very gravely to bid him good bye. He is said to have once committed the more serious error of forgetting, in the midst of his studies, his appointment to preach. His studious habits were not always, in his early days, appreciated by the people, and *some* of the preachers kindly admonished him of the apostle's declaration that "knowledge puffeth up." It would perhaps be uncharitable to suppose that jealousy had any place in those admonitions.

Mr. Covel was a very *modest*, *unassuming* man. He labored to be, rather than appear to be. He was plain in his dress and manners. Though sometimes when among his friends he was social and communicative; yet ordinarily grave, dignified, and a man of but few words. His conversation was *remarkably* instructive and profitable. He had no relish for idle chit chat; but on serious and weighty matters he conversed with animation and interest. It was a habit which he carried with him all through life, to propose with a view to elicit information, questions in theology, biblical criticism, and the like, when in the company of his brethren. His social qualities suffered from his studious habits; and yet he was a kind sympathizing friend. He was not remarkable for originality, was somewhat defective in imagination, but possessed a sound, strong mind. His reflective, were better than his perceptive faculties. *Good reasoning powers*, and a discriminating judgment, were among his best natural endowments.

As a pastor, he was kind and affectionate; *as a preacher*, he was concise, clear, strong and instructive. There was nothing specially striking in his manner. He dealt in the substantial truths of the gospel, rather than in

oratorical display. Many inferior preachers, with more imagination, and a thousand fold less sound sense, have been more popular with the multitude, than James Covel. The more intelligent and thinking part of his congregations, were the best pleased with his pulpit performances. It was often said: "Brother Covel *wears* well." *His personal appearance* was somewhat commanding. Above the ordinary stature, inclined to corpulency, dark complexioned, of a grave and dignified aspect, and a thoughtful, studious air, his entire figure and bearing were calculated to command respect.

He was a *pious, consistent Christian.* Tenderness of conscience, sincerity and *uncompromising integrity*, were prominent traits in his Christian character. Few men knew him, during the last years of his life, as intimately as Doctor Skilton, of Troy, who says of him, that "his moral qualities were of a high order;" that "in honesty and godly sincerity, there have been few like brother Covel. In him, these principles needed not to be inquired for, nor claimed in egotism; for they stood out prominently, in all his public transactions, and in private life, in the church of God, and in the walks of retirement."

Mr. Covel's health had been failing for more than a year previous to his death. His disorder was a disease of the spine, producing excessive pain in the face, throat and arms, and at length paralysis of the limbs and lower part of the body. For about two months before he died, he was unable to attend to his duties as a minister, and for four weeks he was confined to the house, during which time his bodily sufferings were very great. It is believed that his disorder was greatly increased, and his death hastened, by going into the water to baptize several persons by immersion, in February or March. Divine grace was magnified in the patience with which his extreme sufferings were borne. His

confidence in the Lord was strong, and the peace of God filled his soul. On the arrival of his brother, Rev. Samuel Covel, he said to him, "I do not think that I shall live; but death has no terrors. I feel that I am on the side of heaven." To brother S——, he said: "You will attend my funeral; it is my desire, and the desire of my family." Brother S—— replied, "Bishop Hedding is in town." "Very well," said he, "you can arrange that between yourselves. I wish to have no parade. All I desire is, the lowest place among my brethren."

To a clergyman who had been a former colleague, and who reminded him of his toils and success in the ministry, he replied: "Brother, I do not depend upon these things as the ground of my hope, but wholly on the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ." His friend, Doctor Skilton, who attended him in his last illness, says: "He evidently reviewed his life with great care and impartiality, in his last moments. Some of the last words that he uttered, being intended to clear up a slight misunderstanding, which from imperfect recollection on his part, had for a short time existed. His mode of settling it, was to admit the statement and more perfect recollection of his friend and brother. "The ruling passion strong in death!" On something being said about singing, he remarked, "I am waiting to hear the angels sing." During all his last illness, he manifested a decided interest in the prosperity of the work of God, and especially in the church of which he then held the pastoral charge. At one time, after quoting several passages of scripture relative to the ministry of angels, he said, "If I am permitted to come, I shall be very busy about State street, attending and serving the brethren."

Finding himself near his end, he called his family around him for the last time, that he might give them his dying counsel. As may well be imagined, the scene

was one of affecting interest. Surrounding his bed, bathed in tears, were his wife and children, two brothers, a sister and a number of his flock. For some time his emotions overcame him, and an impressive silence prevailed. At length he gave his stricken companion and older children his last advice; then turning his eyes toward the two youngest, with an affection which I will not attempt to describe, he said: "These little fellows will soon be fatherless, but 'leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.'" Thus did he in the last conflict, confide in God's unchanging truth, and administer the consolations of inspiration to his mourning family. His mind was clear, and he was able to speak until very near the last.

When on the verge of dissolution, Doctor Skilton observed to him, "You are very near your end;" to which he replied, "I hope so." To his wife, who sat by him, watching with intense interest the last flickerings of the lamp of life, he said, "You are seeing me for the last time." She replied, "You can not stay long." He asked, "Are you not willing to let me go?" His sympathizing companion answered, "Your sufferings have almost reconciled me to it.' He responded, "I long to be gone." The last words that he was heard distinctly to articulate were, "Tell brother Mattison that I die happy."

His funeral was attended in the State street church, on Saturday, the 17th, at which Bishop Hedding delivered a very appropriate discourse from 2 Tim. iv, 6, 7, 8, "I am now ready to be offered," &c. There were present twenty or more of his brethren in the ministry. The deep feeling which was manifested throughout the exercises of the day, bespoke the estimation in which he was held.

REV. THOMAS KIRBY.

BY REV. B. M. HALL.

"The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post."

Brother Kirby was born of pious parents, in the town of New Lebanon, N. Y, July 23, 1815. Many of the great and good men of our own, and former days, have owed much to the wisdom and piety of their mothers. Luther, Cecil, Doddridge, Wesley, and a host of others, have received essential benefit, in very early life from the gentle, yet powerful influence of that most tender friend. This was the case with the subject of this memoir. But, as she yet lives, delicacy forbids the saying of some things which might otherwise be recorded with propriety. Suffice it to say, that she discovered in her son Thomas, an unusual degree of inquisitiveness in early life, and taking advantage of this mental trait, she implanted the seeds of religious knowledge, nurturing them with care, and doubtless watering them with prayers and tears. And she was made to rejoice, as she saw those seeds producing under grace the choicest fruitage, while her son was yet a mere lad.

In the summer of 1829, a camp meeting was held in the vicinity of Mr. Kirby's residence. There a company of Christians were offering fervent prayers for the members of their families who were unconverted. In this company were found the parents of young Thomas, who was, himself, at the paternal residence. On return-

ing to their home, they found their son, a boy of fourteen summers, in deep distress on account of his condition as a sinner. "It seemed to me," said he, "as though an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty came from the camp meeting and pierced my heart."

A few friends met that evening at the house of Mr. Kirby, for a prayer meeting. Thomas made known his anxieties, and joined with the pious parents and friends, in prayer to God. His distress continued for a few days, when the way of faith was revealed, and he entered into rest by believing in Christ. His conversion was clear, and the witness of his adoption into the family of God satisfactory. His name being written in heaven, was entered also upon the records of the church on earth, the next sabbath day; and from that time his course was steadily *onward* until "God took him."

Chiefly through his endeavors, a sabbath school and regular prayer meeting were established near his father's house. In these it was his delight to labor with other Christians, in behalf of children, and for the promotion of religion. When from seventeen to nineteen years of age, a society or class was organized a few miles from his abode, and mostly through his labors. Of this class he was made leader, which office he held until the summer of 1835, when he entered the academy, at Wilbraham, Mass. About the same time he received an exhorter's license.

In 1837 he entered the ministry, and was employed by Rev. Dr. Levings (then P. E. of the Troy district), on Dalton Circuit, as the assistant of Rev. Joseph Eames. Though young and retiring, he was well received, and his name is remembered with affection in that field of labor.

The young minister will feel the force of trials,

which, in their magnitude, or rather their want of magnitude, will, in mature years, scarcely make an impression. The writer has heard brother Kirby relate with a smile, a little incident which occurred soon after he arrived on this, his first field of labor. The first time he visited a certain appointment on the circuit, having been instructed where to call, he rode up to the picket fence in front of a brother's house, and dismounted. Seeing no *post* to which he could fasten his horse, he tied him to the *rail* of the picket fence. The moment this was done, his horse, which had always been perfectly gentle, began to struggle with all his might, and soon the fence gave away; the horse dragging one whole length of rails, with the pickets, away with him. Brother Kirby followed on, and after a while succeeded in capturing the horse, but the halter was drawn so tightly in the knot that he was obliged to cut it. In the meantime, the females, who at the hour were the only occupants of the house, had rushed to the door. On being told the name of the stranger whose approach had caused the disaster, they told him where he would find a stable in which he might put his horse, where he would be secure. He proceeded to tie his beast in the stall, but when he attempted to pass out, the horse suddenly crowded him against the side of the stall, and held him immovable. By no effort could he possibly extricate himself, and the whole power of the animal was exerted to keep him in his position, until it was with the utmost difficulty that he could get his breath. It was not in his power to speak to the beast, or call for help, and, could he have called, there were none to help, for all the males belonging to the house were in the distant fields. In his distress, he succeeded in turning his eye so as to see the eye of his horse, where he fancied he saw the *devil*, who with fiendish satisfaction

beheld his distress, and seemed to say, "Preach, will you? This is to pay you for preaching. I'll teach you to preach!"

After some time he was allowed to escape, and he went to the house, pale, suffering, and almost breathless. The effects of that terrible *pressing* were felt for many weeks. But never before nor after that day, did his horse behave disorderly.

In 1838, brother Kirby was received on trial in the traveling connection, at Keeseville, N. Y., and appointed to New Lebanon circuit, his native place. He had for his preacher in charge, the late Rev. William D. Stead. Though this was the place of his birth, he was well received, and had some honor, even in his own country. His name is mentioned there, to this day, with respect, with tenderness, and with affection.

At the session of the conference at Schenectady in 1839, he was appointed to Stowe circuit with the writer. This was a long journey, and on some accounts to a youth of the retiring and timid cast of brother Kirby, it was an appointment to be dreaded. His fears, however, were groundless, and the year was a pleasant and profitable one. About the middle of the year he playfully related to his colleague, his former fears, and expressed his joy at being so happily disappointed. The most perfect harmony prevailed between his colleague and himself, and their labors were crowned with some success. He learned, that, though the circuit was far in the north, yet religion could warm the heart of the preacher and save the souls of the hearers. And the preacher in charge testifies that he never labored with a more pleasant and true yoke-fellow.

In 1840 and 1841, brother Kirby labored on Berkshire circuit. This was a large field, in those days, bordering upon Canada East. Rev. B. Isbell, was his colleague

the first, and Rev. Geo. McKillips the second year, on this circuit. His labors were more than acceptable; they were highly gratifying. His mind was expanding and his preaching gifts were rapidly increasing. The people in all that vast field love his memory, and speak in terms of the strongest affection concerning his excellencies of heart and talent. The labors of all those ministers were successful, and souls will be found in heaven, which were saved in those years, and brother Kirby will reap his share of bliss when he shall greet them there, and behold their advancing glory and blessedness.

The next field which shared his labors was Hinesburgh station. This is a small but pleasant place, having a population which will compare favorably with that of any country village, in point of intelligence and refinement.

Here, as in all his previous appointments our young brother sustained himself well. He was now thrown upon his own resources, being for the first time put in charge. It is to be regretted that the modern arrangement of our fields of labor, renders it necessary to place our young men in charge of circuits and stations, before they have gained a sufficient amount of *practical knowledge* to qualify them for such positions. No doubt the subject of this memoir was greatly benefited by being the junior preacher for so long a time. He had acquired a fund of needful information, on which he could now draw in case of necessity. As was anticipated, he *showed himself a man;* and all the departments of the work flourished.

This was a *station*, having but one appointment, or preaching place; and on this account somewhat more difficult to fill with success by a young minister. One ittle incident may be mentioned here, for the purpose of putting our prominent laymen upon their guard, lest

they lacerate the tender sensibilities of our modest young preachers.

When brother Kirby arrived at this station, he called upon one of the officials who was a leading man in the village, and introduced himself as the preacher sent to labor there for the year. The official looked upon him with an indifferent air, and cooly said, "We expected brother —— or some one of his grade and talent." That remark was as a dagger to the heart of the young itinerant! It was a heedless word; not intended to inflict a wound; yet there was cruelty in its coolness! It is sufficiently trying to a youth to go among strangers, at the bidding of the itinerant system, even when he is encouraged by the cordial welcome of those whom he is appointed to serve; and, when he is met with coldness, the trial is of crushing weight!

The next appointment of brother Kirby was Whitehall station. This, in some respects, is a very important place. Being at the head of steam boat navigation, and the place of transhipment of all merchandise and freight, from the steamers on Lake Champlain to the rail road and canal boats, and *vice versa*, it is a place of much business, and much wickedness.

Our brother sustained himself well, and was useful. As in all other places, he was greatly beloved here, for "none knew him but to love." The testimony of Dr. M—— in whose family he boarded, is just what might be obtained at all his boarding places. The Dr. says, "He was a member of my family for a year, and never did I see a man more uniformly pleasant, agreeable and exemplary."

In 1844 and 1845, he was stationed at Brandon, Vt. This is a large and flourishing village on Otter creek; an important and responsible station; though we have not a very large society in the place. Here the work

prospered, and the preacher was successful. Nothing has come to hand of special note in relation to his abode or labors in this charge, beyond the general fact of his acceptability and usefulness.

In 1846, our conference met at Keeseville, N. Y., and there our brother received his *last* as he had his *first* appointment from the same place.

He was, this year, stationed at Granville and East Hebron. He left the seat of the conference in good health, went to his work with his usual cheerfulness, and preached one sabbath, at Granville Corners, with great earnestness and effect. Immediately after his second sermon he went from the pulpit to his bed, and from thence to the heavenly mansions!

He died at Granville, N. Y., at the residence of his colleague, Rev. B. O. Meeker, who gives the following noble testimony to his worth. "He was a sound preacher, full of spirit and power. He was an excellent pastor; having a heart to feel for others in affliction. He loved his work and sustained himself in all his appointments like a man of God. In short he was a good Methodist preacher. In all places where he traveled, sinners were converted and the church built up."

As God had been with him in life, so he forsook him not in death. The day before his death, he said, "Brother Meeker, the Lord is giving me a gracious victory!" It was replied, "They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded," to which he responded "*Glory*," in a very loud voice. "His whole sickness and death were a striking demonstration of the power of the gospel to sustain in such scenes."

From the pulpit where his last sermon was preached, Rev. Dr. J. T. Peck delivered his funeral discourse, on "*For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*" Soon after, his presiding elder, Rev. J. Clark, preached on the

occasion of his death in the vicinity of his relatives, on the same text.

His remains await the resurrection summons, in the Protestant Episcopal Burial Ground at Granville Corners, N. Y. A beautiful monument, erected by his relatives, marks the spot, bearing the following simple inscription:

REV. THOMAS KIRBY,
of the
Methodist Episcopal Church.
Died, July 10, 1846, aged 31 years.
"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Thus has our brother passed away; and thus has his pathway been rapidly sketched. A few remarks only, and the subject must be left to make its own impress.

In person, brother Kirby was rather short, of a full habit, and a decidedly pleasant expression of countenance.

One chief cause of the high esteem in which he was held, was, his uniform cheerfulness and kindness of spirit. These states of mind were prominent and abiding, rendering him the agreeable companion and unfailing friend.

His voice was pleasant as music, and under complete control; which contributed not a little to his acceptability and usefulness in the pulpit. To listen to him was like hearing the smooth and mellow sounds of some instrument which would hold the attention of the hearer to the last. But it was not merely the sound which was heard when he was in the pulpit. His discourses were respectable in their method, and warm with holy fire, which rendered him an impressive and effective preacher.

He loved to preach; not that he was fond of saying so; but he proved it in his practice. He was ready to take his share in that work, and never sought for excuses when called on to perform it. In one of his circuits

there lived an aged brother who was greatly distressed with an asthmatic difficulty, which confined him at home. Almost as often as brother Kirby visited that part of the field, he would call upon Father Lawrence, and ask if he had heard any preaching since he was there? If the answer was in the negative, he would say, "Well, you must hear a sermon;" and seating himself he would announce some text suited to the condition of his auditor, and proceed to expound, illustrate and apply the whole, during, perhaps, twenty minutes, with all the interest and feeling which he would exhibit if hundreds were listening to his discourse. Such seasons were remembered and referred to in after days, by that afflicted disciple, with great delight and satisfaction.

The death of our brother was such as might well be anticipated from his life. He "rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

REV. ALFRED SAXE, A. M.

BY REV. S. D. BROWN.

"A gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian."—J. P. Gould.

The memory of the pious dead is a sacred legacy committed to the church, and to cherish it is a duty we owe, not to them only, but to the living. Kneeling at the shrine of those they loved, and who loved God, men gather confidence and strength manfully to contend with the evils and difficulties that surround them. Thousands of years had passed over the grave of the pious Abel; the remembrance of the place of his sepulture had

faded from the hearts of men, and the last human being that ever saw his form, had been for centuries a tenant of the dust, when an inspired apostle called to mind that act of piety and devotion, recorded in the sacred volume, and with rapture exclaimed, "by it, he being dead, yet speaketh." This is emphatically true of one whom we have personally known, to whose counsel we have been accustomed to listen, and from whose society we have derived pleasure, but who has been taken from us by the strong hand of death. As often as we reflect upon the virtues of such an one, we place before our minds an example of piety and devotion, rendered more impressive by the fact, that he to whom it related is enjoying the reward of that life of devotedness in the paradise of God. As often as we recall his sayings, a voice seems to break upon our ear, in familiar tones, urging us on in the path of duty. And even when their early death awakens regret, it yet tends to stimulate to higher and more ardent effort.

And such is the constitution of the human mind, that the reflection that the hour is approaching, when we shall become strangers in the circles where we are now familiar, awakens painful emotions, however it may be counteracted by the hope of joys to come. But the thought that we shall not be forgotten; that our words will be recalled, and our acts remembered; and that thus, though dead, we shall yet speak to those with whom we now associate, affords to the shrinking heart a degree of joy. As often, therefore, as we call to mind our former companions, and fondly dwell upon the recollections of the past, we convey encouragement to ourselves; for we strengthen the conviction, that, when dead, we shall yet live in the memory of those to whom we are now allied.

These thoughts have been suggested, by recalling the

memory of him whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose early death caused mourning in so many hearts.

Alfred Saxe was the son of Jacob Saxe, and was born in Sheldon, Vt., September 5, A. D., 1814. When about three years of age, his father removed to Plattsburgh, N. Y., and fixed his residence upon the banks of Lake Champlain, at the mouth of Salmon river. In this beautiful yet secluded spot, he passed the period of his childhood, and it could hardly be expected that this period of his life would present much that is either striking or peculiar.

When not yet five years of age, an incident occurred, which, however trivial in itself, is yet interesting as exhibiting that coolness and presence of mind, and that decision and promptness of action, for which, in subsequent life, he was so remarkable. He was at play, on a warm summer afternoon, along the banks of the stream above alluded to, in company with a boy two years older than himself, and a little girl, when the latter slipped from the log upon which she was standing, and, as the water was deep and no help near, was in danger of being drowned. Little Alfred did not run for help, as many older than himself would have done, or look idly on, as his companion seemed disposed to do, but promptly rushed to her rescue, with the spirit and courage of a man. She was yet within reach of the log from which she fell, and the little boy of five years, dashing aside the bonnet which covered her head, and which he had sufficient presence of mind to know would check her respiration, or suffer her to slip from him, he seized her hair, and thus bore her above the water, until his feeble cries brought the requisite aid. But such was the shock produced upon his sensitive nature, that long after the occurrence his eyes would fill with tears, whenever he recalled the exciting scene.

In early life he imbibed a strong desire for knowledge, and some portion of his time each day was devoted to his books. At this period, history was his favorite study, and he stored his mind with a great variety of historical facts. These were so classified that he could readily call them to mind, and relate them in order; and his childish heart seemed filled with rapture, when he could collect around him a company of listeners, and rehearse to them the incidents gathered from historic records. And it was not uncommon to behold the laborers in his father's employ (of which, at this time, there were a large number), gathered, at the close of the day, around the youthful Alfred, then only twelve years of age, listening, as to an oracle, while, with a flushed countenance and beaming eye, he related some event gleaned from the annals of the past.

When about fifteen years of age, he became deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of religion. With him, feeling was sure to lead to action; and, although there was no general revival at that time, he soon obtained the pardoning favor of God. From that moment a new life was indeed opened before him, and new powers were stirred into being by the moving of the Holy Ghost. Thoughts, to which his mind had before been a stranger, were awakened; desires and aims of a more lofty character were presented, and motives more mighty in their influence, began to operate upon his soul; and connected with all his thoughts of usefulness, was the great work of the ministry. The impression, gentle at first, continued to deepen, until his earnest heart became satisfied that the authority to which he had vowed submission, now directed him to go forth and "call sinners to repentance."

But he realized the solemn responsibility of this office, and the duty of employing every means to prepare him-

self for the work. He felt that he must have an education, and he began to form plans to secure it. For a short time he attended the academy at Plattsburgh, where he found a home in the family of Rev. John Clark, then presiding elder of Plattsburgh district, from whom he received all the encouragement and sympathy he required. An unfortunate reverse in his circumstances rendered it impossible for his father to afford the aid necessary; but his vehement soul cried out, "let me go; I can take care of myself;" and we find him, when eighteen, at Burlington, Vt., devoting to physical effort a sufficient amount of time to supply his physical wants, and pursuing his studies with that intensity of desire and unity of purpose, which ever characterized him. Here he made such proficiency, that he was soon after employed to teach one of the ancient languages, in the academy at Keeseville, while he pursued his studies in other departments.

While in Burlington, he received license to exhort, from Rev. A. M. Osbon, and began to exercise his gifts in "pointing the lost to their salvation and hope." Soon after, he received authority to preach. His success in the commencement of his ministry, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends. The writer remembers to have heard him several times, soon after he received license, and while he was attending the academy at St. Albans. There was even then, a power of consecutive thought, a pleasing diction, and an energy and earnestness of manner, which gratified his audience and gave promise of the man. But the youthful preacher had too much candor and judgment to conclude, that, because the people expressed themselves satisfied with his ministrations, he had no need to improve. He knew that the approbation bestowed upon his sermons, was approbation bestowed upon the labors of one just

entering the Christian ministry; and although the people might now listen to them with delight, as the efforts of a boy, that delight would be turned into disgust when he should have reached maturity, unless they marked an improvement suited to his years. Too many young men, who enter the ministry full of promise and hope, fail at this point. They are judged, not by what they now are, but by what it is supposed they will be, when those opening powers are fully developed, and their early efforts are well received. But insidiously the sentiment steals upon the mind, that they shall succeed without any great exertion, and the result is a failure, mortifying to themselves and to the church of Christ. Those sermons, listened to with so much delight when delivered by a youth, become tasteless and insipid when delivered by a man; and those who praised them with such ardor, are disappointed and chagrined at the failure of their hopes. But no such seductive influences could draw the subject of this memoir from the high path he had marked out for himself.

Having thoroughly qualified himself, he entered the sophomore class in the Wesleyan University, in the summer of 1835. His college life passed, as is usual with life in such circumstances, without any startling incidents or anything peculiarly interesting; but the whole was devoted ardently and faithfully to the work before him. During the last two years of his collegiate course, he was engaged as assistant teacher in the Middletown Preparatory School, then under the superintendence of Daniel H. Chase. Almost every sabbath he was engaged to preach, at some point in the vicinity of Middletown, and part of the time he had charge of a small society, about five miles distant. Yet he was able, by untiring application, to complete his course, and graduate with honor to himself and the institution, at the commencement in 1838.

Of his standing in the university, John G. Saxe, Esq., who occupied a room with him for one year, says, "I was with Alfred one year, very intimately, yet it was an *even* life for him and me, just study, study, and little else. The most that I could say would be this, he was a fine scholar, of winning manners, and elegant tastes; the most popular student in college, and admitted to be among the foremost in intellectual power." Rev. L. L. Knox says of him, "Brother Saxe was clear-headed, studious, and prompt. He did not claim to be a wonderful genius, and hence he was not ashamed to study. If he ever came to the recitation room without a lesson, which scarcely ever occurred, we all knew that some higher duty or some stern necessity had been upon him, I know not that he had any favorite studies, or rather, I know not that there were any branches of study that were not favorites. There were none in which he was a poor, or even medium scholar. In a class of twenty-nine, he stood in scholarship among the first, and if you add to scholarship social qualities, and whatever constitutes an agreeable, interesting and promising young man, he was easily our chief."

But although able to sustain himself creditably with such an amount of labor, it was evidently too much for his physical constitution. Of this he himself became sensible in later life. Writing, a few weeks before his death to a brother younger than himself, who was about entering the ministry, he exhorts him to avoid this over exertion: "I know from experience, that assuming too great an amount of labor and responsibility to start with, is just the way to prevent the steady and healthy development of the mental faculties. I want you to have a fair chance to start right, and not subject yourself to the *whip and spur* of excitement and exertion before you have a suitable preparation to make your labors

tell. In short, you should aim at more than temporary success, at being something besides a *smart young man.*"

In October, 1838, he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Chase, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Chase, of New York, with whom he had been associated as a teacher in the preparatory school. For the next eighteen months he had charge of this institution, while the principal was absent on a visit to Europe, and discharged his duties to the satisfaction of all. At the end of this period, he was placed at the head of the Middletown High School. This was a public institution established by the authorities of the city, and the position demanded great labor, but, by his talent and industry, he caused the school to prosper in his hands. During a portion of his residence in Middletown, he was also professor of normal instruction in the university of which he was a graduate.

In the spring of 1843, he became convinced that the time had come, when duty required that he should devote himself wholly to the work of the ministry. It was a settled principle of his life, that what God required was to be faithfully performed, and the only question was to determine in what part of the vineyard he was to labor. All the hallowed reminiscences of his youth, as well as a conviction of duty, seemed to direct his attention to the Troy Conference, and although inducements were held out in other quarters, he resolved to connect himself with that body. He was received on trial by the New York Conference, at their session in that year, and transferred to the Troy Conference.

His first appointment was the Ferry street station, in the city of Albany. This congregation had been previously subject to misfortune. A few years before, they erected a beautiful and commodious church edifice, but became heavily involved in debt. And scarcely had

they entered this house, where they hoped their children would worship God, when it was "burned up with fire and all their pleasant things laid waste." But although for a time disheartened, and finally disbanded, they rallied again, and, during the year preceding, completed the Ferry Street Church. During the winter, God smiled upon their efforts, and many were converted.

Entering thus upon his duties, with a church which had been scattered, by what seemed to them a mysterious dispensation of divine providence, but who had been gathered again, and were now looking to the future with high and holy hope; he resolved that nothing should be omitted, upon his part, that would lead to the realization of those hopes. He began his labors with fear and trembling, yet with zeal and energy, his word was attended with divine power; the brethren rallied for his support, and he was able, not only to retain those who had been gathered in, but also to lead many others to the cross. Thus did the first year of his itinerant life pass nearly to its conclusion, amid the triumphs and glories of the present, and the opening hopes of the future. But, in February, he was attacked with the measles. His constitution had before become enfeebled, and disease took strong hold upon him, yet the most favorable hopes were entertained by his friends. But a fire occurred in that section of the city, which endangered his own dwelling, and rendered his removal necessary. Care was used, yet his exposure to the night air with the excitement of the moment, produced deleterious consequences, and although he came up from that bed of languishing, he came up from it with a permanent pulmonary affection.

At the conference of 1844, which was held at West Poultney, he appeared with an attenuated form and haggard countenance, but too plainly indicating the

ravages of disease. He was however elected one of the secretaries of the conference, although but a probationer, and the journal of that year, while it reveals his fidelity and good taste, at several points, testifies to the tremulousness and prostration incident to disease. He was reappointed to Ferry street, where the brethren received him cordially, and rallied for his support. His ministry this year, was attended with a good degree of success, and a number were added to the church. He possessed the confidence as well as sympathy of the people, and left them at the close of the year amid many regrets. One of the prominent members of that church, said, "There are few such men as Brother Saxe; he was a *man* in every sense of the word." Another has summed up his character, in the motto placed at the head of this article, "a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian."

In 1845, he was appointed to North White Creek. The labors of this year were performed with great difficulty, on account of increased debility, yet they were not intermitted. Nay, his soul seemed to gather fresh power and zeal, as it neared the end of its labors. Here, also, he had the confidence and affection of the people, and during the year about forty experienced the renewing grace of God, and were received upon probation in the church.

At the conference of 1846, his health was so far impaired as to render it impracticable to continue the active work of the ministry, and he, who, three years before, entered the "itinerant ranks" with such high and noble purposes, and so much promise of success—who had so nobly acted his part in the great contest between truth and error, was obliged to retire from the field. Although in the prime of life, he was placed upon the superannuated list. Friends he had in every place

where he had sojourned, but in this, the hour of his extremity, none seemed to him like the friends of his youth; no place like the home of his childhood. His father had returned to the town of Sheldon, Vt., and thither, with his little family, the wearied and wasted invalid now turned his sorrowing steps, hoping that the quiet of that early home would restore his exhausted frame.

But although secluded from active life and his hopes of usefulness cut off, his usual cheerfulness did not forsake him. He had learned to put his trust in God, and that confidence did not waver in the dark hour of adversity. It was painful to him to think of going to the grave in the morning of life, and he frequently and freely expressed his desire to live. But that desire was ever connected with a sense of the vast work to be performed, and the necessity of his presence to the happiness of his family. He desired to live that he might spread the knowledge of Christ and promote the salvation of men. And even this wish was exercised in humble submission to the will of God. Feeling that he was "too wise to err, too good to be unkind," he committed his interests to him whom he had served, and calm and thoughtful, yet full of cheerfulness and hope, he passed the summer months. The writer of this sketch has a distinct recollection of meeting him toward the close of one of the last days of that summer, a short distance from his father's residence, as he was taking his accustomed evening walk. His feeble step and wasted form were but too indicative of the progress of disease, but his noble brow and beaming eye and thoughtful mien were expressive of hopes that could never die. Toward the conclusion of the summer he passed a few days amid the scenes and friends familiar, when, to use his own language, "he was a barefoot

boy, racing and capering about the shores of Lake Champlain." He was received with great cordiality and many prayers were offered for his recovery.

Having concluded to remain in Sheldon, his companion left him about the first of October, to complete some arrangements for their comfort during the winter, as well as to visit her friends in New York. On Tuesday, the 6th of this month, he rode to St. Albans Bay, a distance of twelve miles, transacted some business, and returned the same evening. This journey produced great weariness, yet the next morning he says, in a letter to his absent companion. "Wednesday morning has come. I was so tired with riding twenty-four miles yesterday, that I could not help sleeping in earnest. I have had but little asthma since you went away, and my nights pass quite comfortably when I do not sleep too much in the day time." During the day he completed this letter, which he had commenced several days before. There is a peculiar sacredness about this epistle, as it was the last production of the departed one, but it was written to an absent wife and is too sacred for the public eye. The closing paragraph, the last unquestionably he ever wrote, evincing as it does his unwavering trust in God, and his continued interest in the happiness of those dear to him, may not be omitted. "Give yourself no uneasiness about us. We are well cared for. Our folks do all that is kind, and we are in the care of One, moreover, by whom all things are observed, without whose notice not a sparrow falls. Enjoy your visit just as much as possible, lay care aside and be happy, just as happy as possible. May God bless you, and in due time bring you back again to meet a hearty welcome."

The evening was passed in social intercourse with the family, and he conversed with his usual animation

When he had taken his light to repair to his own room, he paused, and with his hand upon the latch of the door, related a pleasing anecdote. Thus did this minister of Christ go to his private apartment on the night of the 7th of October, 1846. His parents had but just risen on the following morning, when they were startled by the call of his little boy, who had passed the night with him. They hastily entered his room and found him sitting upon the side of his bed, with the blood issuing profusely from his mouth. He was unable to speak, but seemed conscious of his state, and his countenance bore the same aspect of composure as when he retired to rest. And so rapid was the work of the destroyer, that scarce five minutes elapsed ere those parents found themselves standing amid the grey twilight of the opening morn by the corse of their eldest born.

Brother Saxe possessed a vigorous and active intellect, characterized by quickness of apprehension and soundness of judgment. And his mind was thoroughly disciplined, for, under a sense of his responsibility to God, he had labored to strengthen and expand his powers to their utmost extent. In his case one principle was not made prominent at the expense of others, but there was a healthy and proportionate development of all the powers. Energy and perseverance were also striking traits of his character. Of this, his collegiate course furnishes abundant evidence. Thrown to a great extent upon his own resources, forced to employ a portion of his time in teaching others the rudiments of knowledge, he yet acquitted himself honorably and satisfactorily in every department. But his effort was not confined to this period of life. From the moment he resolved upon the ministry, almost to the hour of death, his energies were devoted to his work. Every moment was employed to the full extent of his physical ability,

and employed in the accomplishment of some high and noble object.

But his was not a cold intellectuality merely. With a soul capable of the most lofty conceptions and daring efforts, able to enter upon the most abstruse speculations and the closest reasoning, he yet had a spirit that could feel and love. Entirely free from affectation, discarding that species of politeness which consists in forms and ceremonies, the kindness of his nature disposed him to urbanity and led him to treat all with courtesy and respect. None ever had cause to complain of rudeness or even indifference upon his part. By these amiable traits of character, he drew around him, wherever he moved, a circle of intelligent and devoted friends, who contributed to his happiness while they shared in his affections. Of the strength of some of the attachments formed while at the University, abundant evidence is afforded in letters from two of his college companions, who had their residence in the sunny south. To one of them he had written giving an account of his illness and the prospect of approaching death. In reply under date of October 5th, he says, "I could and would go over many dear reminiscences, but the pressure of present circumstances crowds them out of the field of view; the present, with its demands and emergencies, is all that I can regard. Now, first and foremost, come and spend the winter with me; come with railroad, yes, telegraphic speed to where the winds are soft, and the sunshine not frozen and driven back to heaven from ice mountains. Come, and if a warm heart, hearth and home can do you good, good shall be done you." The other, in a letter dated October 8th, says, "Yesterday J. W. Burrus, of our immortal days, came to see us and told me of you and your condition. We talked of you much and kindly. It is needless to say,

to attempt to say, what we both feel respecting your state of health. All the recollections of college scenes, young hopes, social fellowship, the plans and prospects of the future, all the bubbles of the bright world then around and before us, *bubbles*, too many of them, though to our fancies brilliants pure and beautiful; all these came up to take the memory by storm, and make us feel the more keenly the present condition of our friend, my classmate. I was glad to hear that he had invited you to come south. Let me earnestly join my petition to his. I can not too earnestly entreat you to come. We can not spare you from our favored class. I have not heard that any of them have thinned our ranks by a premature exit. Yet they are all scattered, though all on earth. The pebbles, even, are precious to me, how then can I bear to lose the brilliants that gave the coronet its beauty? I am but an humble member of that class, yet I love it and feel a pride in its success, and the individual happiness of its members. Come, and spend the winter with us."

Neither of these letters, so full of affection and condolence, were ever seen by him to whom they were addressed, for his eye was closed in death long before they reached the place of their destination.

But this deep affection of his nature was especially manifested towards the members of his own household. The fond recollections of his home in northern Vermont, were cherished during his college life, and he often called to mind the happy inmates that gathered in that family circle. His mother, especially, was deeply shrined in his affections, and to her he unbosomed his soul with peculiar freedom. In a poetical epistle (for like most youthful aspirants after fame he did sometimes court the muses), addressed to her during his first year in college, he thus expresses the longing of his heart for

home, and especially for the devotional services of that home, in which he had been accustomed to participate.

"When the tasks and the toils of the day are over,
My thoughts round the fireside softly hover,
And I think how truly *their* hearts may rejoice,
Who list to the sound of my mother's voice.
I long to sit where I've sat before,
Though the storm and wind without should roar,
To read from the book that excels every other,
To brothers and sisters, and father and mother."

In one, written about a year later, he says:

Oft in the silence of the midnight hour,
When magic memory sways a potent power,
When sleep deserts my pillow, and my brain
Is restless with excitement, care and pain,
My native mountains, in their azure hue,
Seem pictured plainly to my gladdened view,
I seem at once to go with wishes' speed,
And with a sight of home my wishes feed.
Out comes a prattling group, with hasty feet,
Their eldest brother's late return to greet.
When the sun sinks far in the golden west,
And my tired father sits him down to rest,
When mother gets the food, prepares the tea,
It seems as if one plate was set for me;
And there I sit, where oft I've sat before,
In the gray evening at the western door.

He could say with truth:

"'Like the sweet breezes from an orange grove
Comes the soft influence of a mother's love."

for he remembered,

"Twas thou that watched my footsteps when a child,
Grieved at my grief, and at my pleasure smiled,
And when I grew a captious, thoughtless boy,
To palliate my faults, afforded joy.

While he thus poured the tide of his affection upon a mother's heart, he could sympathize with the joys of the youngest of that family group. At one of his visits to his home, a sister, then a laughing and prattling girl,

presented her album, and feeling the influence of the rural scenes around him in the opening spring time, he wrote:

The Spring, the Spring,
'Tis a pleasant thing;
With its sights and sounds of joy,
I could run about,
With a song and shout,
And the lightsome heart of a boy.

My heart is rife,
With a glowing life,
O, I love with Spring to commune;
To bound in glee,
O'er the sunny lee,
Or list to the honey bee's tune.

Then relapsing into one of his thoughtful moods, he penned these words; words but too sadly realized in his early fate:

But Spring will fade,
And the forest glade
Will soon wear the yellow leaf,
Thus fades our pleasure,
Though full the measure,
And life, like the spring time, is brief.

Among the most striking characteristics of our departed brother was cheerfulness. While he never suffered his mind to degenerate into levity or forget the great object of existence, he would often lay aside for a time the sterner duties of life, and indulge in those innocent pleasantries, which cheer but never harm. And his habit of frequently unbending his mind from those mighty thoughts which usually engrossed it, and engaging in familiar and pleasing conversation with his friends, was one of the means by which its elasticity and vigor was preserved. And such was the strength of his hope, that he never allowed his mind to despond, and in the darkest hour he could always see light. Hope

contributed to his cheerfulness, while the cheerfulness of his nature animated and invigorated his hope.

His character in this respect, is clearly described by one already referred to, Rev. L. L. Knox, Principal of East Maine Conference Seminary. "The character of brother Saxe, as it lives in my recollection, had no strikingly bold traits; his life, so far as I saw it, had no remarkable passages. But the whole was radiant with a glow of kindly and cheerful spirits, such as I do not recollect to have found in any other man. He always met his friends with a smile, and that smile was contagious, they caught it and were cheerful too. He sometimes said, playfully, that he intended to laugh his way through the world. The last time I saw him, a few minutes in the spring of 1845, at his house in Albany, looking thin and sickly, I alluded to that remark of his and enquired if he still retained the same intention. 'O,' said he, 'my experience has some afflictions, but I believe I retain my cheerfulness very well.' That cheerfulness was not thoughtlessness, levity, frivolity. He was often serious, sometimes solemn, and never did I know him to treat solemn things with lightness. Never did I see the time that I should not have selected him as one of my *religious* friends. None who knew him lacked confidence in his piety, and happy would it be if the piety of Christians were more generally enlivened with something of his innocent and genial cheerfulness."

Even the wasting power of disease, which so often causes despondency, and renders its victim restless and uneasy, had slight power upon his spirit. Everything around him wore the most cheerful aspect, and he was satisfied with his lot. A few days after his removal from his devoted friends in Albany, to a new field of labor among strangers, he writes in his wonted cheerful strain, to his brother: "Here we are, in the pret-

tiest village north of *any where*. It lies among the hills, about twenty-eight miles north-east of Troy, and within five miles, in a straight line, from the Vermont line. *So you see we are not so far from home after all.* The site of the village is very level, and the valley in which we are hid away, is from one-half a mile to a mile in breadth, and extends several miles north and south, along the banks of a little mountain stream, called, from the purity of its waters, *White* creek. We have a house nearly as nice, and quite like the one in Middletown. My garden contains nearly half an acre, which gives us plenty of room to raise onions and *things*, and a big piece for "*praties.*" The people seem very well pleased to have us among them, and pay us marked respect. The church is not quite as united as I could desire, but it is my business to try and improve matters; and, with the blessing of God upon my efforts, I have no doubt of success."

Here is an example worthy the admiration and imitation of every minister. Instead of faltering in view of obstacles, we behold the spirit of our brother rising above the influence of disease, and nerving itself for conflict with all that opposed the prosperity of the church. Instead of mourning over the unfortunate state of things, he felt that it was his "business to improve matters;" and he addressed himself to that work with zeal and earnestness, resolved, with the blessing of God, to accomplish it.

As a Christian, he was consistent and devoted. With him, religion was a matter of principle, based upon a clear appreciation of the claims of God, and was, therefore, efficient and uniform in its action upon the soul. His zeal was fervid, yet "according to knowledge;" prompting him in all his movements to consult the dictates of prudence, and leading him earnestly and deeply

to study human character, and search for the hidden springs of action in the human heart, that he might adapt his efforts to the perverse nature of those he would save. It embraced in its intelligent and comprehensive view, every plan for the benefit of the race, and prompted to an efficient and active discharge of the duties of his office, even when his strength was wasting, and his material frame fast crumbling into ruin.

To the great work of the Christian ministry, he came with a clear view of its responsibility, and a just appreciation of its honor. His sentiments are sufficiently indicated in a letter to the brother already alluded to, when first informed that he had determined to enter this calling. It bears date, September —, 1846, and was written when he had passed through the toils and privations of an itinerant ministry; had suffered all the disappointment and pain consequent to such a spirit, when laid aside from activity and usefulness; when, indeed, from that calm retreat to which he had retired, he was able to look upon this world and the world to come, in their proportionate relations and importance. And it was written to a *brother*, for whom he felt a deep solicitude. He says: "Among many things in your letter, that please me, Godfrey, at *one thing especially*, I am greatly rejoiced. You have settled the question of duty, and remark, that, cost what it will, you are determined to do it. I have, I think, in a former letter, observed that in regard to one's duty in this life, no one can be a proper judge but the individual himself. Deep personal conviction is the only firm foundation for any man, in deciding upon his life plan. Hence, I have refrained from attempting to persuade you in the choice of a profession. Not that I had no preference; I had a powerful preference that you should select the ministry, and I will now say that, brother, you have 'chosen the better part.'

You have chosen it, too, I am persuaded, upon a ground work of conviction so strong and satisfactory, that neither the world, the flesh or the devil, nor all combined, can have power to shake the foundation of your faith, or the peace of your soul. Go on, and may you prosper. 'Having put your hand to the plough, look not back.' "

As a preacher, brother Saxe was impressive and practical. His subjects were well chosen, and in their elucidation he proceeded step by step, rendering each position impregnable, and making a deep impression upon the heart. He never came down upon his hearers with bold and startling propositions, or indulged in useless although pleasing speculations, which only leave a congregation bewildered and amazed, or lost in wonder at the daring and independence of the speaker, but turned his attention and the attention of his audience, to those truths connected with the dearest interests of man. And he labored so to present those subjects, as to rouse the heart and lead to action. It is not to be understood from this, that his sermons were purely declamatory. He had carefully studied the oracles of God, and he endeavored to impress his hearers, by a presentation of their sublime and glorious truths. Yet he never sought to rouse the passions, while the intellect was involved in darkness. He knew that emotion thus produced, must be superficial and transitory, and he therefore labored to move the heart and sway the will, by pouring upon the darkened intellect the light of truth divine. His sermons were sometimes characterized by depth and consecutiveness of thought; many of them by strong arguments upon the great doctrines of Christianity.

His style was clear and forcible. Words were with him the media of thought, and he therefore selected those which would express his idea, in the clearest and

most impressive manner. His language was pure and chaste, correct in its construction, and adapted to the subject. There was no redundancy of words, no flights of the imagination, no pompous diction, to amuse and captivate his hearers; his strength was in the thought, and the clearness of the expression. One of the members of his last pastoral charge remarked, "Brother Saxe never employs a useless or unmeaning word."

It was said of an eminent solicitor, in one of the eastern states, in an early day, that none ever felt that he had made a great argument; his thoughts were so clear, and flowed so naturally from his subject, and he made every thing so plain to the understanding, that all felt "*any one* could argue *such* a cause." Such was, to some extent, the case with the subject of this sketch. His positions were so well selected and so strongly fortified, the transition from one to another so natural, the connection so apparent, the style of reasoning so easy, and so well calculated to promote thought in others, and the ideas so clearly expressed and so firmly fixed in the mind, that the whole seemed almost the product of their own reflection. The doctrines he proclaimed were thus deeply imprinted upon the memory, and became associated with all the thoughts and feelings, producing an effect that time could not destroy.

His manner in the pulpit was calm and dignified, yet earnest and affectionate. His gestures were few and appropriate, and all his action easy and graceful. His voice, although seldom raised to an unnatural pitch, possessed compass and power. He always entered the pulpit as an ambassador for Christ; not to amuse, but to profit his hearers; and the solemnity and earnestness of his demeanor, always left the impression, that he believed and felt the force of the truths he uttered.

In social intercourse, he was pleasant and agreeable.

He had trained his mind to adapt itself to circumstances, and was able to converse intelligently with the most refined, or come down to the ignorance of the most ignorant, and instruct them in the way of life. Easy of access, and affable in his intercourse, all felt at home in his presence, and conversed freely and without embarrassment, even when conscious of his superiority. As a pastor, he was faithful and diligent, as far as his health would permit. Acting upon the principle, that he was to be the *friend*, rather than the *ruler* of his people, he entered into all their feelings, sympathized with them in all their afflictions, and counseled them in all their difficulties. When called to administer the discipline of the church, he did it with tenderness, never appealing to his own authority, as a sufficient reason for his action, but laboring to convince all of the propriety of his course. And by this condescension, he rarely failed of preserving the peace and harmony of the church, while yet he succeeded in accomplishing his object.

To us it appears mysterious, that one so well fitted for usefulness, should have been thus early called from the scenes of earth. But when we remember that he is not lost to the good, that he lives in another and a higher sphere, that those powers he so assiduously cultivated are still employed in the service of Him to whom they were devoted, the view is changed. What has been lost by earth, has been gained by heaven. And we who have lost his society here, feel a new interest in heaven, because he has become one of its inhabitants, and look forward with holy hope to the hour when we shall rejoin him, and share his society in the world above.

REV. SAMUEL EIGHMEY.

Blessed with a religious education, he feared God from a child. When about seventeen years of age, he was made the subject of converting grace. In 1813 he was licensed as an exhorter, and employed on the Delaware circuit. In 1814 he was received on trial by the New York Conference, and in due time graduated to orders in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church. He subsequently labored on Schenectady, Plattsburgh, Whittingham, Montgomery, Saratoga, Salisbury, Chatham, Ticonderoga, Bridport, Leicester, and Bern circuits. After spending twenty years in the active duties of the itinerant ministry, he was granted, at his own request, a supernumerary relation to the conference in 1834; which relation he held until 1846, when he was returned superannuated.

As some of our readers may not understand the precise sense in which the terms "supernumerary" and "superannuated" are technically used by the Methodist church, it may not be amiss to say that "a supernumerary preacher is one so worn out in the itinerant service as to be rendered incapable of preaching *constantly*, but, at the same time, is willing to do any work in the ministry, which the conference may direct, and his strength enable him to perform." A superannuated preacher is one who is more fully disabled by age or infirmity, so that he can not be relied upon to do any effective service in the ministry, and consequently receives no appointment.

Mr. Eighmey labored at a time, and in departments of the work, that involved great toil and privation, requiring withal great skill and economy in the man-

agement of his temporalities, in order to avoid financial embarrassment. He was not distinguished as a scholar, but was abundant in labors, and God owned his efforts, by giving him seals to his ministry. As the head of a family he was greatly devoted to their welfare. He was also emphatically "given to hospitality."

He was a man of great integrity and firmness in the discharge of his duty, both as a preacher and as a pastor. The following illustration of these virtues was communicated to me by an aged member of our conference. When on B—, circuit Vt., he occupied a house belonging to a prominent member of the church, who was a trustee, recording steward, and class leader. He possessed probably more property than all the other Methodists in the town where he lived, and his house had long been a home for the preachers. This brother entertained, however, very loose notions of the sanctity of the sabbath. One Sunday, after attending church, he yoked up his oxen and engaged in drawing in hay from a meadow adjoining the parsonage, and in the presence of the preacher. This was done in a pleasant afternoon, when his Congregationalist neighbors were gathering to hold a conference meeting in a school house near by.

So glaring an outrage on Christian morality, grieved the members of our society in the place, and deeply mortified their pastor. It was a wanton desecration of the holy sabbath, and greatly scandalized Methodism. Early the next morning, Mr. Eighmey called on him, but he justified his course. Again and again he labored to convince him of having sinned, but all in vain. The brother laughed at him for being so superstitious. Nothing remained but to call him before a committee for trial. The offending brother defied him, and said there was not a man in the society where he belonged

that would dare lift his hand to condemn him. But the preacher knew he was not confined to that particular society to obtain a committee; he would call in brethren from any part of the circuit over which he had the pastoral charge. He did so. To this course the brother objected, having good reason to fear the result. He therefore employed a celebrated lawyer to defend him, and invited all around him to be present, and see him "break down" the preacher.

When the time for trial arrived, he, his lawyer, and friends were early on hand. The school house was so filled, that it was with much difficulty the preacher and the committee could gain admittance. The trial was opened by prayer, and the brother was asked if he had any objection against any of the brethren appointed to try the case. His lawyer arose and objected to all of them, on the ground that they were not members of the class to which the accused belonged, and intimated that if he proceeded to try him before that committee, he would commence a civil prosecution.

Mr. Eighmey replied that he was proceeding according to the discipline and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church; that when the accused united with the church, he agreed to abide by its rules, and if he violated them, he agreed that a committee of his brethren, living any where within the pastor's charge, should judge his case; so he read the rules of discipline, and remarked in his peculiar Dutch style, "Squire; you remind me of a Frenchman I conversed with a few weeks ago. I undertook to talk with him about religion, and he replied, 'I know nothing of your American religion, my religion is the Canada religion.' So I think, Squire, you know nothing of the Methodist law; you only understand the *Canadian*, or Vermont law."

The people all perceived that the Squire and his

client were lame, and set up an uproarous laugh; but the Squire rallied again, when Mr. Eighmey called him to order, and perceiving that nothing could be done in such a mob, he arose and said, "The trial is adjourned to meet immediately in a private room over the way, where none will be admitted but the accused, and his counsel, the committee, and the witnesses in the case." He immediately led the way to the place designated; but the case of the accused, with such an array of testimony against him, was so hopeless, that neither he nor his lawyer attended. The trial went on, and the offending brother was expelled.

With the external appearance of an honest Dutchman, and a real sincerity of heart, he combined a shrewdness that was not a little surprising to those who were but superficially acquainted with him.

The following incident was communicated by Rev. A. A. Farr.

"I recollect attending a camp-meeting some years since in Brandon, when brother Eighmey was one of the preachers. He preached one evening from John iii, 16. 'God so loved,' &c. During the first part of the sermon he seemed somewhat embarrassed, but as he proceeded his heart warmed with his subject, and the good influence spread through the congregation. 'Brethren,' said he, in his quaint Dutch manner, 'I am glad that the presiding elder asked me to preach this evening, I preached on this same text one week ago last sabbath in the afternoon, and God Almighty converted two souls, and if he will convert two more to-night, I will preach on it again to morrow morning. In concluding his sermon, as he was exhorting the brethren, to come up to their privilege. '*O!*' said he, *That God Almighty would rub his hand over his church, and make it shine like a new dollar.*"

In his last illness, Mr. Eighmey was frequently visited by Rev. Joel Squier, to whom he expressed his resignation to the divine will, assuring him that death had no terrors. On the day of his departure he said to his friends, "*It is easy dying.*" He died at his residence in Duanesburgh, Schoharie county, N. Y., March 4, 1847, in the sixtieth year of his age.

REV. WILLIAM ANSON.

Father Anson belonged to a former generation. At the time of his death, he had been laid aside from the active duties of the ministry, about twenty-five years; so that he was but little known by either the preachers or people of the present generation.

His father, Mr. James Anson, was a member of an aristocratic family in England, and a student of Oxford. In early life he formed an attachment to a young lady, who, being below him in her circumstances, was sent to this country at the instigation of his father, with a view to prevent their marriage. Mr. Anson came to this country in quest of the object of his affection, but never succeeded in finding her. He is said to have been subsequently a secretary under Gen. Washington in the time of the revolution. Two of his sons, brothers of the subject of this sketch, fell in the revolutionary struggle.

William Anson learned in early life the carpenter's trade, and when about twenty-six years of age, went from the city of New York to assist in building a church at White Plains, where he became the subject of converting grace. The yellow fever, which was then pre-

vailing in New York, was the means, under God, of leading him to reflection and repentance.

He joined the New York Conference in 1800, in company with Henry Eames, Henry Ryan, Samuel Merwin, and other pioneers of Methodism, and went to labor and suffer with Jewel, Sawyer, and their few associates, in the wilds of Canada, where he continued two years. The author of the Memorials of Methodism says, he "did heroic service in Canada, New York, and New England." The following account of his labors on his second charge is from the pen of Rev. Ward Bullard.

"In June, 1802, the conference was held in New York city; to which he repaired, a distance of four hundred miles or upwards from his remote circuit, was ordained deacon, admitted into full connection, and appointed to Grand Isle, a circuit then entirely new. He might have thought his appointment a hard one, and have been somewhat despondent, particularly when he was informed that the inhabitants of his circuit were 'a savage race.' He, however, was undaunted, and of the right age, being about thirty-four, to be qualified by vigor, both of body and mind, and maturity of judgment, to introduce the gospel into new ground. Conference was over. With his new credentials as deacon, and in full connection with his companions in toil, consecrated to the service of his divine Master, and with a heart burning with love to God and man, he mounted his steed and directed his course towards his distant charge. No steamer, car, or even stage, then existed through portions of his journey. The region in which his circuit lay, still possessed much of the rudeness and discomfort of a new country. There were no stately mansions with parlors, carpets, and sofas, to receive him; nevertheless, he found hospitality on his way, and if there were not all the refinements and delicacies that

now exist, his toil made every meal a luxury, and brought sweet sleep to every resting place. After several days of toilsome travel, he arrived at the Bar, on the eastern shore of the lake. He surveyed the Grand Isle, then directly before him, and but a mile or two distant. He was at length about to step upon his field of labor, but upon ground untrodden before by the *itinerant:* unattended by any colleague, with no one to introduce him, with no kind family that he had ever heard of to receive him, without a solitary acquaintance, or even a letter of introduction to open his way before him. In this state of things he was not without some misgivings. The Bar could not then be forded, on account of high water, and a float or raft was the only ferry. On this he embarked and proceeded for a distance, but a wind blew him back. He embarked the second time with a like result. He made the matter a subject of prayer and reflection, and concluded to try once more, and if he should not succeed in reaching the island, he should regard it as an indication that the Lord had not sent him. His third trial was successful.

"He introduced himself to the first person he met upon the island, as a minister of the gospel, and inquired for a place to preach on the next day, it being the sabbath, but could learn of none. On his inquiry for a tavern, he received for answer, that there was one about two miles distant, but, added the informant, 'I believe they have no rum at present.' Rum in those days was essential to a tavern. He rode to the tavern, nothing troubled on account of the thing lacking, and put up for the night. Here he introduced himself as a minister, and asked for a place to preach on the following day. His host, a Captain Dixon, was a member of the Congregational Church; the landlady, and now his widow, has long been a member of our church, and from her

I have gathered many interesting particulars, but want of room will not allow my communicating but a few of them. Permission for preaching in the tavern was granted, and notice of the expected service was sent around. Arrangements being made for the sabbath, Mr. Anson retired to rest. At break of day the following morning, he was waked by the firing of cannon. He looked through his window and saw some men in the street with a field-piece, who had commenced the celebration of the 4th of July, which occurred that year on the sabbath. Surely, thought he, there must be some cause for the information he had received, that the people of these islands are *a savage race*, if they are more careful to celebrate Independence, when it occurs on the sabbath, than they are to keep the Lord's day.

"The fact that a Methodist preacher was on the island, and was going to preach, produced quite a sensation, and drew together a full congregation; and after Mr. Anson had delivered his message, the matter and manner of his preaching afforded the people abundant material for thought and conversation.

"He proceeded to organize his circuit, in doing which he scattered his appointments over the islands, and extended them into Canada. In prosecuting his work, Mr. Anson met with no small amount of difficulty. Though his congregations were fair, and there were enough to extend to him their generous hospitalities, the generality of the people received him coldly. Those that were religious belonged to other denominations, had their prejudices against the Methodists, and looked upon him with distrust, and some even with despite.

"If I am correctly informed, only three first gave their names as probationers; but the leaven continued to work, and others were soon added. Anson preached in barns, in private houses (mostly, then, log cabins),

in school houses, and sometimes in the grove; and so did his successors for many years. Sometimes the permission to preach in a given place was allowed but a short time, when a new place must be sought.

"Mr. Anson was faithful in his labors, and was favored of the Lord. A revival prevailed, classes were formed, and a permanent circuit was established. At the close of the year, *he returned one hundred and two church members.*"

In 1803, he labored on Vergennes circuit, Vt.; the next year he returned to Canada. In 1805, he traveled Pittsfield circuit, Mass., and, in 1806, South Britain. The next year, he took charge of the Ashgrove district, and superintended, during four years, the labors of Samuel Draper, Lewis Pease, Marvin Richardson, Phineas Rice, Tobias Spicer, Arnold Scholefield, John Finnegan, and other strong men. At the expiration of his term of service he was transferred to the Rhinebeck district, which at that time extended from Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, to New Haven, on Long Island Sound. During his surperintendency of this large field of labor, he commanded a powerful corps of preachers. His subsequent appointments were, in 1812–13, Dutchess; 1814–15, Rhinebeck; 1816–17, Saratoga; 1818–19, Pittstown; 1820–1, Chatham; all in New York; and, in 1822, Pittsfield, Mass.

"In 1823, he retired from effective service, and was returned supernumerary. He sought repose on his farm, at Malta, Saratoga county, N. Y. In the spring of 1847, he was attacked by paralysis, and rapidly declined in body and mind, until he entered the heavenly rest, on the 17th of July, 1848, He joined the itinerant ministry when it was beset with privations, and imposed labors which tried the souls of the bravest men. 'He had his full share of hardships,' say his

colaborers, 'but he never flinched.' He was the pioneer of Methodism in many places, and carried the proclamation of free salvation into the wildernesses of Vermont, northern New York and Canada. His piety is pronounced undoubted, his integrity sterling, and his talents respectable. He was laborious and useful, and his preaching plain and powerful. The name of such a man should not be allowed to perish."—(*Memorials of Methodism, 2d series*, 193–4.)

Mr. Anson was a genuine specimen of an *old-fashioned Methodist preacher*. With him the old method of warfare became stereotyped. He was influential and useful in his day; to subsequent changes he never adapted himself. As a presiding elder, he is said, by the older preachers who knew him, to have acquitted himself well. One of them remembers that he cured him of what has been termed the "holy grunt." His preaching, dress, and general deportment, were characteristic of the first race of Methodist preachers. In common with many of them he had a vein of humor, which he sometimes indulged, when in the society of his brethren, otherwise he was grave and dignified. He possessed a very strong constitution, and had ample opportunity of testing its power of endurance. He possessed the confidence of his cotemporaries in the ministry, and greatly enjoyed their society.

While presiding elder of the Ashgrove district, he married the daughter of Gen. Samuel Clark, of Malta, Saratoga county, N. Y., by whom he had two sons and four daughters, some of whom are now worthy members of the church of which their father was, for nearly half a century, a minister.

REV. ELIAS VANDERLIP.

"An old disciple."

For many years a venerable "old disciple" might be seen from sabbath to sabbath occupying the same spot in the altar, just under the pulpit, of the old Division street church, in the city of Albany. The few hairs that, like him on whose head they appeared had outlived their companions, were of a silvery whiteness. An air of pleasant animated devotion always attended him, and he joined in the various acts of worship, with a hearty cheerfulness that exerted a most happy influence on all who beheld him. That disciple was the Rev. Elias Vanderlip. The wife of one of the former devoted pastors of that church, affected by his devout simplicity and venerable piety, penned the following lines.

"I love beneath that sacred desk,
To see thee, sitting there
So calm, so thoughtful, listening to
The voice of praise and prayer.

I love to gaze on thy pale brow,
So furrowed o'er with years,
It tells thou'st passed through many a scene
Of joys, of hopes, and fears.

Methinks there is a holier calm,
Thou sire of the silver hair,
Around that sacred altar place,
When thou art sitting there.

Farewell, farewell, thou man of God,
Would thou would'st pray for me,
For God hath said such prayer as thine,
Shall not unanswered be."

J. S.

Elias Vanderlip was born at Carl's Neck, on Staten Island, February 10, 1765. His father, who was an Episcopalian, was drowned when Elias was very young. His mother was a Methodist for some thirty or forty years. He was brought up to the trade of a shoemaker, in the city of New York, and was an eye witness of many interesting incidents which occurred in and about that city, connected with the revolutionary struggle. These he used to relate in his old age with great complacency. His early religious and educational advantages were not the most favorable. The general laxity of morals always attendant upon that scourge of humanity, war, was prevalent in his early associations. He was awakened and converted to God, in the cradle of American Methodism, the John street church, in 1787, under the preaching of John Dickens. This was then, and for several years afterwards, our only house of worship in that city. His first public efforts in the cause of Christ, were in the little settlements near New York, where his labors were owned of God. "About 1792, my mind," he says, "began to be exercised about my duty to preach. I stated my feelings to Thomas Morrell, then stationed in the city. He said, 'Go and preach,' which constituted my only commission for some time thereafter. Accordingly I went to Bull's Ferry and exhorted the people, under the rocks there, to repentance and faith; and, blessed be God, I saw some fruits of my toil. Occasionally, also, I preached, in my stammering way, to the people in the suburbs of the city." In 1796, he left New York, where he had been in business for some years, and opened a shoe store in the city of Albany, which, however, was soon destroyed by fire. He then removed to Niskayuna, a few miles north-west of Albany, where he engaged in farming, officiating as he had opportunity as a local preacher.

His efforts in that place were the means of the conversion of many souls, of the formation of a society, and of the erection of the first Methodist Episcopal church in that region. In 1802 he was received on trial as a traveling preacher, in company with Andrew McKain, Samuel Howe, Nathan Bangs, and a number of others. His first appointment was to the old Pittsfield circuit, as the colleague of Moses Morgan. The latter withdrew, and Samuel Howe filled his place. At this time the entire membership in the United States was less than eighty-seven thousand. In those days the large circuits required the utmost energies of a robust constitution. What conceivable motive, but the love of souls, could have induced the preachers of those days to perform the labors, and endure the obloquy, to which they were subjected, for which, so far as their temporal interests were concerned, they received the most meagre pecuniary compensation.

Mr. Vanderlip was returned to Pittsfield a second year, during which he received a youth into the church, who has since served at her altars for more than forty years, with uncommon fidelity, has held a prominent place in her councils, and contributed to her useful literature. That youth was Tobias Spicer. In 1804, Mr. Vanderlip was admitted, in company with Robert R. Roberts, William Ryland, and others of precious memory, into full connection, and ordained by Bishop Asbury to the office of a deacon. He was stationed on Cambridge circuit, Phineas Cook being his assistant, and God gave them great success, especially on that part of the circuit then known as Thurman's Patent. In 1805 he was stationed in Albany, our only house of worship in that city then being the small building standing on the corner of Pearl and Orange streets. Serious divisions had existed in that society, and it is said this ap-

pointment was made in view of that fact. During the early history of Methodism, the provision for the support of the ministry was so utterly inadequate to meet the wants of a large family, that hundreds of most worthy men were compelled to locate in order to avoid the condemnation of those who fail to "provide for those of their own house;" and as Mr. Vanderlip's family had become large, he was induced, much against his inclination, to locate at the close of his term of service in Albany. In 1807 he was readmitted, and traveled Ulster circuit, but in 1808, for the same reasons that influenced him two years before, he again located.

From 1808 to 1838 he resided in Albany, preaching frequently in and around the city, as he had calls and opportunities, and identifying himself with all the interests of the church of his early choice. Mrs. Vanderlip having died in 1836, and his sons and daughters being all married and settled in life, he, in 1838, entered the itinerant ranks in the Troy Conference, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. It could not, of course, be expected that he could do much service at that advanced period of life, but his heart was greatly set upon the work, from which he had been driven by uncontrollable circumstances. He was anxious to die in the harness. He was appointed to the Johnstown circuit; but before the year closed, the infirmities of age compelled him again to retire from the field. The next year he was returned supernumerary, and the following year, 1840, superannuated, in which relation he died.

During the last years of his life, he patiently suffered much. Some five months before his death, he had the misfortune to break his thigh, which greatly aggravated his sufferings. In a short account of himself, which he dictated to his family, about four months previous to his death, he says: "I am now, in my eighty-fourth year,

stretched on my couch with a broken thigh. I expect no more to mingle in the busy scenes of life. The sinners whom I have invited to repent, and believe in Jesus, will hear my voice no more. My soul, however, is happy, very happy. I have no fears of death. I am prepared, through the riches of divine grace and the blood of the atonement, for my great change. I am anxious to leave these sublunary scenes, this world of trial and change, and be with my blessed Jesus. I long for the messenger to come. Glory to God! come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" He died at the residence of his son, Mr. George R. Vanderlip, with whom he had lived for some years, in the city of Albany, September 3, 1848, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Father Vanderlip made no pretensions to superior intellectual endowments, or literary acquirement, or to being a *great* preacher. He was a cheerful, lively, zealous Christian. He loved to talk on religious subjects. Prayer and praise were his delight. His preaching was practical, and calculated to cheer and encourage the Christian to the exercise of faith and hope in God. He dwelt, with great frequency and pleasure, on the love of the Savior to a ruined world. His exhortations were often productive of the most happy effects. To Methodism, he was ardently and unwaveringly attached, during his long life.

In his old age, he was remarkably pleasant and agreeable. As he advanced in years, he evidently grew in grace, so that for some time previous to his death, he was very happy in God his Savior. He loved the means of grace, and delighted to work in the cause of Christ. He was no croaker. He did not imagine that the spirit of God had left the church, nor that vital piety had died with the fathers. There was a cheerful simplicity and godly sincerity about him, that won the hearts of young

and old. During his last sickness, he was patient and joyful in hope of his appointed change, often shouting aloud the praises of God. When worldly matters were the topics of coversation, he seemed to take no notice of it; but when the subject of religion was introduced, he exhibited a lively interest in all that was said. He used to say that, "he was pluming his wings for his flight;" and at other times, that he was all "packed up, and waiting to go when the Master should call him."

He died peacefully, in a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers.

REV. JOHN D. MORIARTY.

BY REV. JOHN E. BOWEN.

John D. Moriarty, the subject of the following memoir, was born in the town of Bedford, Westchester county, N. Y., Aug. 1st, 1793. He was a son of Peter Moriarty, one of the early Methodist preachers, and "another example of that powerful influence which Methodism exerted, in its early days, over the popular mind; subduing the prejudices of education, and smiting with resistless religious convictions, all classes of men who came within reach of its ministrations." (*Memorials of Meth.* 2d s. p. 114.)

His father was born of Roman Catholic parents, and had his early education and religious training under that system of error. At the age of sixteen, he providentially heard the gospel preached by a Methodist itinerant, who found his way to the neighborhood where his father resided, when it pleased the Lord to open his

eyes to see himself a sinner, and that all his former "confessions to the priest were delusions of Satan," and that he was still in the broad road that led to hell. "My distress," he writes, "was inconceivably great, I was afraid of God and man, I could neither eat, drink, or sleep for some time, I felt such a pressing load of guilt." It was then affirmed, by priest and people, that the Methodists had made him distracted, and his father, looking upon him as a disgrace to the family, threatened to turn him away from his home if he did not desist: a threat he subsequently put into execution. He applied himself to reading the scriptures and prayer, until God spoke deliverance to his soul, and ushered in the day of salvation and hope. He became at once a shining light. He entered the itinerant ranks, and for thirty-four years swept across the country from south to north, a coadjutor in that band of early Methodist pioneers who have won such noble trophies to Christ, and left a fragrant memory and influence on earth. He died as the Christian warrior wishes to die, with his armor on, and in the field.

His son, the subject of the present sketch, was awakened and converted at the age of fourteen years, though he did not always, in his early days, enjoy the life and power of religion in his soul. Not long after his conversion, he so far backslid as to omit the outward forms of religion. He was aroused to a sense of his duty in the following manner: The Rev. John Crawford, of precious memory in the church, was visiting at his father's, and in his presence was discoursing respecting the spiritual condition and prospects of his family. He asked in regard to John, "And what is your son?" The father replied, "he is a *nothingarian*." This called out the expression from the son, "I have my principles." "Yes," replied the faithful minister, "*corn stalks with-*

out corn." This singular reply struck home conviction to his soul, and was the means of calling him out into active and efficient Christian life. He immediately united with the church, at the age of twenty, and thence forward to the hour of his death, maintained a consistent, and as far as health permitted, an active Christian life. Not long after this he was married to Anne Laird, who shared his labors and toils till death dissolved the connection.

In the fall of 1813 or 1814, he removed to Albany, and became connected with the Division Street Church. Here his piety and talents were appreciated, and he was elected a trustee; and soon after, without solicitation on his part, was licensed to exhort. The pastor not long after said to him, "Brother Moriarty, the people complain of you, and say you preach; you had better have license to do so," and accordingly gave it. At the next session of the New York Conference, he joined the traveling connection, and was appointed to Coeymans circuit, with Gershom Pierce, as his colleague. He traveled this circuit two years, and saw the work of God revived, and many sinners brought into the kingdom.

The next two years he traveled Kingston circuit, and the two following, Newburgh. Here he had many difficulties to contend with in the church, such as left upon his mind a very unpleasant influence, and he always looked back to those two years as the most arduous and trying of his ministry. From Newburgh, he was removed to Fonda's Bush, and, during his two years there, was favored with some gracious seasons of revival. His next appointment was Johnstown circuit. Of his labors there, his colleague, the Rev. M. Bates, writes: "I was with him on Johnstown circuit, during his second year. Brother Moriarty was greatly

esteemed there. His influence was extensive and salutary. A church was built in the village of Johnstown, through his instrumentality. He was mild, dignified and energetic. During this year, those afflictions commenced (a partial paralysis of his lower extremities), which laid him aside from his labors, and attended him more or less through the remainder of his days. During the last half of the year, he was able to perform but little labor. The year was, to him, one of great affliction and temporal embarrassment, perhaps the most so of his whole life. While physically prostrated, he had a large family of young children dependant upon him."

At the close of this year, the colleagues set off together, to attend the session of the conference, in the city of New York. They rode to Coeymans, and then took the steamboat for New York. In getting on board, they were obliged to take a small boat from the shore, to meet the small boat of the steamer. Brother Moriarty was heavy, and had but little use of his lower limbs. As he was getting from one small boat to the other, they were separated by the waves, and he was with the utmost difficulty saved from a watery grave. Brother Bates remarks: "I love to cherish the recollections of my association with John D. Moriarty, as my colleague. I was then but in the third year of my ministry, and his kind, communicative, gentlemanly and Christian deportment, was, to me, alike pleasing and profitable." At the close of this conference, his name was announced in connection with Saratoga circuit. To this charge he removed with beclouded prospects, and a heavy heart. Here closed his itinerant labors. His failing health continued to decline, and ended in confirmed prostration.

In the month of April, 1831, he removed his family to Saratoga Springs, to try the healing power of its

mineral fountains. He went there a confirmed invalid, so utterly prostrated that he was unable to move, except on crutches. He hired a small dwelling, and with his family entered it. At the close of the first year, he purchased that dwelling, which afterward expanded into the proportions and character of the Congress Spring Temperance House, of which he was proprietor, eighteen years. Here he was appointed to take charge of the Springs congregation, and often in his own house held class and prayer meetings, and sometimes public preaching. He often officiated in the pulpit, sitting in a chair, after having been borne there by his brethren. Gradually he recovered the use of his limbs, but was never afterward able to take an appointment, and sustained, up to his death, a superannuated relation.

The society at the Springs was feeble at that time. Methodism was comparatively unknown, or unfavorably regarded, and but few attended upon its ministrations. Identifying himself with this feeble society in all his feelings and interest, he labored assiduously and successfully, to promote the welfare of the church of his choice. He saw the place of her tents enlarged and "the curtains of her habitation stretched forth" until "the little one became a thousand." Whatever appertained to the interests of the church was of paramount importance to him. The interest of the cause of God was his interest, the prosperity of the church a cause of deep rejoicing, and whatever conduced to this result received his cooperation and support.

During the winter and spring of 1848, a gracious revival of religion visited the place, in which some of his family were converted, and he himself shared largely in labors and in blessings. It was observed by many, who had been long acquainted with him, that he manifested

an unusual interest and engagedness in religion, and an evident ripening for heaven.

The last sabbath but one that he spent on earth, was in the house of God, and one of unusual interest to him. He bowed for the last time at the sacramental board, and there commemorated the sufferings and death of our divine Redeemer. When that table was approached shortly after by some of his children, who had lately found redemption in the blood of atonement, his heart was too full to speak, and the tears coursing down his cheek, told of strong emotion and joy within.

His death was sudden and unlooked for, but the messenger found him ready. His illness was of such a character as to admit of but little converse, but that was satisfactory. To an aged friend, who stood by his bed side as the lamp of life burnt feebly in its socket, and inquired the prospect before him, he replied, "*Glory to God, all is clear*," and his last testimony, uttered in presence of his brethren, respected the preciousness of religion, and the glorious prospect it opened to his vision of immortality beyond the tomb. On the morning of June 18th, 1849, in the presence of his family, he fell asleep, in holy tranquility, and now rests forever from his labors.

As a citizen, in the community where he was best known, he was highly respected, and his loss deeply felt. *As a Christian*, he was esteemed and honored, and his faithful admonitions and counsels, his prayers and entreaties, have had an impressive effect upon the minds of many with whom he had intercourse.

As a minister, he was laborious and successful, with fearless heart uttering the startling truths of the Bible, or administering discipline in the church. He never shrank from responsibility, and whether his duty was pleasant or painful to himself, he did it fearless of re-

sults. Many will long remember him for his earnest and faithful pulpit ministrations; many for his faithful Christian labors, after disease had laid him aside from active life; many for his gentlemanly and Christian deportment as the proprietor of an extensive boarding house; and many no doubt will be the stars in his crown of rejoicing, in that day when God shall make up the number of his jewels.

REV. WILLIAM RYDER.*

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

Religion never appears more lovely than when, as an angel of light, she waits on suffering humanity, soothing the sorrows, and calming the anguish of the afflicted one, by placing the cup of divine consolation in his hand, and pointing him to the blessed regions where sighing never comes. Some of the finest exhibitions of the divinity and power of Christianity with which the world has been favored, have been seen in its power to sustain the spirit, and inspire submission and hope, in the midst of severe, complicated, and protracted sufferings.

Rev. W. Ryder was emphatically a son of affliction. Some idea of what it pleased God to call him to pass through, may be derived from the following graphic, sketch by the author of the Superannuate.

* For a more full account of this extraordinary victim of disease, the reader is referred to his life, entitled the Superannuate, from which much of this article is derived.

"A hard sabbath-day's labor, and a long ride on horseback, in a damp, heavy snow-storm, were, one year later, the precursors of a second appearance of those excruciating pains, that thenceforth entrenched themselves in the hips, and gradually extended their conquests until every part of the system, except the strongholds of life, acknowledged submission to their terrible sway. Severe as were these tortures, there were not, at this period, any outward signs of their existence, there was no swelling, no external inflammation; but in the difficult process of lying down or rising up, 'the joints,' to use the invalid's own language, 'would crack and snap as if breaking.' In a few weeks the affection passed, sympathetically, to the stomach and lungs, respiration became difficult, expectoration constant, attended with various symptoms of consumption. At a later period, the spine curved, the knees and hips bent, the neck stiffened, and an erect posture was no longer possible. Each of these localities was the seat of heavy throbbings and of pains, shooting, zig-zag, and radiating. The arms and shoulders next became victims, and the sensations were those of the criminal upon the rack when strong cords are cutting the flesh, and rending every limb from its socket; one arm was actually dislocated, and the other prevented only by a cruel counteracting force from sharing the fate of its fellow. The hips were 'filled with daggers,' and transient, fugitive pains and aches pursued each other across the breast and over the neck and arms, like the restless lightnings of a summer evening horizon. At times it seemed that a strong cord was twisted about his waist, above which the pains were darting and incessant, while below there was a sense of excessive fullness, hard throbbings, and dull, heavy aches. A year later, his spasms, previously occasional, became

general, passed into settled cramp, and frequent and severe convulsions. These were followed by an 'oppressive sense of heat,' as if the subject were stretched upon Guatimozin's bed of coals, or as if 'ten thousand red-hot needles' were thrust into his flesh at once. It is impossible to conceive, far more to describe, by appropriate comparisons, the variety and virulence of the tortures he endured. Now, it seemed as if 'a strong man was wringing him limb from limb,' and then as if a score of malignant spirits silently fastened upon his pained extremities, and, at a concerted signal, tweaked every nerve and muscle, with such violence as to extort from the sufferer a howl of anguish; now, he was 'pierced with a thousand spears,' and now, the 'barbs of a thousand hooks,' connected with invisible weights, were inserted in his neck and scalp. In fine, the history of the last ten or twelve years of his life, is a history of pains and aches, of cramps, convulsions, and spasms, of twingings and writhings, of shivering agues, and roasting fevers; every limb is out of shape and rigid; the skin is tense and excessively tender to the touch; the joints are stiff, the places of the finger nails are supplied by calcareous deposits; the feet are dropsical and frightfully swelled, and every part is so sensitive to meteorological changes, that his feelings predict variations in the weather with scarcely less certainty and precision than the mercurial barometer. As the atmospherical pressure decreases in the change from fair weather to foul, the vessels in the vicinity of the principal joints seem ready to burst asunder, and there is an indescribable sensation of 'drawing apart;' but during the changes from foul to fair, when the air assumes its accustomed density, every limb suffers the torture of compression in a vice. If the affection was rheumatic in the outset, it became neuralgic in its pro-

gress, and probably there is not a single vertebra in the spinal column but has, in its turn, felt like a spike driven into the flesh,' and left to rankle there. At times, his brain has been shivered, and his senses scattered, and he has given heed to nothing but his sufferings. Within the last three years, however, though his pains are constant and often severe, they have so far abated their primitive violence as to allow him once more to converse, read, and enjoy. The disease appears to have expended its force, to have done its utmost, and to have left its maimed and crippled victim to be borne off the stage of life by some one of its fellow-panders to the appetite of insatiable death."

Such were the peculiar, and almost unparalleled sufferings of this servant of Jesus Christ, and yet grace superabounded. But let us not anticipate his history.

William Ryder was born in Holliston, Middlesex county, Mass., on the 27th day of June, 1805. His father was a member of the M. E. church. In his childhood, William, with his parents, removed to Fort Ann, Washington county, N. Y. A single incident of his childhood may not be out of place here. "Like other boys, he betrayed an early and excessive fondness for the water, and when unobserved would sit for hours on a low rock that projected into the stream above his father's milldam, with his little feet dangling in the water, of which the perpendicular depth was at least fifteen feet. To cure this dangerous propensity, his father one day surprised him in one of his aquatic excursions upon the banks of Miller's river, threw him into the middle of the stream, and, after repeated immersions, held him up, dripping and drowning, to see if the remedy were taking effect. Judge of his vexation when the little fellow, delighted with the process, gurgled out as well as he was able, 'Do so again, papa!'"

His fearless courage manifested itself also, in his early days, in his pugilistic demonstrations upon his comrades. Neither in the service of Satan, nor of God, was he accustomed to tremble in the presence of his enemies.

When about twelve years old, William was apprenticed to a farmer in Kingsbury, N. Y., whom he served until he attained his majority. His early life was not such as to afford much promise of future usefulness. God, who is rich in mercy, brought him to see, and deplore, and forsake his sins. On the night of the 3d of April, 1824, after midnight, he was "kneeling at his chest, reclined upon his elbow, his head resting upon his hand, with the old Bible spread out before him, upon the soiled pages of which a single untrimmed candle shed its flickering rays; weeping, praying and reading alternately, his eye fell upon the words, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world;' and soon after upon another passage which riveted his attention, 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.' Despairing of succor from any other source, he made a final effort to *behold* the Lamb; to *believe* on the Only-Begotten; to surrender his own efforts and yield to be saved by grace. Faith prevailed; he was justified before God; his heart was regenerated and 'strangely warmed;' the witnessing spirit whispered, 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.' Two weeks afterward, he was received on probation in the Methodist Episcopal church."

When his heart became renewed by grace, he began at once to awake to a realization of the importance of intellectual improvement. The study of the Bible was immediately commenced in good earnest, and this served to awaken his taste for intellectual aliment, and to arouse his appetite for useful knowledge. Here he found

his difficulties. His means were very limited, and his time, from sunrise to sunset, was devoted to manual labor. About two years of his apprenticeship remained to be served. "Where there is a will there is a way," and like a worthy host of others, who have found themselves in similar circumstances, our young brother found time, and means of improvement, where none apparently existed. At length that period in his history to which the young man looks forward with so much anxiety and hope arrived; his twenty-first birthday made him his own master.

We next find him at Beebe's Academy in Chester, increasing his stock of knowledge, and developing his intellectual capacities.

While seeking to improve his understanding, his heart was not neglected. There was a simultaneous "growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

In February of 1829, Miss Lavina Whitcomb became the sharer of his joys and sorrows. Little did her young heart then know of the trying scenes through which she was to pass as the wife of the suffering superannuate. During all his subsequent years of labor and affliction, she was his faithful companion and patient attendant, until death placed him beyond the need of her kind offices.

Mr. Ryder shrank from the work of the ministry. "At times he determined to dismiss the subject altogether, actually *sealed* up those parts of his hymn book having immediate reference to this subject, and seriously contemplated taking the same liberty with certain passages of the volume of inspiration, which, when they met his eye, thrilled his soul with the startling suddenness of the galvanic shock. Yet the gentle impulsions of duty, the urgent voice of the church, the love of Christ, the love of souls, finally triumphing, induced

him to yield to those who insisted upon his immediate transfer to an effective position in the general work. He was licensed to preach in May, 1830, and labored for one year under the presiding elder, on the Cambridge circuit as an assistant to Rev. R. Kelly."

Mr. Ryder attended a camp meeting that year at Pittstown, N. Y., at which meeting he listened to a very able discourse, delivered by Rev. J. B. Stratton. During its delivery he was induced to draw a mortifying contrast between the speaker and himself, and at its close he came to the hasty, and desperate resolution, never to attempt to preach again. While in pursuit of his colleague, with the intention of making known to him his purpose to return immediately home, he providentially met the venerable Samuel Howe, who, "affectionately passing his arm about the neck of the desponding youth, exclaimed with fervor, 'Was not that a lovely sermon?' 'Precious! but inimitable!' sighed the disheartened novice. 'Courage, my young brother!' resumed the apostolic adviser; 'I remember when, twenty years ago, that preacher was but a diffident youth, evidently studious, pious, and thoughtful; yet no one thought he would ever make a preacher. It is related of him that on one occasion his colleague unexpectedly entered the room where he was discoursing, and that he was so disconcerted at his presence that he sat down pale and trembling, and no persuasions could induce him to proceed; and now,' continued father Howe, 'you see what a giant he has become? Courage! my brother, and you may in time become a *good*, if not a *great* preacher of the gospel.' 'I thanked father Howe,' says Mr. Ryder, 'for his reasonable encouragement, and resolved to TRY.'"

This scene might have had its influence in preparing him for the part he acted in what follows: "There is

one circumstance," says Rev. A. A. Farr, "connected with my ministry, that I shall probably remember with gratitude, while I live. The second sabbath that I spent in the itinerant work, was at an appointment where religion was very low, and an official member of the church had given me to understand that I would not answer for them. Consequently, when I went to preach my first sermon in that place, I was nearly overwhelmed with fear. After entering the pulpit, I did not look around on the congregation, till I arose to give out my first hymn; and then, to my utter surprise, one of the first men that I recognized was the Rev. W. Ryder. The moment I saw him, I nearly lost all command of myself, and my embarrassment continued during the entire service. My feelings had so nearly got the control of my judgment, that I made up my mind, at first, never to preach again. I also thought that I would not meet brother Ryder, lest he should advise me to go home; but as I could not well get out of the church, without passing his seat, I concluded I would meet him and abide the result. As I approached him, he extended his hand to greet me, and, with tears, said: "O, brother Farr! I am glad to see you here; you ought to have been in the work long ago." My heart melted, and I answered: "I fear I have done an injury to the cause of religion, in my remarks this morning." And never shall I forget his reply: "I have preached a *great many poorer* sermons than that." In a moment my heart was encouraged to go forward in the path of duty, and leave the event with God. Had he criticised my sermon, and told me all its faults, I presume I should have left my work, with the impression that I was mistaken about being called to the ministry. Ever since that period, I have been endeavoring to preach Christ to the children of men; and often has my heart overflowed with grati-

tude to God, that he employed brother Ryder as his instrument in that trying hour."

At the session of the New York Conference, held in July, 1831, Mr. Ryder was received on trial, and appointed to Pittsford and Wallingford, Vt. On this circuit, he derived great advantage from his intercourse with his colleague, Rev. Joshua Poor. In numberless respects did the gentlemanly deportment, godly life, and judicious advice of the latter, prove a blessing to the former. Several protracted meetings were held during the year, and God was with his servants. The 12th day of January, 1832, may be regarded as the "birth-day of those pains and agonies, that have since rendered him as distinguished in the world of suffering, as some of his honored cotemporaries have become in the world of action. He was proceeding to an appointment, on horseback, and, at a short distance from Wallingford village, was seized with an acute pain in the right hip joint; sharp, shooting, severe and constant, so that he could not dismount without aid. Brother Poor kindly procured him a sleigh, and he reached the church at East Wallingford in due season. The night was dark, cold and stormy. After securing his horse to the shed, he attempted to walk to the church, a few rods distant, but fell in agony upon the snow, crept to the door upon his hands and knees, aroused those within, was assisted to a place by the fire, and finally stood up in a pew and preached to the handful that had gathered for worship. From thence he betook himself to his bed, and the usual external applications for rheumatism; the disease appeared to yield to the treatment, its violence gradually diminished, and in ten days every sensible trace of it had disappeared."

At the conference of 1832, Mr. Ryder was appointed preacher in charge of Leicester circuit, in Vermont,

with Rev. John Alley as his colleague. This circuit then included Leicester, Goshen, Brandon, Salisbury, Whiting, Sudbury, Hubbardtown, Shoreham, Orwell, and Bridport. The year was one of severe labor and painful suffering. Twice, at the no small risk of his life, he forded Otter Creek, in order to reach his appointment, when it was so swollen as to be regarded by others as impassable. The toils and exposure of this large charge brought on another attack of rheumatism, and from this time he became the victim of incessant and almost incredible sufferings.

It was with great difficulty that our suffering friend reached the seat of the Troy Conference, in August, 1833, in which his lot had fallen by the division of the New York Conference. He was there ordained deacon by Bishop Hedding, and appointed to Salisbury, in Vermont. Six months of successful, though painful labors, closed his itinerant career, and he returned to his father-in-law's, at Granville. At the conference of 1834, he obtained a superannuated relation. In February of 1835, his health having considerably improved, he removed to West Poultney, with a view of keeping a boarding house, but, in the following month his sufferings returned with increased violence. "There was great pain in the right shoulder, the muscles contracted and drew the arm around upon the back, so as to give it the appearance of dislocation. No sufferer upon the rack or wheel ever endured anguish so exquisite or agonies so terrible! In the same month of the following year, 1836, the left arm exhibited the same symptoms and manifested the same tendencies. To prevent its utter dislocation, Mrs. Ryder bound it fast by a leathern thong to the foot-post of the bed, forcing it to preserve its horizontal position; and thus the muscles, drawing one way, and the thong the other, had well nigh

ended the victim of their cruel contention. To this torturing precaution he was doubtless indebted for the use of this arm for a considerable time after the other had become totally helpless."

Bodily pains were not the only sufferings of which Mr. Ryder was the victim. While enduring the tortures above alluded to, he was naturally led often to ask, "Why am I thus afflicted?" Here the enemy took advantage of him, and pressed him sorely with the temptation that he had never been called to the work of the ministry. His mental anguish under the influence of this temptation was at times almost insupportable, exceeding even his physical sufferings. The assurance he received from four members of the Troy Conference, that they traced their conversion and call to the ministry to his instrumentality, broke, in part, the power of this temptation. Still at times he was well nigh overwhelmed by it. The conference of 1836 was held at Pawlet, not far from the place where Mr. Ryder resided. He attended, and embraced the opportunity of making known his mental conflicts to his ministerial brethren, from whose sympathies and counsels he derived great consolation. In the fall of this year he visited Saratoga Springs, but those healing fountains, from which so many have derived help, had no power to relieve him. In the fall of 1837, a severe cold brought on an aggravation of his disease that deprived him ever after of the power of locomotion. His limbs cramped and stiffened, his fingers became dislocated, he lost the use of almost every muscle, and became the helpless victim of those excruciating agonies referred to in the beginning of this sketch.

For a while he lay upon a hydrostatic bed; subsequently a chair was made, so adapted to the angles of his stiffened body, and balanced upon an axle, that he

could recline at any angle from a sitting to a horizontal posture. This was mounted upon wheels so that he could be moved at pleasure. On this chair, or couch, he lay in utter helplessness for years. Before him was suspended a small frame on which a book was placed. Though unable to lift a hand, yet sufficient strength remained in the thumb and fingers of one hand to enable him to turn over the leaves by means of a slender stick, from which projected two short pieces of wire. In this way he read about *three hundred volumes*, thus beguiling his wearisome hours, and finding intellectual and moral aliment.

"During the last year of his life," writes Rev. G. G. Saxe, "he seemed ripening for the grave; he gloried only in the cross of Christ, and talked exultingly of his approaching rest. The Bible was almost his only book. At the request of a friend, he read Macaulay's History of England, but said, as he finished it, 'This is a history of wickedness, bloodshed, and death; the rest of my reading must be in the Book of Life.' A few days before his death, he said, 'I suppose this looks like dying to some, but I am just beginning to live—I am getting nearer the fountain.' When his pains seemed more than humanity could endure, he would whisper.

'Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come,' &c.

On the day of his death, at about two o'clock, P. M., thinking that he had slept for some time, and being informed that he had not, he replied with a smile, 'Then this is death; I am almost home.' His beloved companion, who had watched over him like a ministering angel, and who had not known the luxury of a regular night's sleep, for fifteen years, in her patient watchfulness, now stood weeping by his side; observing which, he said, 'Don't weep, my dear, but rejoice, for I shall

soon see Jesus without a veil.' His sufferings were intense, and yet he asked with a smile, 'Do you call this dying?' He frequently whispered, 'Glory to God!' 'Jesus is precious!' Among the last words that trembled upon his dying lips was, 'Jesus.' On the 20th of July, 1849, the conflict ended—the weary body slept sweetly in death, and the triumphant spirit returned to God, who gave it."

REV. DANIEL F. PAGE.

"In the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence."

Justus Page was a native of Haverhill, Mass., from which place he removed to the town of Rupert, in Vermont, where his youngest child and only son, Daniel F. Page, was born in 1810. The most remarkable traits of character developed in Daniel's childhood, were *amiability* and *benevolence;* these were strongly marked.

At the age of eighteen, he was brought to repentance and the enjoyment of experimental religion, through the instrumentality of that distinguished revivalist, Rev. James Caughey. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the town of Dorset, Vt. His connection with the Troy Conference commenced in 1835. In due time, he graduated to orders in the Christian ministry, agreeably to the discipline and usages of the church of his choice; being ordained to the office of deacon by Bishop Hedding, in 1837, and to that of elder, by the same venerable prelate, in 1839.

As many of our readers may never have seen a copy

of the ordination credentials of our ministry, the following is inserted:

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that I, Elijah Hedding, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, under the protection of ALMIGHTY GOD, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, have this day set apart Daniel F. Page for the office of a DEACON, in the Methodist Episcopal Church; a man, who, in the judgment of the Troy Annual Conference, is well qualified for that work; and he is hereby recommended to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the ordinance of Baptism, Marriage, and the Burial of the Dead, in the absence of an elder, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice are such as become the gospel of Christ, and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound words, according to the established doctrines of the gospel.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this fourth day of June, in the year of [L. S] our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty seven. ELIJAH HEDDING.

Done at Troy, N. Y."

These credentials are printed on parchment; the names, dates and signatures, being filled out with a pen. The elders' "parchments" are similar, differing only as the functions of the office differ, from those of a deacon.

Mr. Page's appointments were as follows: 1835, Williamstown, Mass.; 1836, Hoosic and Bennington, Vt.; 1837-8, Stowe, Vt.; 1839, Albany, N. Y.; 1840, Whitehall, N. Y.; 1841, Brandon, Vt.; 1842-3, Whiting, Vt.; 1844, Fonda, N. Y.; 1845, Rensselaerville, N. Y.; 1846, Colchester and Winooski, Vt.; 1847, Whitehall, where his labors and life terminated, on the sixth day of November, 1847.

"The few weeks previous to his death," says Rev. J. E. Bowen, "he was unusually engaged in religion, and exhibited a continual ripening for heaven. His last religious exercises were marked by uncommon depth of religious fervor, and holy communion with God. When conversed with on the subject of death, he expressed himself as being ready, whenever the Lord should call. During his sickness, his constant theme, when in his lucid moments, was religion; and about two days before his death, he sang,

'Jesus, all the day long,
Is my joy, and my song,'" &c.,

and thus passed to his home in the skies.

Unfortunately, like many others, whose labors and success in the ministry are worthy of record, Mr. Page left behind him no papers relative to his personal history; and the writer has been able to obtain but few historical details of his life. In the spring of 1842, he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Hitchcock, of Pittsford, Vt., a lady of uncommmon intelligence, piety and worth. With the fading of the leaves of the ensuing autumn, he was called to see her fade away; and in a little over six short months from their nuptial day, he followed her remains to the silent tomb. "He was overwhelmed with grief; indeed, so great was his affliction, that at times he was almost bereft of reason; yet he was patient and submissive, bearing all *without a murmur escaping his lips.*" He never again married.

Daniel F. Page was a *good man;* a sincere, conscientious and deeply devoted Christian. This impression was uniformly received on forming the slightest acquaintance with him, and as invariably confirmed by a thorough intimacy. "Do you think Mr. —— is a very pious man?" said a person once to Whitefield. "How can I tell?" was the reply; "I never lived with him."

While the writer never heard an individual speak disparagingly of Mr. Page, he never heard any one speak of him in so high terms as those that "lived with him."

A prominent trait in his character was his *great modesty*. The writer was first introduced to him in 1839, when Mr. Page was stationed at the South church in the city of Albany, he being at that time twenty-nine years of age, and in the fifth of his ministry. He then appeared to be, without exception, the most modest, unassuming man, for one of his age and calling, that the writer had ever become acquainted with. This excessive modesty, amounting to troublesome diffidence, must have been exceedingly embarrassing to him in his early public efforts. Could we trace his early mental conflicts arising from this source, we might find instruction and encouragement for the young Christian. When stationed in Albany, he modestly declined officiating in his turn as chaplain to the legislature.

His temper was peculiarly *mild and lovely*. Nature and grace seem to have combined to produce this result. He was the very personification of *amiability*.

To his work as a Christian minister, he was *conscientiously devoted*. A sense of accountability to God for the faithful discharge of the duties of his holy vocation, evidently exerted its controlling influence over him.

As a pastor he excelled; indeed it was his *forte*. If in the pulpit he was not distinguished, he made amends for it in his pastoral visiting. Just at the point where so many fail, he succeeded. His pastoral visits were not only extensive—reaching all classes of his people—they were also spiritual. He had an *object* in view in his visits, and by the blessing of God, that object was in many instances accomplished. Souls were saved, sinners converted, and saints edified.

Rev. H. H. Smith, who was his colleague in 1842,

bears this testimony to his worth: "Brother Page was a pattern of *humility and resignation*, not only in affliction, but in his daily life. Modest and retiring in his deportment, faithful as a Christian minister, acceptable wherever he went, he was indeed a burning and shining light.' In several of his appointments, the special outpouring of the Spirit attended his ministrations. To the last he was active and diligent in his work. When, in view of declining health, his friends advised him to spare himself, he was accustomed to say, "It is better to *wear* out, than to *rust* out."

In the prime of life, and in the midst of his unobtrusive fidelity, he was cut off; and though this meagre sketch gives but an exceedingly imperfect idea of his character and usefulness, his labors will not be forgotten when God shall "reward every man according to his works." Many in that day, will rise up and call him blessed, gratefully hailing him as having been the instrument of their salvation.

REV. JOHN P. FOSTER.

John P. Foster was born in the town of Sandlake, Rensselaer county, N. Y., August 24, 1807. He was the youngest, but one, of six children, only two of whom are now living. Death robbed him of his best earthly friend, when he was but four years of age. When a child, he possessed a very cheerful and happy spirit, laughing at the misfortunes of childhood, and being utterly impervious to sorrow. While at school, he learned with remarkable ease, leaving time to gratify his love of fun by keeping the scholars in a state of merriment. This

he did, not to annoy the teacher, but from an inherent and almost uncontrollable gayety of spirit. This characteristic was prominent through life. He received the rudiments of a good English education from his father, who was a teacher by profession.

Almost from his earliest recollection, he was the subject of deep religious convictions. He continued however to resist the influence of the Holy Spirit until nearly his eighteenth year, when he repented of his sins, and sought the favor of God with all his heart. His conversion was clear; he knew his sins forgiven, and himself a child of God. Who the instrument of his awakening and conversion was, is not known.

Almost immediately after this great change, he felt it to be his duty to call sinners to repentance. Subsequently, the church believing him truly called to the work of the ministry, he was licensed as a local preacher. He at once began to exercise his gifts in several places in the neighborhood of his residence. He now bent all his energies to a preparation for his future calling. Being advised to enter the regular work, he joined the New York Conference on trial in 1829, when he was twenty-two years of age. While in that conference he labored upon the Sullivan, Middletown and Kingston circuits. When the conference was divided in 1832, his lot fell within the bounds of the Troy Conference, in which he was appointed successively to the following places, Fairfield, Beekmantown, Watervliet, Rotterdam mission, Galway, Northampton, Saratoga Springs, Greenfield and Ballston, Monkton, Starksboro, Chester and Warrensburgh, and South Adams.

During his second year at South Adams, a new house of worship was erected, within the bounds of his charge. This increased the labors and anxieties of the pastor, and, by the time it was completed, his strength began to

fail. On the day of dedication, it rained incessantly, and in returning home in the evening he became thoroughly drenched. In the morning, he complained of a sore throat, and general weakness, but receiving word that a sister was at the point of death in Troy, he started to see and cheer her in her last moments. She died however before he reached the city. The journey and the affliction greatly prostrated him, but after a few days of rest he appeared much better, and returned to his work. He preached only a few sermons after his return, but did not surrender his charge until the end of the conference year, when it became evident that the pulmonary consumption had numbered him among its victims.

Many will remember his appearance at the conference of 1849. Not able to speak above a whisper, hardly able to walk, and wasted almost to a skeleton, his entrance caused a shudder, and many eyes were filled with tears. He was returned superannuated. From the conference he went to the house of Mr. Luther, his father-in-law, near Ballston Springs.

He now felt that his ministerial work was done; and all that remained was to see that his own soul was prepared for the coming change. He now desired to have the clearest evidence of his *entire sanctification*. The Lord answered his prayers, and all was light and peace within. He lingered on, in a blissful state of mind, till the morning of the 6th of January, 1850, when he fell asleep in Jesus, in the forty-third year of his age, and the twenty-first of his itinerant ministry.

His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Henry L. Starks, and his body was committed to the tomb, there to rest, until the morning of the resurrection.

Of his *piety*, there could be no doubt in the minds of those who knew him best. At times, it might have been thought by one unacquainted with him, that

his gayety of spirit was an evidence of a superficial work of grace upon his heart; but farther acquaintance showed this to be constitutional, harmless in itself, and no special detriment to his spirituality. That he *never* deviated from Christian and ministerial propriety in this respect, is not asserted. As of old, "when the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion," the mouths of his people were "filled with laughter." So of Mr. Foster, when blessed of God personally, or the good work prospered in his hands, this characteristic trait manifested itself. He possessed a cheerful piety, which always prompted an encouraging word for the tempted and the suffering. His *benevolence* and goodness of heart knew no bounds. He was always poor, because he gave away all he could spare from present necessities.

As a *husband and father*, he was uniformly kind and affectionate. He was married to his first wife, Miss Maria Ireland, daughter of Sealy Ireland, Esq., of Watervliet, on the 29th of February, 1838: by this marriage he had four children, all of whom died in infancy. The death of the last was speedily followed by that of its mother. The loss of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, was a fearful stroke; but the grace of God enabled him to bear it, without repining. He continued a widower five years, when he was united in marriage to Miss B. A. Luther, who still lives to mourn his loss.

As a *minister of the gospel*, he was indefatigable. No labor was too severe, if the salvation of souls could be accomplished. He has been known to go into a neighborhood under the most discouraging circumstances, and start a protracted meeting, saying, "God will surely hear our prayers, and answer them in the salvation of this people." He would continue for weeks, in connection with his colleague, preaching every evening, and

visiting every day, until the children of God began to trust the power of the gospel, and sinners to yield to such constant and faithful efforts for their salvation. At such times, he was scarcely ever known to fail of success.

An eminent member of this conference, who knew him well, and had labored with him, says: "He was a man of great faith and spiritual penetration; he knew the signs of the times, and was prepared to profit by this knowledge. His experience was deep, and often overwhelmingly glorious." His faith in the power of God's holy Word, was such as to lead him to press appeal after appeal upon the conscience of the ungodly, in a manner that would have made a weaker faith tremble for the honor of the truth. He did not trust in human means, but believed, that if faithfully used, they would be blessed of God. He was instrumental in the salvation of many souls.

In 1842, being on a visit to his friends in Troy, he learned that a work of God was in progress at Petersburg. Enjoying the salvation of souls, more than the society of friends, he went to participate in it. Rev. Ensign Stover says, in reference to this visit, "Brother Foster was very successful in promoting the salvation of sinners. At one time, when we were making pastoral visits, we called upon a family where a mother and several daughters were under awakenings. Brother Foster asked them to kneel down and pray, assuring them that God would forgive their sins. The young ladies did so; but the mother, though bathed in tears, objected, on account of a small child, which she held in her arms. 'Give that child to me,' said he; he took it in his arms, the mother kneeling, while he alternately soothed the child, and pointed the mourners to Christ; thus he continued, until all were happy in the forgiveness of their sins."

His appearance in the pulpit was not in his favor. He was rather under the medium height, with a slight tendency to corpulency. His head was large and well developed. In consequence of a weakness of his eyes, he had contracted a habit of opening and shutting them with a nervous jerk, which was very detrimental to his appearance.

His style was forcible and chaste, but his gestures were rather quick, and not very graceful; yet, such was the clearness of his arrangement, and the vigor of his thoughts, that every thing else was forgotten, and the hearer's attention was secured.

Of his preaching ability, the Rev. Charles Pomeroy, who is well qualified to judge, says: "Brother Foster was a man of thought and profound reflection. I considered him an able minister, very methodical, argumentative and powerful." He was a Methodist in the fullest sense of that term; and if the doctrines or usages of the church were assailed, they found in him a willing and powerful defender. Though well acquainted with our standard authors, and the doctrinal works of other denominations, he was not a close student. "He read too little," continues Mr. Pomeroy, "but was naturally a strong minded man. He was too good company, and enjoyed the society of his brethren too well, to be a great student. But he could study, and did think, and was, in fact, a very good preacher." His friends can but regret, that, with his natural abilities, he did not cultivate his vigorous intellect more fully. Had he done so, he might have stood in the front rank, in our conference.

"He was my colleague," says Rev. H. W. Ransom, "on the Chester and Warrensburgh circuit, in 1846-7. We were favored with a very extensive revival of religion, in which nearly all the adult population of Chester

village, not previously pious, were professedly converted to God. During this revival, a traveler, who called at the village tavern for entertainment, found a prayer meeting in progress, in the *bar-room*. The landlord and most of his houshold were subjects of the revival. Mr. Foster possessed the greatest faculty of bringing all the talent of the church into requisition, in the work of God, of any man that I ever knew. His plan was to *cheer* the people on to spiritual effort and engagedness. His sermons were full of encouragement. He sometimes preached very able doctrinal sermons. In times of revival, his discourses ordinarily consisted of a *short* exposition of the text, followed by a *warm* exhortation. He used to clap his hands, and as his small eye flashed, he would cry out, 'God help,' with an emphasis that bespoke the fervor of his soul.

"Ordinarily, he was lively, but subject to great depression of spirit. He was deeply pious, a loving colleague, and an humble, useful man."

REV. JOHN LINDSEY.

BY REV. JOHN FRAZER, D. D.*

Rev. John Lindsey was born in Lynn, Mass., July 18, 1788. The precise date of his conversion can not now be ascertained. One of the members of the family thinks it was when he was about nineteen years of age. He soon felt called to the ministry, and began to preach in the neighborhood where he lived. In the fall of

* This article appeared in the Christian Advocate, soon after the death of Mr. Lindsey.

1808 he was employed as a local preacher under the direction of a presiding elder. At the session of the New England Conference in 1809, he was admitted on trial into the traveling connection, and appointed to the New London circuit. In 1810 he was sent to Somerset and Warren. His appointment, in 1811, was New Market, Durham and Portsmouth, N. H. He was stationed at Portland in 1812; at Falmouth in 1813; at Nantucket in 1814 and 1815; and at Bristol in Rhode Island in 1816 and 1817. In 1818 he was appointed to the Vermont district, where he continued four years. He was sent to Boston in 1823; and in 1824 he was appointed missionary to South Hadley and Sunderland. In 1825 he was stationed at Needham. He was appointed to the Lynn district in 1826, and in 1827 the Lynn district was merged in the Boston district. Brother Lindsey was placed in charge of the Boston district, where he continued until 1830, when he was sent to Nantucket the second time. He was reappointed to Nantucket in 1831. In 1832 and 1833 he was at Boston North and at Boston South in 1834.

The interest brother Lindsey took in the cause of education, and the energy of his character, pointed him out as a suitable person for the agency of the Wesleyan University. He was accordingly appointed to this agency in 1835, and continued in 1836. In 1837 he was transferred to the New York Conference, and stationed on the New Haven district. He was at Forsyth street church in the city of New York in 1838 and 1839, and at Second street church in 1840 and 1841. In 1842 he was agent for the American Bible Society, and in 1843 and 1844 he was stationed at the First Church in Poughkeepsie. He was transferred to the Troy Conference in 1845, and appointed to the Garrettson station in the city of Albany. In 1846 he was placed in charge of the

Albany district, where he closed his life and labors near the end of his fourth year. He died at his residence in Schenectady, on Wednesday, February 20, 1850, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The writer was immediately informed by telegraph of the decease of brother Lindsey; he hastened up, and found sister Lindsey and her daughter Henrietta (the only member of the family at home) almost overwhelmed by the suddenness and severity of the blow. Intelligence was communicated to the other members of the family, and Saturday fixed for the funeral service. The remains were taken to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and after religious services, including an appropriate address by Dr. Luckey, of the East Genesee Conference, they were deposited in a vault preparatory to their removal to Lynn for final interment.

It may be asked, and is this *all* that can be said to rescue from oblivion the memory of such a man as John Lindsey, who for more than forty years stood in the van of the sacramental host, the uncompromising, self-sacrificing, and devoted soldier of the cross? This is nearly all that can be said here, for the subject of this article has not, to the knowledge of the writer, left a single line in reference to his personal history. It is to be regretted that so many of that noble band—the pioneers of Methodism in this country—should have left us such scanty memorials of their labors, their conflicts, their sufferings, and their triumph. How interesting, how instructive, how encouraging to the young itinerant would many of the stirring scenes in the lives of the fathers prove, could they be simply told, without exaggeration or embellishment. In this respect "the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." What pains are taken to preserve the slightest circumstance that serves to illustrate

the character of the warrior of the bloody battle-field, or to encourage those who would emulate his deeds, while the moral hero of a thousand conflicts and a thousand triumphs leaves scarcely a single written memento of having lived, and labored, and suffered in the service of God and the Church, except the meagre records of the annual minutes; the dry details of the dates and names of his several appointments. But these details, dry as they are, confessedly, are suggestive. In the case of brother Lindsey, they spread out before us the field of his labors, reaching from Portland to Canajoharie, and from Canada to the Sound and Atlantic, including all the New England states and a considerable part of New York. During the first nine years of his ministry he had been stationed in every one of the six New England states, and in those days the post of a Methodist preacher was any thing but a sinecure. In addition to frequent removals from one part of the country to another, long rides, great exposure to the extremes of temperature, coarse fare, and small pecuniary rewards, were decreed to these self-denying men. Still urged forward by an impulse from above, with such men for his compeers as Broadhead, Pickering, Merritt, Merrill, Mudge, and Hedding, the subject of this memoir "counted not his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

The character and standing of brother Lindsey as a preacher may be inferred from the class of appointments he filled in the New England, the New York, and Troy Conferences. Those who knew him in his best days represent him as having been an able, impressive, energetic, and successful preacher. He united, in a great degree, the dignity of the ambassador of Christ with the urbanity

of the gentleman and the simplicity and ingenuousness of the child. He was a man of noble purposes, generous impulses, and great practical benevolence. He was the promoter and patron of learning in the church of his choice. He was among the most active of the founders of the Wilbraham Academy, and cooperated zealously with his brethren in the establishment of the Wesleyan University, and was among the very first who advocated the cause of foreign missions in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Having at this point, in preparing the memoir, received a communication from Bishop Hedding on the subject, the writer begs leave to substitute this communication as more appropriate than anything he could furnish. The bishop authorized him to change the phraseology and adapt it to his purpose. It seemed best, however, to give it unchanged, although there is a little repetition.

"The Rev. John Lindsey was admitted on probation in the traveling connexion of the Methodist Episcopal church, by the New England Annual Conference, in the year 1809. His first appointment was on New London circuit, Connecticut, of which I had the care as presiding elder that year. Of course I had a good opportunity of an intimate acquaintance with him the first year of his public labors. Some years after, he and I were colleagues in Boston, for one year; and, still later, we lived neighbors for four years in another place, he presiding elder, and myself holding the office I do now, and the whole time, from the commencement of his public life to the day of his death, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him—of hearing him preach and seeing his manner of life. I was also well acquainted in Lynn, Mass., where he was born and brought up, and have frequently heard the old members

of the church there speak of his religious experience, and the uniform testimony they gave was, that though before his conversion he was a merry youth, yet his religious experience was deep and genuine. His spirit and manner of life were devout and religiously upright, from the day of his conversion until the time he entered the traveling connexion, and so far as I knew him, I believe he maintained a truly religious life until the day of his death, and I doubt not he has gone to rest with the blessed in heaven. He was a man of industrious habits, and manifested that industry in all the departments of his duty, both in his domestic and public relations. He brought up a large family, and though in many of his appointments he labored under the disadvantage of a scanty pecuniary allowance, yet he so managed, under a good Providence, as to give his children an excellent education. He was punctual in the performance of all his duties as a Christian minister.

He was a man of more than ordinary talents, and by industry and perseverance be acquired a large amount of useful knowledge. He was really a sound, learned divine. He possessed great resolution in the pursuit of his labors and the prosecution of his duties. Many of his appointments required great mental effort and bodily labors, but he braved the summer's heat and the winter's cold and snows, and, like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, accomplished his work. For instance, when he was presiding elder on Vermont district for four years, his labors extended all over that part of Vermont east of the Green mountain and on the mountain, and some distance into Canada. His district covered more territory than is now covered by the Vermont Conference, and yet he performed his duties around it once in three months.

"Mr. Lindsey was well received by the people on circuits and in stations, and as a presiding elder. As an evidence of this, when he was on Vermont district, he preached before the governor and legislature, what is called in that country the election sermon, which was afterwards published by the authority and at the expense of the state. His labors were frequently followed with blessings on the souls of the people, both in edifying and strengthening the children of God and in awakening and converting sinners. He was a man by nature of a kind heart, and by grace that affection was sanctified and strengthened. He was an abiding friend to his friends, and he had a heart to forgive an enemy. He possessed in a large degree a benevolent spirit, which was often manifested in his pity to the poor, and his efforts to aid and sustain the public benevolent institutions. Of his small means he gave proportionally an abundance. I have known him to give a hundred dollars at a time to a public benevolent institution, when, if his horse had died, he had not another hundred to purchase one with. If John Lindsey had possessed abundance of money, he had a heart to appropriate a large share of it for the benefit of others."

Having furnished so many interesting particulars from the letter of Bishop Hedding, one of the earliest and most intimate friends of brother Lindsey, it remains only to notice the close of his career. During the last half of his third year on Albany district, he suffered from general derangement of the bowels, but, with his characteristic energy, he kept at his work until within two or three months of the Conference, when he was violently attacked by a complaint of the kidneys. It was considered quite doubtful by his physician whether he would ever recover, but after extreme suffering for

several weeks, he rallied again, went to conference, and from conference he went to his work with his accustomed cheerfulness and zeal. He had scarcely made his first tour round his district, when his old malady returned with increased violence, so that after the close of September, 1849, he was never able to resume his official duties, though he fondly hoped to do so until within a few days of his decease.

Prof. J. W. Lindsey, of the Western University, writes, as follows, in reference to the religious feelings and prospects of his father, during his last illness: "During the winter, while I was at home, my father spoke of the possibility of his not recovering, and said it made no difference to him, 'for to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,' I did not think he was so near his end, and his getting his strength enough to ride down to Albany, quite encouraged me. He at that time felt so strong, that he told me if he had a good day on Sunday he would try to preach, and he had arranged his plan for a sermon on a text from which he had never preached, viz: the remark of Christ to the weeping women, who followed him, 'Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves.' I have thought since his selection of that text, and his preparing a plan upon it, was almost prophetic." Another member of the family writes thus: "During my father's illness he was remarkably calm and composed—he received great support under his sufferings, and would often speak of the manifestations of the divine presence to his soul. The interests of the district lay very near his heart, and his desire to do his Master's work was a strong plea for him to leave home, even in great pain and feebleness. A watchman on the walls of Zion, the service of the church was still pleasant to him, and, Oh, how dearly my father loved her interests few can know. The last night of my father's

life, he remarked to a lady near him, '*There is something above pain.*' In his last mortal agony, he said, with holy assurance, '*The Lord will help me.*' Help came from above. Towards morning his sufferings grew less. We were not aware that he was so near his end, nor do we think that he was at all conscious that his earthly race was so nearly run, and that the glories of the spirit world were so soon to burst upon his soul. A short time before he breathed his last, I think he *ceased to suffer.* He who 'giveth his beloved sleep' was with him. The light of God's countenance shone on him—a blissful smile lighted up his face—he was at rest. Said one that knew and loved him, 'H——, your father is now an angel, *very near* the throne.'"

"Servant of Christ well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
Enter your Master's joy."

REV. CHESTER LYON.

"Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

Chester Lyon was a native of Waterbury, Vt. With his early history and character, the writer is unacquainted. When about eighteen years of age, he was made a partaker of justifying grace at a camp-meeting. For a number of years previous to his entering upon the work of the ministry, he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his native town. He was then, as ever after, a zealous, devoted, warm-hearted Christian.

In 1836 he was licensed to preach; in 1839 he was

admitted on trial into the Troy Conference, and in due time he graduated to elder's orders. The places in which his ministerial labors were performed were as follows: Wallingford, Vt., in 1839; Peru, N. Y., in 1840; Elizabethtown. in 1841; Grand Isle, in 1842; North Hero, in 1843; Redford, in 1844; Wilmington, in 1845; Fairfax, Vt., in 1846; Schroon, N. Y., in 1847–8.

While at Schroon he became acquainted with the morally destitute condition of some back settlements upon the head waters of the Hudson river, including the Adirondack Iron Works, and spreading over an almost unbroken wilderness. In behalf of these scattered sheep, Mr. Lyons' sympathies became enlisted, and at his instigation a mission was formed in that region. With true magnanimity he volunteered his services for this field, which from the nature of the case he well knew must involve serious privations and inconveniences. At the conference of 1849, he received his appointment to what was called the Adirondack mission, and entered upon his work with his usual cheerfulness and zeal. He was reappointed to that place in 1850, and was full of hope that this wilderness would blossom as the rose. The tokens of the divine favor were beginning to be manifest, when sickness and death deprived that people of the ministrations of one of the most faithful laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

Mr. Lyon was afflicted with erysipelas and some other difficulties, indicating a generally disordered state of the system, and lingered along for some time in a feeble condition, which was not considered immediately dangerous. While in this state, having no special reason to anticipate the near approach of death, he one day entered into a free conversation with his wife upon his affairs; remarking that they were "remote from any medical aid; he had lingered along for a good while

and could not tell what *might happen.*" Under these impressions he gave directions as to the disposition of his temporal affairs, in case he should be taken away. He possessed some means, and in the prospect of death, he remembered the cause of missions. He also made known his wishes in regard to his funeral. A short time after the above conversation, he was taken down with what was believed to be the small-pox, and died at his residence at North Hudson, Essex county, N. Y., October 19, 1850.

The circumstances attendant upon his latter end, were in some respects of a melancholy character. Remote from his brethren in the ministry, he was cut off from their presence and sympathy; and the apprehensions indulged by his neighbors of the danger of contact with that dreadful disease, doomed Mr. Lyon to suffer and die unattended, except by his own family, and perhaps two or three friends. But he died where every man of God would wish to die—at his post.

Mr. Lyon made no pretensions to being a learned or *great* man; he had been a plain common-sense farmer; and entered upon the work of calling sinners to repentance rather late in life. He was a very pious, lovely-spirited man. His heart was formed for sympathy and friendship. Meekness was a distinctive trait in his character. Under great provocation he has been observed to breathe nothing but kindness; returning good for evil. His genuine humility was apparent to all who knew him, without any effort on his part to make it manifest. He was habitually cheerful and happy. These qualities rendered him exceedingly agreeable in his social intercourse. It might well be said, in the technical language of our annual Conference, "There is nothing against brother Lyon." Few men, of the same talents, accomplish as much for the cause of God

as did Chester Lyon. He was an excellent singer, and sung much, not as an amusement, merely, but with melody in his *heart* unto the Lord. He loved to sing, and pray, and shout, which he often did with unaffected simplicity, and a joyful soul.

He died as he lived, shouting the praises of God, and exhorting those around him to prepare for the world to come, and doubtless was conveyed by angels from his lonely cottage in the wilderness, to those celestial mansions prepared for the redeemed on high.

Some such men as Mr. Lyon will shine with a far greater lustre in the firmament of the upper heavens, than many who have outshone them on earth.

REV. HENRY EAMES.

"Your fathers, where are they?
And the prophets, do they live forever?"

Mr. Henry Eames, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born in the western part of Ireland. He was converted to God when about twenty years of age, through the instrumentality of the Rev. John Wesley, and was received by him into the Methodist society. He emigrated to this country in 1769, only three years subsequent to the formation of the first Methodist society in America, of which he became a member in the city of New York, while Mr. Phillip Embury was still there. Two letters received by Mr. Eames from his spiritual father, the last of which was written less than two years previous to Mr. Wesley's death, may be found in Wesley's Works, vol. vii, p. 99.

Mr. Eames subsequently removed to the town of

Bedford, Westchester county, N. Y., where he died in holy triumph, in 1821.

Rev. Henry Eames was born at Bedford, N. Y., June 23, 1774. He was awakened and led to seek the mercy of God, when about thirteen years of age, by means of an alarming dream, in which the world of woe was represented in awful colors to his mind. His distress under the discoveries of God's wrath, was great; but when he was enabled to believe in Christ, the witness of his acceptance was clear, and his joy was full. He at once united with the church, and became, it is believed, at an early period of his Christian career, a witness of perfect love.

In 1800, being then twenty-six years of age, he was received on trial in the New York Conference, in the same class with Samuel Merwin, William Anson, Jacob Gruber, Henry Ryan, and others—men who bore manfully the burden, in the heat of the day that tried men's souls; and who, with the subject of our sketch, now rest together in Abraham's bosom.

The following account of his labors and departure to the spirit land, is from the pen of his son, Rev. Joseph Eames, of the Troy Conference.

"My father's first circuit was Chesterfield, Conn. In 1801, he was appointed to Tolland; 1802 admitted to full connection, ordained deacon, and sent to Athens; each of those charges was in the New London district; 1803, Brandon, Vt. In May, 1804, he married Miss Lydia Harris, of Lisbon, Conn., one who was every way fitted to be a help-meet for him in the great work. The same spring he was ordained elder, and appointed to Long Island, where he remained two years: that was then a six weeks' circuit, including the whole Island, with the exception of Brooklyn. I have often heard him say, that those two years were seasons of great

prosperity, and during that time more than *four hundred were added to the church.* In 1806 he was removed about four hundred miles, to Dunham and Fletcher circuit, which extended into Lower Canada. He continued there six months, when a change was effected between him and the Rev. N. Gage, and he spent the remainder of the year on Cambridge circuit. He was appointed in 1807, to Lebanon, N. Y.; 1808, Litchfield, Conn.; 1809, Courtlandt, N. Y.; 1810 and 1811, New Rochelle; 1812, Croton. It was in August, of this year, that my dear mother departed this life, in holy triumph, leaving four little children, of whom I was the eldest. Although I was only in my seventh year, I well remember standing by her dying bed, and receiving her last blessing. In 1813, he was appointed to Redding; and 1814 and 1815, Stratford, Conn. In the spring of 1816 he was married again, to Miss Louisa Robinson, of Danbury, Conn., who still survives him. That year and the following, he traveled Chatham circuit; 1818, Rhinebeck; 1819 and 1820, Durham, Conn.; 1821, Jefferson, with the Rev. J. Bangs. This was a year of great spiritual prosperity, several hundred were added to the church; 1822 and 1823, Bern, with D. Lewis; 1824 and 1825, Montgomery; 1826 and 1827, Cambridge; 1828, Petersburgh, 1829 and 1830, Pittstown. At the conference of 1831, his relation was changed to supernumerary, and in 1835 to superannuated, which he continued to sustain till his death. For many years he had been subject to a chronic diarrhœa. This, with other complaints incident to declining years, gradually wore him out; however, he continued to preach, as long as he consistently could. Although his natural and acquired abilities were quite inferior to many of the brethren in the ministry, yet his labors were owned and blessed of the Lord to the conversion and salvation of many souls. He was esteemed

as a good man, and full of faith and the Holy Ghost. His latter years were years of bodily suffering; but I have heard it said, by those who were with him, that he was meek and quiet as a lamb, never complaining or repining in the least. The closing scenes are thus described by my brother: On Wednesday evening preceding his death, he had a struggle, and shook violently, the sweat standing upon him in large drops. They supposed he was then struck with death, but he revived for a short time; when he came to, he said he thought the house was on fire, and that he went up in the flames to heaven, where he was permitted to see the glories of that place, and the faithful who had arrived there. His sky was clear to the last. One of his dying expressions was, '*All is well!*' He gradually sunk away, until he slept in death, on Saturday, September 6, 1851."

Such is the faithful but very scanty record, of one who did effective service in the work of the ministry, for an unbroken series of *thirty-one years.* But the reader may ask, did no interesting and instructive events occur, in the history of all these years, worthy of record? Yes; privations were endured, conflicts passed, deliverances wrought out, and victories achieved. Scenes of thrilling interest in connection with the early struggles of Methodism, and the progress of the work of God, in which father Eames was an actor, must have occurred. But, as in other cases, we have to regret that no earthly pen has recorded them; and the few reminiscences here gathered up from the memories of the living, might soon have been irrecoverably lost. May not the recital of these trials and triumphs of the ambassadors of Christ, form a part of the employment and enjoyment of heaven?

Father Eames is represented, by those who knew him long and intimately, as *a fair specimen of the old style of*

Methodist preachers. He was deeply pious, and thoroughly devoted to the one work of saving souls. Having but few of the extraneous advantages of modern days, he spent much time on his knees before God, and in the study of the Word of Life. He knew nothing among the people "save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." It is said of one of our modern preachers, whose outer man was any thing but such as would have led a stranger to suspect that he belonged to the fraternity, that he once called on an honest Dutchman, a member of the church, and introduced himself as a Methodist preacher. The good brother, after surveying him from head to foot, in silent but significant wonder and doubt, for a few moments, exclaimed: "Vell, if I shoot cet mine cun to zhoot a Metodish breacher, I vood nefer cock it at you." Not so with father Eames. His dress, equipage, air, countenance, the intonations of his voice, indeed, his *tout ensemble* bore unequivocal evidence of the fraternity to which he belonged. In all places, and under all circumstances, whether congenial to those around him or otherwise, he exhibited the characteristics of his profession. When, at a prayer meeting held by a sister church, he was called to order for shouting, he took not the slightest notice, but praised God as heartily as though he had been with the brethren of his own communion, at a camp-meeting. He was always active, happy and useful.

In the early days of his ministry, he often fell, during the meeting, and lay motionless for hours. Our various classes of readers will philosophize on this subject as satisfactorily to themselves, as would be any thing the writer might say. One remark, however, may safely be made, relative to those strange physical effects that were so frequently attendant upon the religious exercises of our people in former times; *they were not feigned.*

This may be safely inferred, from the fact, that, many to whom they occurred were persons of sterling integrity, utterly incapable of any thing like hypocrisy.

Mr. Eames' preaching, like every thing else about him, was in the *old style*. It embraced but a very limited range of subjects; these were, however, the most important. Man's original state, the fall, redemption by Jesus Christ, repentance, faith and holiness, were treated of, in almost every sermon. Although there was great sameness in his sermons, yet the heart-felt earnestness, with which they were delivered, gave them a freshness that rendered them interesting, especially to the more pious part of his hearers. His discourses were often searching and pungent, and attended with a divine unction, that made them "the power of God unto salvation." Such was Rev. Henry Eames; his son, Rev. Joseph Eames, now (1853) in the twenty-seventh year of his ministry, is an honorable representative of his pious father.

REV. JAMES F. BURROWS.*

"How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest—in heaven!"

Is there not exquisite pleasure in the recollections of a devoted, self-sacrificing man of God, who, in all the freshness and vigor of youth has fallen on the moral battle-field? Precious to surviving friends is the memory

* For much of this article the writer is indebted to a relative of Mr. Burrows.

of such a Christian with whom they have walked life's pathway and taken sweet counsel. "The memory of the just is blessed." How many, just sitting out upon their ministerial career, are called from the sacred walls of Zion to step into the chariot of fire, and be heralded by angels into the celestial city, "to go no more out." What the attainments of such would have been had they lived, we are not permitted to know.

James F. Burrows possessed many traits of character which seemed to mirror forth a career of distinguished usefulness. He was born Feb. 10, 1826, in the town of Monroe, Saratoga county, N. Y. At an early age he was deprived of the counsels and reproofs of a father. Providence, however, watched over him, and by the direction of an elder brother he went to reside with a gentleman in Mechanicsville, where in 1843 he sought and found the pearl of great price. He now devoted much of his time to study, especially to the perusal of the scriptures. His zealous devotion to the sabbath school and all the means of grace, together with his unblamable and exemplary life, attested the genuineness of the change wrought in him, and evinced his growth in grace. In the fall of 1843, at a camp meeting held at Cambridge, he sought the blessing of "perfect love," and attained that high state of religious experience, which he retained, still growing in grace, until glory in heaven completed what grace on earth had begun. He was enabled to give such unequivocal evidence of the attainments he had made in the divine life as satisfied those who knew him that God had done great things for him. Among others who testify to his worth, Rev. T. Spicer says of him; "I believe brother Burrows enjoyed the blessing of perfect love."

Under the conviction that he was called of God to preach the gospel, he, by his own diligence, frugality

and perseverance, obtained the means of attending that excellent institution, the Biblical Institute, at Concord, N. H., where he prosecuted his studies with great diligence. In 1847 he was licensed to preach. Soon after his return from Concord he formed a most happy and suitable mariage alliance with Miss Lydia Jane Ensign, daughter of Rev. D. Ensign, a sketch of whose life is found in this volume. With a companion in life whose intelligence and piety well qualified her for her prospective station, with his own heart filled with love to God and sympathy for perishing souls, and with fair educational advantages, he entered the work of the ministry under circumstances that promised much for the cause of truth.

He was one of a class of twenty who united with the Troy Conference on trial in 1848, and was appointed preacher in charge at Galway in his native county. In 1849 he was associated with Rev. H. Meeker on Fort Ann circuit. The next year we find him at Benson, in Vermont. There our happy young itinerant and his companion received a sacred loan which they early consecrated to God in baptism; just as they were beginning to find the fibres of their hearts becoming entwined about its tender being, however, it was taken from them to a fairer clime.

At the close of this year a bronchial affection had so far prostrated him as to compel him to retire from the work to which he had been consecrated. He returned to Mechanicsville, where every available means was used for his restoration. It was not long, however, before his anxious friends were compelled to see that the consumption had fastened its deadly fangs upon him. For some time he could not think it possible that his work should be so soon accomplished. As is common with the victims of that insidious disease, he entertained

some hope of recovery until near his end; when, however, he became convinced that the time of his departure was at hand, he cheerfully submitted to the will of God. A few days before he died, when asked by his father-in-law if Jesus was precious, he answered, with glory beaming in his countenance, "Jesus is very precious; I long to be with him in glory." As the closing scene drew nigh when the silver cord, that had for a long time been loosening, was to be severed, and the golden bowl broken, he affectionately kissed his devoted companion and bid her and all his friends, farewell. After this, while his wife leaned over him watching his expiring breath, he revived a little and whispered, "Why does the chariot delay?" then exclaiming, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" he passed, in the full enjoyment of his intellect, to the regions of eternal blessedness. He died April 2d, 1852, in Mechanicsville, at the early age of twenty-six years.

"O! is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian, with his armor on!"

Mr. Burrows' preaching abilities were good. His sermons were sound, systematic and practical, and delivered with great energy and pathos. His whole soul seemed in a blaze of love while he "preached Jesus and the resurrection." He delighted to dwell upon the story of the cross, the riches of grace, and the glories of heaven.

REV. ELIJAH B. HUBBARD.*

Elijah B. Hubbard, was the son of Rev. T. Hubbard, a highly esteemed and useful local preacher. He was born in the town of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in the last year of the past century. Under the pious influences of his paternal home, Elijah manifested at an early age a clear apprehension of religious things, and, at the tender age of seven years, was brought to realize the promise, "They that seek me early shall find me." He had often expressed a desire to learn to love the Savior, and his father, finding that he was intelligently seeking after God, made him the special subject of prayer; and while engaged in the morning devotions at the family altar, young Elijah was enabled to see Jesus as his Savior. These early religious influences, though not as fully cherished as they might have been, were the means of restraining him through his youth and early manhood from the grosser forms of wickedness.

At the age of twenty-five Mr. Hubbard married Miss Mary E. Hand, of Albany, with whom he lived happily for twenty-four years, and by whom he had nine children.

During the year preceding his making a public profession of religion, his course was marked by the careful observance of the outward forms of morality and propriety. In the year 1829 or 1830, during the progress of a revival in the old Division street church, in the city of Albany, he made a public profession of the reli-

* The writer is under special obligations to Rev. J. M. Edgerton for assistance in preparing this sketch.

gion of Jesus Christ, and united with the church. Almost immediately, he began with earnestness to exhort sinners to repentance, and very soon was appointed a class leader; in which office he was acceptable and useful. About one year after, his brethren advised him to take a relation to the church affording a more extensive field of usefulness; and, this advice according with his own convictions of duty, he asked for, and obtained a local preacher's license. He held this office for about four years; when, finding himself embarrassed by the division of his mind between his secular business and the ministry of the word, he fully surrendered himself to the latter calling.

In the fall of 1834 he went as a "supply" to Pittstown circuit, where he labored until the Conference of 1835, at which time he was received on trial by the Troy Annual Conference. His first appointment was to Cambridge circuit, where, during two years, he enjoyed the confidence and affection of the people, and the blessing of God upon his labors. In 1837 he was ordained deacon, and appointed to Bennington, Vt., where he also spent two years. From 1839 to 1841 the people of Dalton, a town adjoining that of his nativity, enjoyed his ministrations. The next year was spent at Greenwich, Washington county, N. Y. He spent the succeeding year on the Pawlet circuit, in Vermont. In 1845 and 1846 we find him on the Fort Ann circuit, where his labors were eminently blessed of God.

At the Conference of 1847, he received his appointment to Middlebury, Vt., where he experienced the great *trial* of his life. The hand of affliction was laid upon him. Hitherto, both himself and his family had enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health. But now disease prostrated him, and death laid his dearest earthly friend, his wife, in the grave. To his extremely

sensitive nature, this was a most severe shock; from its effects it is thought he never entirely recovered. Although he received an appointment to Burlington at the ensuing conference, 1848, such was his prostration of mind and body that he was able to perform the functions of the ministry but a small portion of the year. A partial and temporary mental aberration gave rise to the most painful apprehensions on the part of his friends. Rest, a change of scenery, and kind attentions, however, by the blessing of God, resulted in great improvement.

Before the close of this year, Mrs. Mary Cammack became the sharer of his joys and sorrows; a woman well qualified to be his companion, to cheer him in his despondency, and take the charge of his helpless young family. At the conference of 1849, he was so far recovered as to take an appointment to Castleton, Vt. In 1851 he was appointed a second time to the Fort Ann circuit, where, after a few months of toil and anxiety as preacher in charge, he ended his life and labors.

The disease to which he fell a victim was a pulmonary inflammation, with which he was seized early in January, 1852. While suffering from physical prostration, the result of protracted efforts at the Ridge, he was called on to preach a funeral sermon at a school house about two miles from Fort Edward. Although the weather was cold, the crowded room and confined air almost overcame him. On concluding the services, he immediately seated himself in an open sleigh, in the cold air, and rode some distance to the burying ground. This imprudent act, performed in the kindness of his heart toward the afflicted, cost him his life. The transition from the heated school house in his exhausted state of body, suddenly checked perspiration, and brought on a a severe pleuratic affection.

A high fever followed, in which the lungs were involved. All efforts proved unavailing; and gradually sinking under the power of disease, he died on the 22d day of the following April. Thus fell; in the prime of life, an able minister of Jesus Christ, a victim to the unreasonable usage of having the officiating minister follow the corpse to the grave. Nor was he the first or last victim to this *murderous custom*. It is scarcely possible to conceive of any thing more disastrous to those delicate organs concerned in respiration and speaking, than the excitement and exhaustion attendant upon a country funeral. The house almost always crowded, is left for a long, slow ride to the grave yard, there to stand shivering in the snow until the grave is filled, and then take another ride home. And yet, knowing that this is *expected*, many of our preachers, even when in feeble health, do not feel at liberty to decline it, lest they should add to the sorrows of those already smitten and afflicted. When *duty* demands it, and the salvation of *souls* requires it, the Christian minister should fear no danger, flinch from no exposure; but the life of such an one is worth too much to the church and the world to be sacrificed to a needless custom.

In person, Mr. Hubbard was of about the medium height; of full habit, and inclined to corpulency. His countenance wore an expression of cheerfulness and kindness well calculated to make a favorable impression. In his attire, he was scrupulously exact and tasty. In his intercourse with society, he was pleasant, dignified and courteous, open, communicative and social. Exceedingly sensitive himself, he was careful not to wound the feelings of others. Of an ardent temperament, he was greatly chagrined when he failed in any undertaking. A confiding frankness was a marked trait in his character, which led him sometimes to speak of himself and his affairs, with a freedom that might have

appeared to some to savor of egotism. To his family he was ardently attached. Constitutionally kind-hearted, he erred, perhaps, in allowing his sympathies to overcome his firmness, in the government of his children. Early in life, his mind was stored with religious truth. The works of Wesley and Fletcher, and the preaching of the early Methodists made their lasting impression upon his youthful mind. The great doctrine of a free and full salvation for the world, by faith in Jesus Christ, was strongly engraved upon his mind and heart.

His piety was unquestionable. Such, however, was his natural temperament, that his religious emotions were greatly influenced by external circumstances. Sickness not only prostrated his body, it also often affected his mind; a deep depression, doubting and fears ensued. Perhaps none but experienced Christians, of a similar temperament, can appreciate his sufferings, in those seasons of trial and temptation. In the midst of these, there was manifested a resolute cleaving to the cross of Christ. His ardent longings for full conformity to the divine image, were manifested in his devotions, and are indicated in his diary, a few extracts from which are here given.

"Sept. 12. I still find roots of bitterness in my heart; Lord extract them. Take away my heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh. I desire to count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

"13. Still mourning over my aptitude to unbelief; yet, thank God, I have some faith, some peace.

"14. I commenced this day, as usual, by reading a chapter on my knees; but do not feel as deeply on the subject as I could wish.

"18. On the whole, feel some better in soul and body. O, my God! save me from sin and Satan's power, and all praise shall be thine, in time and in eternity.

"26. Still pleading for *love;* supreme love to God, and love to all mankind.

"30. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that the work of holiness might be perfected in me."

As a preacher, he was successful in winning souls to Christ. In several of his appointments, revivals of religion accompanied his labors. The writer never heard him preach, and, therefore, can not speak with the confidence he otherwise might, of his style in the pulpit. His mind was peculiarly unfitted for debate, and he seldom engaged in it. He loved peace, and preferred to dwell on those truths generally acknowledged among Christians. He was much more accustomed to speak words of encouragement, than to denounce the terrors of the divine law. His sermons, so far as the language is concerned, were mostly extemporaneous; nothing more than a "sketch," or "skeleton," being used in the pulpit. His voice is said to have been flexible and powerful. He frequently illustrated his sermons, by the relation of incidents, with happy effect.

His uncommon sensitiveness, and subjection to seasons of gloom and depression, were a source of trial to him, in regard to his preaching. During those seasons, he could not preach with satisfaction to himself. He imagined, at such times, that all he said was dark and unprofitable; and his acute sensibility was greatly shocked at his supposed failures. Satan, too, would take advantage of such seasons, and he would be tempted to believe that he had never been called to the work of the ministry. The following extract from his diary, gives some insight into those conflicts:

"June 29, 1841. Yesterday, I did not preach, or go to meeting. I took some medicine, read two of Mr. Wesley's sermons, and examined myself. Felt that I was a very unprofitable servant. Prayed and groaned on my knees

before God, and cried, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' To-day am somewhat relieved, but still a cloud hangs over my mind, and something seems to whisper, 'What if God has not called you to preach?' O, God! if I am wrong, forgive and set me right. I think myself sincere. I will try, by grace divine, to live to thy glory. Oh, keep me!"

Though ordinarily happy in God, and in his ministerial work, yet such were the inward conflicts through which he sometimes passed.

He was a good pastor. He delighted in telling of the love of the Savior, to the people, at their own houses. The children, being kindly noticed by him, learned to love him. His deep sympathy with the afflicted rendered him a welcome visitor at the sick room.

His death was peaceful, and calmly triumphant. He was constitutionally timid, in view of death; but the promises, which he had so often exhibited to others, sustained him in the trying scenes of closing life. He was enabled to exercise a faith in God, that gave him comfort, and freedom from anxiety and fear. Though called to leave a dependent family, with very limited temporal resources, he planned for their comfort when he should no longer be with them, and encouraged them to trust in God. His confidence that his family would be provided for, was not misplaced: the people of Fort Edward, his last charge, gave substantial evidence of their regard for him and his, and the seed of the righteous have not begged bread.

As for himself, all was well. There were no murmurings, no fears, no doubts. His soul was calmly stayed on God. His feet were upon the rock. In the midst of pain, he could say:

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Savior died.

There was no "taking a leap in the dark." The veil was parted, and rays of celestial light shone upon his last journey. He triumphed as the disciple of his risen Lord. When he could no longer articulate, he raised his hands in token of victory.

Thus, at the age of fifty-three, having spent *eighteen* years in the Christian ministry, died Elijah Brainard Hubbard. A discourse was preached on the occasion of his death, at Fort Edward, where he died, by his presiding elder, Rev. S. Washburn, to a large and deeply interested congregation, on "The labor, rest and reward of the Christian minister." His remains were interred in the cemetery, between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill, in a spot selected by himself. His memory will long be cherished by a large circle of warm friends.

REV. CYRUS BOLSTER, A. M.

During the winter of 1837–8, the village of Rensselaerville, Albany county, N. Y., was visited with a gracious revival of religion. Those who, like good old Simeon, had waited long for the salvation of Israel rejoiced in Christ's appearing. Meetings were held daily, the attention of the community was aroused to the contemplation of spiritual things, and many a praying parent was made to rejoice in seeing his prayers answered in the awakening and conversion of his sons and daughters.

There was in that village, at the time, a young man of superior mind, and unusual amiability, engaged in study with a view to the legal profession. He was gen-

erally regarded as an uncommon young man, and it had been predicted that he would "become a distinguished man." An unusual solicitude was felt that he might become a subject of the work of grace, both on his own account, and in view of the influence which he was known to exert upon the young people of the place. Several spoke to him on the subject, but without any apparent effect. He amused himself and his friends by arguing that *females had no souls*, and that consequently *they* need have no anxiety on the subject of religion. The Holy Spirit was however at work upon the mind of that young man; his soul was the arena of a conflict which his sportive arguments were intended to conceal. His professional prospects constituted the great obstacle, in his mind, to becoming a Christian.

One evening he entered the church under a deep sense of the importance of personal religion; but firmly resolved, at all hazards, to resist every means that might be used to influence him in that direction. At the close of the sermon, while the congregation were upon their feet, the penitent were invited to kneel at the altar. Such were his emotions that he could not stand up without betraying them, and he kept his seat. A well-known, aged disciple of that village, stepped to his side and whispered in his ear, *Cyrus, do your duty.* His first impulse was a feeling of pride and mortification, and contrary to his usual gentlemanly bearing, he thought, "I will give him a blast;" but as he raised his head to do it he found his friend no longer by his side. A sudden reversion of thought and feeling ensued. He saw himself fighting against God—resisting the kindest efforts of his people—sinning against his own mercies—his soul sank in penitence—grace triumphed—Cyrus was at the altar of God, seeking mercy.

The next morning found him on his way to his father's

house, about three miles distant. To shorten the distance, he left the road and crossed the fields, in doing which he came to a barn. Into that barn he entered, and, prostrating himself before God, confessed the sins of his youth and implored forgiveness of him who seeth in secret. Angels rejoiced, God heard his earnest pleadings, and filled his soul with peace and joy. He left that barn a new creature in Christ. His conversion was clear and joyous. The same afternoon, he returned to the village, it being entirely unknown to the people where or how he had spent the day. That evening, when the invitation was given for those who were seeking God to come forward for prayers, he rose in his place, turned around to the congregation, and declared with a full heart, what God had wrought in his soul; exhorting his young friends to accompany him in his new life. The effect was overwhelming; a general rush was made to the altar. From that time, Cyrus Bolster's attention was turned from the *law* to the *gospel*.

At the time of his conversion he was about twenty years of age. He at once became active in the cause of his new Master. A few days subsequent to his conversion, he visited the village school, of which he had been, a short time previously, the teacher, and there confessed the wrong he had done in the argument he had used relative to female religion, assured them that they *had souls*, and besought them, in the most affecting manner, by the solemnities of the judgment day, to prepare to meet God.

His former plans being abandoned, and having now the Christian ministry in view, he prepared himself for college, and shortly after entered the Wesleyan University. After prosecuting a part of his course at Middletown, he left for a season, in 1839, and spent about one year in the family of the Hon. Freeborn Garrettson,

of Rhinebeck, N. Y., as private tutor to his sons. Mr. Garrettson says of him, at this time, "his urbane manners, his gentle and Christian dispositions, and his intelligence for so young a man, gained alike the esteem and respect of us all." He left that family for the university, under the pledge that when he should have completed his collegiate course, he would return to superintend the education of Mr. Garrettson's sons, and a few other select youths. He graduated in 1842, with credit to himself and his *Alma Mater*, and returned to the family of F. Garrettson, Esq., where he was welcomed and remained as tutor, between three and four years. He enjoyed the cordial friendship of that family until the day of his death, being regarded by them "rather as a near relative than as a friend."

In 1845, he united with the New York Conference, and was appointed to Rhinebeck, and subsequently to Hyde Park, and Lenox, Mass. In each of these appointments he is spoken of in the highest terms.

In the spring of 1848, his health being insufficient for the duties of the pastorate, he took charge of the Lansingburgh academy, where he continued until the spring of 1851. In 1849, while at Lansinburgh, he was transferred from the New York to the Troy Conference. In the latter conference, however, he never held the pastoral relation. As a teacher he was indefatigable and successful. The academy, in Lansingburgh, prospered greatly under his supervision. On leaving the above named institution, he became connected with the Jonesville Academy, where he remained until the fall of 1851, when, in the hope of improving his health by a southern climate, he went to New Orleans. He there entered the family of Hon. H. W. R. Hill, as tutor, where he became a great favorite, and remained until his death. He died, February 17, 1853, aged

thirty-five years, of typhoid fever, after an illness of about six weeks, the last twelve days of which he was confined to his bed. Nothing that wealth, medical skill, or sympathy could do for him, in his last sickness was left undone. He expressed a desire to live, but often said, "God's will, not mine, be done." Those who were with him in his last sickness say, that though "his sufferings were great, his last moments were his happiest." Mrs. Hill, who watched over him with a mother's care, said to him, when near his end, "Mr. Bolster, you are almost gone." He replied, "My dear madam, I know it." She then asked him if he felt perfectly resigned to die, to which he replied, "Certainly I am." These were his last words. A college class mate who was with him, says, "After he was unable to articulate, and but a few moments before his death, to my question if all was well, and he was happy in the love of the Savior, he made an effort to respond, but not being able to speak, he pressed my hand firmly in affirmation." His remains were returned to his paternal home, and with appropriate religious services, in the church where sixteen years before, he had been brought to Christ, committed to the tomb, in his native town of Berne, Albany county, N. Y.

The following sketch of his character, is from the pen of his intimate friend, Rev. Zebulon Phillips.

"As the space which I am to occupy is necessarily limited, I can only refer to some of the most prominent traits in the character of my dear friend, and in describing them great brevity must be observed.

"I will state, then, in the first place, that the physical constitution of Mr. Bolster, was always rather delicate, but his intellectual powers were sound and vigorous. He had a penetrating and comprehensive mind, a fine perception, and elegant taste. These important talents

were blended with a sound judgment, and a sense of the truly beautiful and sublime, peculiar to himself; and still farther heightened by an imagination and invention equally lively, and a memory uncommonly capacious and retentive. To cultivate these admirable natural endowments, he employed the most assiduous care, and unwearied industry. By his diligent study of the Roman and Greek classics, of logic and philosophy, and of the best poets and historians, and especially the scriptures, he collected a large stock of the best ideas, and enriched his mind with a variety of select and useful knowledge. But while he assiduously applied himself to acquire wisdom from the ancients, he was not unmindful of current events, or of the advantages to be derived from intercourse with intelligent and refined society. He studied men and things intensely, and formed his judgment cautiously. Indeed, he possessed rare social gifts, and accomplishments, hence his company was always desired where he was known. His accomplishments as a gentleman were unsurpassed. Humility and self-respect were never more happily blended. He was always ready to perform any service which might contribute to the pleasure of others, while he scrupulously kept himself from contact with anything objectionable.

"Of his character as a friend, volumes might be written. It was so pure, and generous, and enduring, that no ordinary adversity could impair it. It is as true, as it was proper, that he formed his friendships with great caution, but when they were thus formed "many waters could not quench" them. He unbosomed himself without restraint, or mental reservation, in a manner perfectly inimitable and indescribable, and yet so cautiously, that he could not be betrayed to his injury, if perfidiousness should ever occur. It has been my privilege to

cultivate intimate friendship with many excellent persons, but, without disparagement to them, candor compels me to say, that it never fell to my lot, to cultivate a stronger, or a more confiding friendship, than with the subject of this sketch. His piety, was sincere without ostentation. From the hour of his conversion, until his course was finished upon the earth, he never faltered. No unauspicious circumstances could discourage him, or flattering prospects seduce him from the pursuit of religion. I will not say, that other friends were not as familiar with his religious experience as myself, though I have often been assured by him, that there was no person on earth to whom he opened his heart so freely, and so fully, and I am sure that it has never been my privilege to know a more honest, conscientious, God-fearing man than Cyrus Bolster. It was his delight to contemplate the stupendous riches of that grace which is displayed in the salvation of the chief of sinners. And oh, with what pathos would he describe the work of the Spirit on his own heart, and the full wealth of that love which had been imparted to him through the manifold riches of divine grace. Precious through all my remaining life, will be the recollection of many facts connected with the experience of my departed friend. I am fully aware that a judgment so partial as this, may be distrusted by some who think they knew Mr. B. I do not mean to say that he had no faults, but I will venture to say, that the facts to which a certain class of excellent people sometimes took exception, are as susceptible of justification, as certain other facts in their own character. Mr. Bolster was excessively modest, and as he had an unconquerable aversion to mere pretension, he was consequently liable to be misjudged. A man of more humble spirit, of more sincere and earnest piety, it has not been my privilege to know.

I shall close this very brief and imperfect sketch with a few words respecting his ministerial gifts and usefulness, and although I may expose myself to the charge of partiality, or of ignorance respecting ministerial talents and success, I shall nevertheless speak out honestly and fearlessly. As a minister, Mr. Bolster possessed some very rare and peculiar qualifications. As I have remarked above, he enjoyed the advantages of a liberal and an accomplished education, with which was blended a strong desire to do good. He was, therefore, always prepared to communicate something important to be known. During the short period of his actual and and regular ministry, the point he chiefly labored to accomplish, was, to beget in his people's minds an abiding sense that God was their chief good; their only sufficient happiness and portion; that the blessed Jesus was the foundation of their pardon and acceptance, and salvation; that all their dependence for acquiring the beauties of holiness, and the consolation and pleasures of a religious life, was to be placed in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; whose office is to "take the things of Christ, and to show them unto" men, and to give them to "know the things that are freely given to" them "of God." Mr. Bolster's manner of preaching was much admired. The propositions he insisted on were few, but always of very weighty and edifying import, and legitimately drawn from the text under consideration. His explanations were clear and accurate, his proofs plain and decisive; his illustrations beautiful and entertaining, and his application close and searching. Indeed, such was the depth of his thoughts; such the propriety of his words; and such the variety, force and fire of his style; so remarkable was the justness of his reasoning, and so judicious the change of his method, that, notwithstanding he invariably pursued the same end; yet

proceeding by different paths, and varying his address, according as he meant to alarm, convince or comfort, he was so far from becoming tedious, that he never failed to please, as well as to improve his audience.

The above is intended as a description of Mr. Bolster's actual ministry, and I desire that this fact should be borne in mind, as those who became acquainted with him, after he was compelled to abandon the ministry, on account of infirm health, and who only heard him occasionally will hardly be prepared for such a eulogy. I have only to say that they knew not the man as a minister. Some few persons knew him as a teacher, and were prepared to accord to him extraordinary merit in that department, and never was the meed of approbation more justly bestowed, for he was preeminent in that calling, but, I hestitate not to say, that he was equally eminent as an ambassador of Christ.

I ought to add in closing, that he was one of the most faithful and affectionate of pastors. He loved to search out the poor and sick of his flock, and impart to them consolation and instruction. In this work he took especial pleasure; indeed, such was his zeal to be a minister of mercy to the infirm and the needy, that he would cheerfully exhaust his strength for the comfort of the one, and his means for the relief of the other. He was a noble man and his end is blessed."

REV. OLIVER EMERSON.

"The furnace of affliction may be fierce but if it refineth thy soul,
The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years of torment."

TUPPER.

The subject of this sketch was introduced to the joys and sorrows of life, on the 30th day of August, 1814, in the town of Danby, Rutland county, Vt. His father was a carpenter by trade, a native of New Hampshire, but soon after his marriage he removed to Danby, where he spent most of his days. Oliver Emerson had five sisters and two brothers, some of whom, with his mother, are worthy members of the Methodist Episcopal church.

When about fourteen years of age, he heard the Rev. T. Spicer preach at a quarterly meeting. The sermon made an impression upon his mind that deeply affected him for several weeks. As is too often the case, however, it was not yielded to, and gradually passed away. His conversion was effected chiefly through the instrumentality of his sister Lucinda, now the wife of Rev. Joseph Eames. This pious sister availed herself of every opportunity of pressing the subject of personal religion upon the attention of her young brother. One evening, "we went," says Mr. Emerson, "to visit some of our young friends, and returned after the other members of the family had retired to rest. On our arrival at home, she asked me to read a portion of the scriptures; I did so, and after I had finished she wished me to pray. To this I objected, and advocated the sentiments of the Universalists. She remonstrated, and at last knelt down and prayed most fervently for me.

"Soon after, being about to leave home, she invited her young friends to spend an evening with her before she left. She took this opportunity of conversing with us all on the subject of religion, and her appeals produced a powerful effect on my mind. The next sabbath evening, while sitting in the family circle, I felt so deeply impressed with my lost state, that I could not refrain from weeping, and I besought my mother to pray for me. She did so. The following sabbath evening, at a prayer meeting, I asked the prayers of the congregation. While engaged in social prayer, light broke in upon my mind; joy and peace sprung up in my poor heart. On the 23d of November, 1830, I was received on trial in the Methodist Episcopal church, by Rev. Joshua Poor."

Such is Mr. Emerson's own account of his conversion. How instructive the example of that sister! Who will venture to estimate the result of Lucinda's earnest efforts and fervent prayers in behalf of her wayward brother? But for her, Oliver Emerson might have lived and died in impenitence. Through her instrumentality, not only was a brother converted to God, but scores, probably hundreds, have been brought to Christ through his ministry, and what they in their turn may do to advance the Redeemer's kingdom, God only knows. Some of them, as they read this page, may bless God that Lucinda felt, and labored, and prayed, as she did. Little did she think as she kneeled in prayer for that brother, who refused to pray for himself, that she was setting in motion a train of saving influences, that will, in all probability, continue long after she shall have joined her brother in heaven. Fair reader, is thy brother or sister unsaved? "*Go thou and do likewise.*"

A revival took place in Pontoosuc, in the town of Pittsfield, Mass., in 1851, where Mr. Emerson then

lived, which was attributed, in a great measure, to his instrumentality. Meanwhile, his bosom was the scene of severe conflicts. By night and day his thoughts dwelt incessantly on the work of the Christian ministry. His youth, want of education and of means by which to procure it, appeared as insurmountable obstacles in his way, and yet the conviction rested on his soul with crushing weight: "Wo is me, if I preach not the gospel." He at length made known his convictions to his pastor, and was advised to go to some manual labor school; accordingly, in May, 1833, he entered Wilbraham Academy. After spending a limited season there, during which time he was licensed as an exhorter, he was compelled to leave the institution for want of means to prosecute his studies.

His feelings, on leaving Wilbraham, may be more readily imagined than described. He says, in reference to this subject, "Oh! did the church know the feelings of indigent young men, did they know the embarrassments under which they labor, some means, I am sure, would be provided, to aid them in preparing for the great work of the Christian ministry." Scores of young men in our own communion, destitute of the means of preparing for the work to which God has called them, would, did not modesty prevent it, plead with the church to provide institutions, with a special reference to theological education. For the want of such provisions, many are compelled to enter upon the duties of their high calling, under disadvantages, which, amid the incessant labors of the itinerancy, they can never fully overcome. Could this subject be seen in its true light, by the church at large, theological seminaries, like those of our Wesleyan brethren in England, or our own Biblical Institute, at Concord, N. H., would spring up in every section of the land. The writer would take

this opportunity of recording his solemn conviction, that *suitable provision for the thorough training of young men for the work of the ministry, is the great desideratum of the Methodist Church in this country.*

In July, 1834, Mr. Emerson was licensed to preach, and recommended to the Troy Annual Conference. About six weeks intervened between this and the session of the conference, which he spent on the Pittsford circuit, where some twenty or more were converted to God. He looked upon the first fruits of his ministry as a confirmation of his call to the work. He was received by the Troy Conference, and appointed to Pittsfield, Mass., with Rev. T. Benedict. In view of the character of this charge, and his youthful associations in the place, he was greatly surprised and confounded at this appointment. He was, however, well received on the circuit, and he makes grateful record of his obligations to his colleague, who treated him with characteristic kindness.

The next year, he labored on Saratoga circuit, with Rev. John Harwood. From the conference of 1836, he was sent to the Halfmoon circuit, Rev. O. Pier being his colleague. On the 17th of January, 1837, he was united in marriage to Miss Betsey Stead, daughter of Rev. Henry Stead, a well-known veteran of the cross. In 1837 he was appointed to Esperance, with Rev. H. L. Starks. The year was one of severe labor; at its close, an increase of forty-nine members was returned. At the ensuing conference the circuit was divided, and Oliver Emerson was appointed to Palatine Bridge, the part of the circuit on which he had resided the former year. Early in the winter, seriousness began to prevail among the people, and about Christmas, the work of God manifested itself, by several persons making known their desire of salvation. Meetings were held every

evening for several weeks, during which Mr. Emerson preached some seventy sermons, and about one hundred were professedly converted to God, of whom between sixty and seventy united with the church of which he was pastor.

The following year he was appointed to the Northampton circuit, and in 1840, to Waterford. Some acts of kindness, shown him on his arrival at that pleasant village, gave him a happy impression of the character of our people in that place. A committee of the brethren met him at the depot, to welcome him and his family to the place, and provide temporary entertainment, while a committee of ladies attended to the cleansing and arranging of the parsonage. A preacher and his family, when arriving at a new appointment among strangers, appreciates such attentions. In some places, our people know how to "do up" such things handsomely, and in some places they do not. Mr. Emerson was much afflicted in person, and in his family, while at Waterford. He was returned a second year, and on the 18th of October, 1841, he was called to part with his beloved companion. She died in great peace.

In June, 1842, he was appointed to Lansingburgh. In November, of the same year, he married Miss Sarah Stead, a sister of his former wife. After the calls and compliments of the occasion were over, we find Mr. Emerson laboriously engaged in his appropriate work, and an extensive revival followed. About one hundred and fifty persons were received into the church that year.

At the expiration of his term of service in Lansingburgh, he was appointed, in 1844, to Nassau, where he spent two years. During his residence there, he was twice thrown from his carriage with great violence; in one instance the carriage was almost a total wreck, yet

he was but slightly injured. In February, 1846, he was first attacked with that disease which was the bane of the last years of his life, an affection of the kidneys and bladder.

His next appointment was at the Third street mission, in Troy. He was called to *suffer*, rather than *do* the will of God, during this year. Soon after receiving the appointment, his disease assumed an aggravated form. Physicians of various schools, at home and abroad, were consulted in vain. An attack of fever and ague, which lasted from September to December, added to his suffering. Meanwhile, his companion, gradually declining in health, followed her sister to the spirit land. In life, she had been a devoted Christian; in death, she was calmly triumphant. By this stroke, which occurred January 7th, 1847, Mr. Emerson was left in charge of two small boys, the youngest of whom was only four months old, and his own health and strength were prostrated, with no prospect of their ever being restored. While at Third street, he organized the Congress street church, consisting of members from the State street charge.

At the conference of June, 1847, he was compelled to take a superannuated relation. From that time to the close of his life, the writer knows but little of his history, except that it was a scene of great and almost unremitting suffering. In 1848, his relation to the conference was changed to that of supernumerary, and he was appointed to Canajoharie. About this time, he formed a marriage alliance with Miss Ann Eliza Williams, of the above-named place, in whom he found a most amiable and worthy companion. After having shared and mitigated his sufferings, as none but an affectionate and devoted wife could, she survives him,

to cherish his memory, and rear his offspring for God and heaven.

In 1849, he took an effective relation, and was stationed at Schuylerville, and in 1850, was appointed to Greenbush. After having attempted to serve the church in that relation, for two years, amid great and increasing bodily infirmities, he again entered the superannuated list in 1851, in which relation he continued until called to exchange worlds.

The last few months of his life were spent in Wallingford, Vt., where he supplied, as far as his strength permitted, two destitute congregations; one in Wallingford, and the other in Danby, his native town. He delighted in the work of the ministry, and it was his, almost literally, to

"Cease at once to work and live."

On the last sabbath but one that he spent on earth, he preached twice, attended a funeral on Monday, another on Wednesday, and still another on Friday. From this last funeral he returned home on Saturday, completely prostrated. On sabbath he was unable to leave his bed, and on the following Thursday, April 22, 1853, he found a happy and everlasting deliverance from the sufferings of mortality. He has been heard repeatedly to say, that for seven years he had not known an hour of uninterrupted freedom from pain. During his last short sickness, he was able to converse but very little. He said enough, however, to satisfy his friends that God was with him

REV. RICHARD GRIFFIN.

Comparatively little is known of the history of this young ambassador of Christ. He was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland; he experienced the pardoning mercy of God when about eighteen years of age, and made himself useful in his native country, as a sabbath school teacher, tract distributor, and local preacher.

Believing it to be his duty to devote his life to the sacred calling, and learning that this country afforded an extensive field of usefulness, he emigrated to the United States; and in 1849 was received on probation by the Troy Conference. In due time, having acquitted himself honorably in the several examinations prescribed by the church, he graduated to deacon's, and subsequently to elder's orders.

Ballston, Luzerne, Fairhaven, Winooski and Pittsford circuits were the scenes of his labors. He died at East Pittsford, Vt., July 1, 1853, aged 30 years.

He was unmarried, and the writer is not aware of his having any relatives this side of the waters that separate the old world from the new. Here, in a land of comparative strangers, to which he had come to preach the gospel of Christ, he found an early, lonely grave. No friend of his youth watched over him in his last sickness, or closed his eyes in death; but God was with him in his last conflict, and all was well. Of the home of his childhood and his early associations, nothing is known, save that a brother of his is a member of the Irish Wesleyan Conference.

Rev. L. D. Sherwood, who was his colleague on Luzerne circuit, speaks of his labors having been conducive to a gracious revival on that charge. He repr .

sents him, as do others who knew him, as a pious, consistent, promising young man, and a good preacher. Rev. D. W. Daton, his colleague on Pittsford circuit, bears testimony to his worth and gives some account of the closing scene of his life. "His religion," he writes, "was a steady flame, that warmed as well as enlightened. His sermons were always sensible and judicious, frequently discovering much thought and reading, and were addressed to the heart and conscience. The sickness that terminated his life was of short duration, and so severe as to prevent his leaving that transporting testimony which the departing Christian, under less acute suffering, is generally enabled to do. The writer had the privilege of visiting him almost every day. Generally, when I approached him, I found him engaged in prayer, and when interrogated about the state of his mind, he replied in strong terms, that Christ was precious. At a subsequent period, he said, "O, I thank God, I am happy!" His feelings overpowered him so that he could say no more. After this, his disorder was so violent, and his dissolution was approaching so rapidly, that my visits were useless to *him*, but they were not so to *me*. About eleven days after he was taken ill, he closed his eyes to earthly scenes, to open them in heaven."

There is something mournfully affecting in the thought of his being cut down so soon, and that too at a time when "the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." We are reminded that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways.

REV. DATUS ENSIGN.

BY REV. C. R. MORRIS.

This aged and beloved brother was born in Westfield, Mass., October 16, 1783; and died in Halfmoon, Saratoga county, N. Y., July 1st, 1853 in the 79th year of his age. From his early youth, he was the subject of religious impressions, and in his 17th year he was converted to God, and united with the M. E. church. He received license to preach in 1803, and was employed by Rev. D. Ostrander, presiding elder of New London district to travel on Ashburnham circuit. In 1804 he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference and appointed to Dutchess circuit. The next year he traveled Petersburgh circuit. In 1806 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, and appointed to New Lebanon; in 1807 to Black River, and in 1808 he received elder's orders and was appointed to Albany circuit. During this year he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Winnegar, a person well fitted, by her piety and devotion to the cause of Christ, to share with him the trials and sacrifices of the itinerancy. Subsequently, he filled the following appointments, viz: Schenectady, Montgomery, Saratoga, Cambridge, Chatham, Pittsfield, Rhinebeck, Goshen, and Burlington. While on Goshen circuit, he experienced the blessing of perfect love. He felt it his duty as a faithful minister of Christ to preach on the subject of Christian holiness, and in so doing his own heart was moved to seek after it. After having earnestly sought this great salvation for some time, he was enabled, in the night season, while in bed, to lay hold on Christ by faith, as a full Savior, and he then

obtained the witness that the "blood of Christ cleansed him from all sin." He was so overwhelmed with a sense of the riches of grace, that he shouted aloud, and spent the remainder of the night in rejoicing and praising the Lord. In 1822, his health having failed, he took a superannuated relation, in which relation he continued for five years. In 1827, he resumed the effective work and traveled successively Berne and Saratoga circuit. In 1829, he was returned supernumerary, and located himself on a farm in Halfmoon, Saratoga county, N. Y., where he continued to reside until his death.

Brother Ensign, as a preacher, possessed effective gifts. He was earnest and pathetic. He was much beloved by the people whom he served, and his labors were usually crowned with success; revivals of the work of God were the common result of his ministry. The circuits he traveled were generally large, and the work very laborious; great sacrifices were required, and difficulties often beset his path, but our departed brother was unflinching in his integrity, and with a heart undaunted, he pursued the path of duty. Although he was naturally somewhat timid and hesitating, yet grace enabled him to be bold and heroic in the Redeemer's cause. An interesting incident, somewhat setting forth the man, and the men of his time, may here be related. On one occasion when on his way to conference, he fell in company with several of his brethren in the ministry, pursuing the same journey. It was proposed that one of them should preach a sermon to the rest, as a profitable method of spending a portion of their time while traveling. This duty was assigned to brother Ensign. During the time, they passed a man working by the road-side, who, overhearing some passages of the sermon, was awakened, and afterward converted to God. Some years afterward, this gentleman learning who the

preacher was, wrote to brother Ensign, stating the facts, and informing him that he was then an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thus, in this instance, seed cast by the way-side brought forth fruit.

Brother Ensign was, in his external appearance, a very noble looking man. He was gentlemanly and kind in his behavior, and had a heart evidently formed for friendship. He was affectionate, courteous, and companionable, very fond of the society of his brethren in the ministry, and his modest and unassuming manners always rendered him agreeable.

Perhaps in no respect does the character of our departed brother, appear to so great advantage as in the relation he held to his family. He was the father of twelve children, one of whom died in childhood, and another, an interesting and pious daughter was cut down in the spring-time of life. As the head of his household, in his government and order, his example in many respects is worthy of imitation. He had stated hours for family worship, and he strictly required all the family to be present. For many years, he had weekly family prayer meetings, on Friday and sabbath evenings, when it was expected that all present who professed religion would take part in the exercises. Under the parental roof were his children educated in the practice of vocal prayer and religious activity. His Christian counsels and good example, his kind and affectionate carriage towards his family, were well rewarded in the early conversion of all his surviving children. The intelligence, amiableness, piety, and filial love of the children, together with the affectionate, and condescending bearing of the parents, rendered his family one of more than ordinary interest to all who became acquainted with them.

The health of brother Ensign had been evidently de-

clining for a few years before his death; but the proximate cause of his death was a severe attack of dysentery, which soon wasted his little remaining strength. He suffered much, and in one week from the time of his attack he gently breathed his last.

In the early part of his sickness, he was afflicted with delirium, and in the latter portion of the time, he was unable to articulate, which allowed but a brief opportunity to his family and friends to learn the state of his mind in view of death; but he said enough to assure them that death was a conquered enemy. To his widowed daughter, who was almost constantly by his bedside, he said, upon her inquiring the state of his mind, "he could adopt the language of Bishop McKendree, and say, 'all is well!'" on another occasion, when his companion asked him if Jesus was precious, he answered, "O yes, he is precious, he is my all in all;" and on other occasions he expressed himself in language of similar import.

His funeral was attended by a large assembly at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mechanicville, on Sunday morning, July 3d, where an appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Tobias Spicer, on John xi, 11, followed by some remarks by Rev. Phineas Cook, and Rev. E. Chichester, who had been fellow laborers with him in his early ministry. His remains were then deposited in the village cemetry, there to remain until the resurrection morn.

PART THIRD.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY LIVING MEMBERS OF THE TROY CONFERENCE.

"All are yours; whether Paul, or Appollos, or Cephas."

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE.

BY REV. B. M. HALL.

"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long."

This precept of the divine law begins, where charity is said to begin—"at home." It takes hold of the young intellect and affections, in order to give them a right direction and impulse. It begins at the fire-side, to form the mind, and impress the heart; as if all, in after life, would depend upon such early formations. And such, in general, is the case, as is shown by the great experiment.

The family is the republic, into which the child is first introduced; it is the church, where, as a catechumen, he receives his first ideas of religion. Here he begins his course of study, and preparation for his future active and responsible life. The parent is, at once, the school-master, the magistrate, and the minister of religion.

Obedience is an essential part of *honor* in this relation. "Tribute to whom tribute is due; honor to whom honor; fear to whom fear." The parent stands, for many years, in the place of God, to the child, and he must be obeyed. This is the Lord's own arrangement; and he imposes upon the child the duty of submission. Disobedience to parents is sin against God! But there is one limit; for while the parent is the law-*giver*, he is not, absolutely, the law-*maker* to the child. He must *give* the law of God; but must take heed that he *makes* no law which shall conflict with it. He is rather the

expounder and executor, than the legislator; and is imself, "under law to Christ." "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." "*In the Lord;*" this is the rule; and within this limit the child is bound by the strongest obligation to obey, and the Lord will punish the transgressors! The commands of the parent are then the commands of God, and are clothed with all the sanctions of the divinity.

Respect and veneration are parts of the honor which should be shown to parents. It is difficult to describe, in writing, these virtues; but they will find ready utterances in a thousand ways, when they are cherished in the soul. They often exhibit themselves in the *cheerfulness* of obedience, and again in its *promptness.* Sometimes these virtues are seen in a cheerful yielding to the judgment of the parent, even when the *desire* sets in an opposite direction. On the other hand, what dishonor is shown when the child's own will, or pleasure, or opinion, is set in opposition to those of the parent; and only yielded after a war of words.

Parents are honored by the *love and gratitude* of their children. These affections are necessary, in order to secure the obedience and respect which have been mentioned. But there are other fruits which these choice vines will produce. They will secure sympathy in times of trouble and distress; and these will be continued through life; for their obligation will not end with the child's minority.

These affections will exhibit themselves in efforts to lighten any pecuniary burdens which may rest upon parents. Few parents are rich, because few *persons* are rich. The great majority must toil for support; and the child who keeps this divine law will delight to do all he can to aid in the general endeavor to secure all practical comforts with the least possible expense to the

house-hold. Those sons who claim the right to live in idleness, upon the produce of their father's toil, do him no honor, while they are a dishonor to themselves. Those daughters who exist only for purposes of pleasure, and show, and simpering, while their mothers wear themselves away with drudging, are anything but an honor to such mothers.

This principle will secure the *aid and support* of parents, when they become disabled, sick, or poor. How those children can, I will not say, honor their parents, but respect themselves, who cast off their father or mother, under such circumstances, is beyond knowledge! The work-house, or poor-house, has been the home of many in sickness or old age, whose sons and daughters are living in plenty or affluence. But, if such transfer their possessions to the third generation, a change will have come over the dealings of divine providence.

I have read of one, who, in his prosperity, gave his aged and infirm father to understand that the alms-house was his proper place, although it was from that father, that he obtained his wealth. The old man tottered out, with aching heart, and tearful eyes, and sat down to weep in the chill blasts of autumn! There he was found by his little grandson, who learned the cause of his grandsire's grief, and was sent to the house for an old quilt, in which the shivering old man might wrap himself. That old quilt appears to be about the only thing which he is allowed to call his own; it being the handy-work of his long-mourned companion.

As the boy brings it from the chamber, he says to his father: "Cut this quilt in two; one half will do for grandpa, and you will want the other when you are old, and I shall drive you out to shiver in the cold, as he does now."

The father is about to denounce a curse upon his son,

if he shall ever treat *him* thus! But that curse is suppressed by the recollection that *he* is the man who deserves it! His conscience is aroused; his ingratitude and guilt stand out before him; he repents, and "brings forth fruits meet for repentance." The aged father is brought in, cherished, comforted and nursed; and, after a few years of quiet, dies in peace in the arms of his repentant and dutiful son!

If one is able to provide only scantily for himself, he can do no more for his parents; but if able to clothe himself well, and furnish his table with delicacies; why should *they* wear the garments of poverty, and eat the bread of scarcity? How can the neglectors of these duties rest, while the law of God, in trumpet-tones, from the summit of the trembling mountain, says, "Honor thy father and thy mother!"

In a fair *pecuniary* view, such obligation is laid upon children to provide for their needy parents. Most fathers and mothers have had lives of toil and fatigue. And it is chiefly for their children that they have labored. Three hundred times in the year has your father returned from his daily labor, bowed down and weary—for you! And as often has he risen from his couch but half refreshed, to renew his exhausting toil! As often has your mother risen early, and toiled for her children! A thousand times, while you sweetly slept, has she labored on until the late hours of night have witnessed her exhaustion; and often her failing strength, and declining health!

Think of the years of your feebleness, more helpless than the little animals of other species! Who cared for and protected you then? Who provided food, and shelter, and safety? When painful or loathsome sickness made you its victim, who tended and nursed you back to life and health, carrying your sorrows, and bearing

your griefs? Whose forms were those which hovered around you, like ministering angels, without sleep or rest, the long and weary night? These are but the outward and feeble expressions of that unutterable solicitude, and undying affection, which were felt for you!

Is it too much, that God, who has seen and appreciated all these, should say, "Honor thy father and thy mother?" Shall such friends be hurried into their graves by your rebellion or ingratitude? O, where is the murderer so base as the fratricide, who thus takes the life of those who gave him being?

"*That thy days may be long.*" In the infidelity of modern times, men have come to doubt whether prosperity or long life, are at all dependent upon an upright course of conduct. It is true, that this state or time is not one of retribution; and, therefore, it sometimes happens, that wicked men live long and prosper. "Judgment against an evil work is not executed speedily." "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." The redeeming plan comes in, and procures delay of wrath, in order to afford opportunity for repentance and salvation.

But there are two causes operating, which, in general, secure long life to the obedient. The first is *the direct action of God in providence.* He delights to do good to such as "walk uprightly," and he has a thousand ways in which he can secure their welfare. "He giveth his angels charge over them;" for they "are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

If, then, the Omnipotent One undertakes to defend and deliver, "why should it be thought a thing incredible," that he shall succeed?

The second cause which tends to secure long life to those who "honor their parents," is seen in the fact,

that *obedience to this precept lays the broad and solid foundation for all excellence.*

It is at home, in life's young morning, that the seeds of character are planted and watered. This one precept involves lessons which are the rudiments of all virtuous learning; it involves principles which are the basis of all virtuous character; it involves duties which are the outlines of all virtuous action, and affections which lie at the threshold of the temple of piety. Let these lessons be well learned, and these principles be deeply implanted, and these duties become habitual, and these affections entwine themselves around the fibers of the heart of a child, and he goes forth clad in a coat of mail, which the darts of hell can not penetrate, and with a capital inexhaustible, on which to commence business! It is not strange that persons should live long, whose habits are thus fixed in all that is good, and who are thus fortified against all that is evil. And it is generally the case, that such as are vicious, such as cut short their days by sensual indulgence and animal gratifications, are those who lacked the right discipline in childhood, and failed to learn subordination in their youth. If Providence watches over and saves him who honors his parents, is it not reasonable to suppose it has frowns and scourges, for him who acts a contrary part? If the ancient law of God required that he should be stoned to death, who cursed his father or his mother, is it not likely that some disfavor will be shown to such characters now? If, in figurative language, it was said: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it;" will it not follow, that the changeless God will follow such an one with displeasure, and cut him off in the midst of his days?

Some of the most beautiful things, which the fall has

spared to gladden this sad world, are found in the relation of parents and children, and are seen in love and honor toward parents, when expressed in the actions of their offspring.

If you would have glad remembrances when your parents shall sleep in the dust, provide such comforts beforehand, by honoring them while they live. Let acts of filial piety be multiplied while they are demanded, and the recollection will be a legacy for the soul, which shall exceed in richness the dust that glitters!

But if you would prepare the way for remorse and dread, then disobey your parents while you are young, and neglect and despise them when you grow older. Let strangers minister to them in old age, and let no tear from your eye fall upon their new-made graves! This will secure the abhorrence of men, and the stings of conscience! This is the way to prepare your children to treat you in the same manner, when their turn and yours shall come! This is the way to secure the penalty of the divine law, and fill with thorns, the pillow for your dying head!

If the ghosts of the injured were ever permitted to return, to haunt the guilty and disturb their slumbers, we may look for such visits from dishonored parents, to the couches of their wretched children.

There are bright examples on record, which should find imitators while the world shall stand. We have heard of the duteous conduct of WASHINGTON toward his honored mother; and there is no page in his history, which reflects more honor on himself, than that which shows him turning aside from his march of glory, to pay his respects to his aged mother, and to weep in her embrace.

Joseph never appeared to greater advantage, than on that thrilling occasion, when, after revealing himself to his

humbled and troubled brothers, his filial piety breaks out in that expressive interrogatory, "DOTH MY FATHER YET LIVE?"

But the example of one greater than all, shall be the last. Turn your eye backward on the track of time, until it rests on Calvary. See the victim on the cross. He is forsaken by his friends, betrayed by one disciple, and denied by another. He is crushed beneath the weight of a world's guilt, and even the Father hides his face. But, in that hour of dying agony, the sight of his mother, in her grief and desolation, affects his heart; and he consigns her, in the most tender and impressive manner, to the care of the beloved disciple, saying to the one, "*Behold thy mother,*" and to the other, "*Behold thy son.*"

Follow these examples, and you will secure the respect of the good, the approbation of conscience, the blessings of parents, and the smiles of God.

CHRISTIANITY AN ELEMENT OF CIVILIZATION.

BY REV. HIRAM DUNN.

Looking at the world, we perceive a marked difference in the phases of human society. Whilst some in intelligence and culture are exalted to heaven, others, in their ignorance and degradation, are scarcely above the "beasts that perish." Viewing man in these extreme states, we involuntarily enquire by what power is mind reached in its savage or barbarous condition, and raised to all the social and intellectual enjoyments of civilized and refined society? *How* does it break forth from its sordid selfishness and the control of brutal

lusts? If God made of one blood all the nations of the earth, why the vast difference now? We answer, Christianity is the ingredient in life's cup, which restores and elevates mind to the highest point of civilization; whilst every false system is poisonous to the intellect, as well as to the moral and social relations. Whenever any individuals, from a barbarous or half civilized state, soar above the common herd, and exhibit anything like true greatness, they first virtually leave their system of false religion. Indeed, before they can plume their wings for their lofty flight, they must break the cords which bind to a system so groveling and sensual.

We find nothing in the various systems of religion, with one exception, that elevates the mind or civilizes the man. From the worship of the "Great *Diana* of the Ephesians" to the obscene rites of the "devil bush," there is not a system of idolatry but what lowers and degrades man, and enslaves the mind to the gross and sensual appetites of the flesh. We talk of the civilization of ancient Greece and Rome, the refinement and perfection of the fine arts, especially of Athens. There is much, to be sure, in the history of Greece and Rome, to admire, but their civilization was but comparative. They were in advance of other nations, but their civilization was but painted barbarism, and the refinement of Athens would now be considered the grossest vulgarity.

When we turn from idol worship to the religion of Mohammed, we find a system that never did and never can civilize man. The fire and sword by which this system has been promoted, have left no traces of civilization behind them, and their proffer of a sensual heaven has had no tendency to improve man's morals here.

If we were to turn our attention to the different forms of government, we should find them suited to different states in human society, but almost powerless in creating that state. Hence, republican government can only exist in a civilized and enlightened community, and absolute monarchy is only suited to a savage or barbarous state.

How can man be taught moral science until he knows what distinguishes vice from virtue? How can he understand the stability of nature's laws without first knowing who formed those laws? And how can he account for the great phenomena of nature itself, unless he first knows who spake matter into existence? Finally, the power necessary to take the savage from his feast of human flesh, and clothe him in his right mind, and teach him to love his fellow man, is found no where but in the system of Christianty. That heart-changing, soul-purifying system, forms not only a necessary but indispensable element of civilization. Education may follow the gospel of Christ, and be beneficial, but it can not go before it. Almost as well might you endeavor to point out the beauties of a landscape in midnight darkness, as to teach natural or moral science to the savage mind. First give them the light of God's revealed will. Let the sun of righteousness arise upon them; then it is an easy matter to educate. It was the power of the gospel that enabled a Brainard, with his Bible, to do more for the civilization of the Cherokees, in six months, than government, with a score of teachers and untold thousands of treasure, could accomplish in ten years. It was this power that found the cannibals of the Sandwich Islands feeding on worms and human flesh, and sunk apparently to the level of brutes, and, putting beneath them its mighty energies, raised them, as in a day, to be quiet, peaceful citizens, com-

paring favorably with the most enlightened nations on earth. Instances might be multiplied. To what do we owe our own civilization, but to Christianity. Without this, we might have been at this hour in all the degrading barbarism of our ancestors, the ancient Gauls and Britons. Compare a Christian's home with an Indian's wigwam; a New England village with a Caffrarian kraal. Look at our civil rights, our religious and literary institutions, towering as they do, above all other nations in the universe, and then thank God for the Gospel of Christ.

Republicanism can not create civilization, and if established when such a state does not exist, it passes away like the morning dew. We can find no power in these various systems and forms, to take mind in its unquarried state, and give it the polish of civilization. From education, generally and universally diffused, the world have been inclined to expect more; indeed, so much dependence has been placed upon it, that worldly wisdom, or rather human folly, suggested the idea of "first sending to the heathen the school master, and afterwards the gospel minister." We do not say that education can render no assistance in civilizing a world, but we do say, that that alone would be a very slow process.

IMPORTANCE OF AN ELEVATED AIM.

BY REV. HENRY L. STARKS, A. M.

Too many men live aimless. They sit not down to determine to what their tastes and talents are adapted. They rather leave it to chance or impulse, to direct their course, and give them the proper subject for reflection and pursuit. And even when these determine the point, they fix not their eye and heart upon it, nor energetically pursue it. Their efforts are spasms, their objects changing. Such conduct, in whatever department or profession of life, is almost necessarily attended with sinking below mediocrity, or entire failure.

The agriculturist, who is thus undecided or vacillating in seed time, like the sluggard, "shall beg in harvest and have nothing." The scholar, who is utterly aimless or undecided, whatever other circumstances may favor, must fail of being a marked man in the world. And yet nowhere is this evil so dangerous and destructive as in the department of piety. And nowhere is it more common. The soul's salvation may be the general desire, and the purpose to pursue the general path of piety, but unfortunately, a low state of religion seems to be all that is sought. And not a few are half their lives on their knees feeling for the line that divides the narrow road from the broad one. This is wrong, and as effectually prevents attaining excellence, and hinders usefulness, as any path that can be traveled.

Behold that young man! All about him is adverse.

He is poor, friendless, uneducated. He desires to ascend the hill of science. He places his mark high, and then starts for its attainment. Obstacles and difficulties multiply. Patiently he removes the one and surmounts the other. He reaches the goal. The runaway apprentice stands before kings. The blacksmith becomes the learned linguist. And so in religion. Once in awhile, one, influenced by the right spirit, resolves to be more than a mere professor or common Christian. He turns his back upon the world, resolves to be a devoted man, and presses towards the mark. His step is steady. His progress is sometimes slow, and yet every wind wafts him on. Even his troubles and trials are stepping stones to higher elevation. His profiting appears to all. He grows in grace. He loves God with all his heart. He walks with God, and exhibits his communings with heaven in his intercourse with men. He leaves a favorable impression upon all around him, and, dying, receives an abundant entrance into heaven. He has not lived in vain, nor has he labored for nought. He has accomplished life's greatest end, and lives near the throne at God's right hand in heaven.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY REV. BISHOP ISBEL.

There is, perhaps, no passage in the evangelical history more pleasingly interesting than that which gives an account of the transfiguration of Christ. His most intimate and best-beloved disciples are chosen to be witnesses of that glorious scene as a reward for their interest in their Lord and Master. Something is now to be shown them to animate their zeal and swell their hopes. Humble as was their former occupation, they had gained no earthly elevation, or reward, by attaching themselves to the world's Savior. That at times they might fear they had exchanged a true religion for a false one, and made sacrifices in vain, is natural for us to suppose. And Christ, knowing what is in man, saw fit to prepare his disciples for their future work by answering questions, which agitated their minds, both to the eye and the heart, in a most impressive manner. Behold them alone; Christ, the world's Redeemer, the impetuous Peter, the considerate James, and the meek and beloved John, on one of the lofty elevations of the sacred land, far above the din of a corrupt and bustling world. As these disciples gazed upon their Master in his garb of humility, what thoughts and misgivings may have been gathering in their minds; when lo! his countenance becomes radiant with celestial light, and his vestments of earthly fabric blaze with heavenly splendor. Every trace of his earthly humiliation is lost amidst the brightness of his native glory. Here, then, is the teacher they have chosen, not in his assumed, but rightful garb. An important question is settled in a

most thrillingly interesting manner; they have not *lost* but *gained* immensely by their attachment to Him who is known as Jesus of Nazareth.

But if they have done *gloriously*, have they done right? The company increases. Two personages, invested with a glory like that which beams from the person of their Lord, appear, and enter into harmonious converse with him. They are Moses and Elijah, one the head of the sacrificial, and the other the head of the prophetic dispensation. They converse upon the great event of the world—the death of Christ. Moses had pointed to it with his typical finger, and the prophets had made it a theme of impassioned discourse and wrote its affecting history centuries before, and Christ was to be the passive actor in those scenes which they had portrayed in such striking colors. All was agreement; not a point of difference was raised between the assembled heads of the great dispensations of light to a sin-shaded world. Cheer up, then, ye followers of the Jew-hated Nazarene, for you are no apostates; but, traveling along the illuminated pathway of revelation, you are just immerging into the full beams of gospel day. But see! there comes the Shekinah; the symbol of God's presence, about which you have heard and read so much in connection with the history of your fathers! You may expect now a communication which you may not forget. Hear that voice! "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased!" There now, you have been led, by his discourses, fraught with the treasures of wisdom, and by the wondrous miracles which he has wrought, to embrace the Messiah; Moses and Elijah have come from the realms of light, and sitting beneath the outbeamings of his glory, reverently fraternize with him; and God, drawing nigh to you in the ancient type of His glorious majesty, has spoken to you distinctly and

told you to hear him. The way of duty is clear before you, and there is no room for farther doubt.

Peter was quite beside himself, under the contemplation of the ravishing glories of his Lord and his two heavenly visitors, and it is no wonder that both he and his brother disciples were entirely overwhelmed with the awful glory of the speaking God. Emotions of fear mingled with the rapturous throbbings of their strangely excited hearts. There they lie amidst the glory that crowns the lofty solitude, made sacred by scenes such as had never transpired on earth before. It requires the familiar touch and voice of their divine Master to raise them up from under the overpowering weight of glory that rested upon them. They had been favored with a view of the splendor and majesty of their Lord, and abundant proof that he was the great Teacher, sent from God, who was to be heard. But this was not all. They were to be teachers like Moses and Elijah, and that the world would oppose them was clear. Very likely they must suffer martyrdom, and, if that does not take place, die they must, and cease to have a visible existence here. Where will then the active thinking spirit be? Shut up in the loathsome grave with the corrupt body? Be dormant? Unconscious? No! They had just seen Moses and Elijah, one of whom had died, and the other disappeared centuries ago. *They*, certainly, were both living, whether both in heaven, or one in heaven, and the other in paradise *we* may not know, but perhaps *they* did; at all events, they were having a conscious and glorious existence at the time of the transfiguration.

Here was something to cheer and animate the disciples in their subsequent struggles with the hosts of hell. And Peter *did* remember "the excellent glory" in the mount, and the voice that spake to them from it when

he was sturdily doing battle under the eye of "the chief shepherd." He could well afford to die in the contest, as it was only exchanging an existence of less glory, for one of unspeakable splendor. It is true, the body must *sojourn* in the realms of corruption and dishonor for a season, yet the triumphs of death are comparatively short. The disciples saw this on the mount of transfiguration. They were made to understand, undoubtedly, that the transfigured body of Christ, was a full representation of the glorified body of man after the resurrection. It is very probable that they *saw* a complete parallel between the bodies of Christ and Elijah, and *perhaps* between those of Moses and Christ. Whether the body of Moses, which could not be found, was raised and taken to heaven, is what the scriptures do not tell us, and hence we can not know with certainty. But proof enough was given, in connection with the transfiguration of Christ, of the glory of the resurrection body to satisfy them that though their bodies might be "sown in corruption," they would be "raised in incorruption," if "sown in dishonor," they would be "raised in glory." Hence, with this precious remembrance ever cheering their hopes, they counted not their lives dear unto them, while bearing forward the standard of the cross of Christ. They could well afford to lay down their lives in a good cause, if such a glorious life of body and spirit awaited them beyond the scene of strife.

Such, we apprehend, were some of the lessons taught by the scenes of the transfiguration to the disciples, and, through them, to the world.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

BY REV. D. STARKS.

Matthew xxvi, 36–46; Mark xiv, 23–42; Luke xxii, 39–46.

The cup from which our Lord prayed to be delivered, if consistent with the will of his Father—what was it? On this point conflicting opinions are entertained. Some have supposed that it was the death he was about to undergo, as the world's Redeemer; the bruising of the Father. There is no view taken on the subject, which, to us, is more inconsistent than this. The atonement was perfectly voluntary on the part of Christ. Hear his language, "I am the good shepherd, and know my *sheep*, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Here is clear evidence that our Lord's death was entirely voluntary on his part. The idea that as he neared the fearful hour, there were any misgivings, is preposterous; it savors of blasphemy. A failure here would have been attended with the most serious consequences. Mercy had marked all the divine dispensations to our world, from the time our first parents were driven from Eden's garden, till Christ stood in the garden of Gethsemane; and every mercy received had been communicated through the merits of him who was yet to suffer. A failure, therefore, would

have involved the divine government in inextricable difficulty. Again, Enoch, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with thousands of others, were saved in Heaven, through the blood of atonement, then yet to be shed. Some of them, for centuries, had ranged the plains of undying delight and bliss; and now if the atonement failed, what was to become of this company? Yea more; how was the government of God to be indemnified for what they had already enjoyed? A failure! There could be none. A thought of misgiving, could never have entered the mind of the incarnate Christ, in this lonely spot, at the foot of Olive's mount. All was *firm* and *decided* there, on this point.

Others have imagined this cup to be what they have denominated, "The attendant circumstances of his death, the cross of wood, the purple robe, the crown of thorns; the soldier's spear, etc." These exhibit the malice and wickedness of the Jews and Romans, who clamored for his blood, but they were all nothing in comparison to the deep anguish he realized, and endured as the world's Redeemer. "Surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." To suppose that these outward circumstances had so much influence on his mind, when they were nothing compared with what he suffered from the world's guilt, is irrational. Again, the fact that the cup did pass from him, clearly refutes this idea. This was actually the case, whatever that cup was. This is evident from the apostle's language: "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." Hence it could neither have been what he suffered, as

our great High Priest, or the attendant circumstances of his sufferings.

In my opinion, this cup was an onset of the prince of darkness, in some form of temptation. When the devil had terminated his temptations of our Savior in the wilderness, he departed from him for a time. "And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he departed from him for a season." The next information we have of his approaching him, was near the time at which the events narrated in the garden transpired. Near the conclusion of our Lord's last discourse to his disciples, he said, "Hereafter I will not talk much with you, for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." This must have been the devil, for he alone has no part in Christ. In the garden, near the time when our Lord was to be betrayed into the hands of wicked men and sinners, Satan came; he understood the whole matter; it was under his influence that Judas was about to betray him; and it was at his instigation that the malice and hatred of the Jews were excited against him. He had moved them to crucify him. Still the devil knew that, by death, our Lord would achieve a victory over him, and his dark dominions. The only way to avoid this, was, to move him from virtue. Seizing this occasion, he makes his attack; the contest was fearful. Our Lord was in an agony, and exceeding sorrowful; "his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground," and in his agony, he prayed, saying, "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." As much as to say, "If this cup is necessary to prepare me to succor those who are tempted, let me drink it; but if possible, and all necessary for me to do, as mediator, be done, let it pass."

He "was *heard* in that he *feared*." Whether the angel who strengthened him, put the prince of darkness to flight, or Almighty power directed him to retire, we can not say, but he was vanquished. What the temptation was we know not; it is not revealed, hence not necessary for us to know.

Another reason for supposing this cup to be temptation, is the reference made by the apostle to it, to encourage his Hebrew brethren in the hour of temptation, "For, consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners, against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." As much as to say, Christ resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Where did he do it, unless in the garden? It was in Gethsemane. Consider him, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds, in the midst of the temptations by which you are assailed.

We have been accustomed to read the tragical events narrated in the history of our Lord's visit to the garden, on the night of his betrayal and arrest, with feelings of a peculiar character. Our hearts have swelled with emotion, as we have contemplated the sufferings and agony of the benevolent Jesus. But we have viewed it only as a single item in the account, and as calculated merely to move our sympathies. But, in the light contemplated, it affords us instruction and comfort. Well might the apostle exclaim, "For we have not a high priest which can not be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet without sin." Infinite compassion viewed our exposed situation, and provided a Savior, just such as we need in every particular. One who can pardon the guilty; liberate the captive; cleanse the impure; succor the tempted, and strengthen the feeble.

The humble, faithful Christian, has his temptations, and will, while he remains a probationer; and it is very possible he may have the most powerful ones near the termination of his pilgrimage. Our great adversary may see, when we stand out on the verge of time, that soon we shall be beyond the reach of his fiery darts, and make fearful onsets upon us. We may be in agony, and very sorrowful, but remember, our blessed Lord knows how to feel for us, and he will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear. If we attack hell, we must expect hell's rage. Our enemies are numerous and formidable; they never slumber, nor sleep.

> "They fill the air, and darken heaven,
> And rule this lower world."

Oh, what encouragement the inspired direction affords us! "CONSIDER him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."

WAS THE RESURRECTION BODY OF CHRIST A SPIRITUAL AND GLORIFIED BODY?

BY REV. A. C. ROSE.

I understand this question, as relating to the time that elapsed between the resurrection and the ascension of Christ. That is, was the body of Christ, after the resurrection, and before the ascension, changed from its previous to a spiritual and glorified state, such as shall take place on the bodies of the living and the resurrected saints, at the time of the general resurrection?

To answer this question correctly, it is necessary to

examine the history of his manifestations to his disciples, during the time alluded to. I may previously remark, however, that it does not follow as a matter of course, that, because a body is raised by the power of God from the dead, it is therefore changed from mortal to immortal, nor from material to spiritual. This is not implied, either in the word itself, or in any of the instances of resurrection from the dead given in the Scriptures. I know it may be objected to this, that St. Paul says, "It is raised a spiritual body." But I think a moment's reflection will convince us that, as he is speaking of the general resurrection, he includes with it the change that shall take place in connection with it. He certainly speaks of a change, as distinct from the resurrection, though connected with it. "We shall not all sleep, but we *shall* all be changed." "Who shall *change* our vile body?" A resurrection, then, simply restores the body to its natural state, or the condition in which it was previous to death. But as, at the general resurrection, the resurrection and the change will probably be simultaneous, so I think the apostle uses the terms interchangeably. The apparent reason for the immediate connection of this change with the resurrection, is the *immediate* ascension of the saints to glory. Were *this* delayed, doubtless the change would also be delayed. But as they are immediately to ascend, to be "*forever with the Lord*," they must be adapted to their new abode.

I answer this question, therefore, in the negative. With this view of it, let us examine the account of his appearance to his disciples, during the forty days between his resurrection and ascension.

The first account to which I shall refer, is the one in which the Savior, to convince his disciples fully that he was not an impostor, showed them his hands and his side.

The plain inference from this, and especially from his words to Thomas, is, that his wounds had not been closed; so that whatever change might have taken place in the body, the wounded parts remained in their natural state. For they are not represented nor intimated to have been scars, leaving simply the *impression* which the wounds had made, but they were *open* still. Thus, he says to Thomas, "reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side." And as it is declared that our bodies shall be like unto Christ's glorious body, and it being fair to presume that a spiritual and glorified human body is freed from all deformity and imperfection, resulting from the influence of sin, so it may be presumed, that had Christ's body been in a glorified state, all traces of the wounds would have been removed; and thereby one essential means would have been destroyed for removing the doubts and fears of the disciples. The necessity of the case therefore, seems to imply that the body was not a glorified and spiritual one. But does not the very idea of a spiritual and glorified body, imply that it is not only changed in its adaptation and nature, but that it is also removed from its *present* natural adaptations? I think it does. But I will consider this question in the discussion of another fact, in the account of his manifestation to his disciples, viz: that of his eating with them.

This is, to me, a strong argument that his body was yet in its natural state. And it is *indeed* such, unless we admit the Dacartic doctrine. And then the resurrection was a phantasm, and the atonement was a phantasm, and so was the ascension; and, in short, we have nothing but a phantasmagorical Christianity. But with us, I trust, this doctrine has no favor. If, then, his eating with his disciples was not an illusion, it was an act, not only to convince his disciples that it was not an apparition which they beheld, but one which indicated,

also, that the body was yet under the influence of natural wants; that it actually needed food; that it hungered. For you will observe that he ate with them, after they *knew* him.

This argument may be strengthened, from the fact that the scriptures intimate that bodies in a spiritual and glorified state, "*Shall neither hunger nor thirst any more.*" This will be, not merely because they are in heaven, but because of the essential change in their adaptations and nature, from natural to spiritual, from mortal to immortal, from earthly to heavenly. This is one among the many consolations afforded to the suffering saint. He shall want no more.

A third argument is drawn from the difference between his *appearance*, subsequent to his ascension, as described by "St. John, the divine." In his previous manifestations to his disciples, there are no intimations of any remarkable and unusual appearance of splendor, either of person or features, else I think it would have been mentioned. I know that it is said they were affrighted, and thought he was a spirit. So they were before he was crucified. But this was not because of an unusual form, but from the circumstances under which he appeared to them.

But when John saw him in the vision of Patmos, his body wore the appearance of a glorified and spiritual body: at least, the description answers to the *idea* we entertain of such a body. "He was girded about with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire. And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

Such, also, are the intimations of scripture concern-

ing the appearance of the glorified saints. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father." "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." But if Christ was glorified before his ascension, why did not that glory manifest itself to the disciples?* It may be replied, that they could not have endured the vision. Be it so; this is a very good argument in favor of my position.

Here let me call attention to another passage of scripture, which, I think, may effectually settle the question, if it be not already so in our minds. "But this spake he of the spirit, which they that believed on him should receive; for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because *that Jesus was not yet glorified.*" John vii., 39. The facts referred to here are apparent. There is evident allusion to the day of Pentecost. This was not till after the ascension of Christ. The Holy Ghost was to be given after Christ was glorified, not before. But the Holy Ghost was not given until after his ascension. Therefore, his body was not yet in its spiritual and glorified state.

Farther argument in the discussion of this question, I deem unnecessary. Let me present, therefore, a few practical thoughts, that suggest themselves from the theme before us.

How encouraging to the Christian is it, that such a change as the one referred to shall yet take place in his own body! Corruption shall be forever laid off, and that which is incorruptible put on in its stead. All his deformity shall be changed for everlasting beauty. No

* As on the mount of transfiguration, and to John, afterward, on the Isle of Patmos.

more shall sickness blast, nor grief consume, nor anxious care.

> "Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone,
> Joyfully then shall he witness his doom,
> Joyfully, joyfully, then shall he rest in his home."

O, how the *anticipation* of this change inspires him with courage and joy in his weary pilgrimage below. *Does he suffer?* With this hope before him, he can triumphantly sing.

> "My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
> *Then* shall I sigh and weep no more."

Is he afflicted? He shall be recompensed by the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Do death and the grave spread their awful shadows around him? His confidence that this mighty change shall be wrought in him, gives him strength to exclaim, with all the composure and serenity of a conqueror, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

It is a thought, also, of great practical importance, that the wonderful scheme of redemption embraces the body, as well as the soul.

The soul was debased, and polluted, and ruined, by sin; and such was the tenacity of its connection with the body, that it dragged the body with it down to death. Nor is its connection dissevered then; but both are held in awful abeyance to his terrific sceptre. Think we, then, that if a scheme of deliverance is effected, that it will be but partial in its provisions, and sever that which neither death nor sin could divide? Nay, verily! But the uttermost Savior, is also an uttermost *Redeemer*. There *is* a "redemption of our body!" Its first fruits have been offered before God. "Christ has risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that

slept." Yea, in triumphant hope the dying saint can sing:

"God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust
'Till he shall bid it rise."

The soul, in its pristine state, stood forth in the glorious image of its great Original. To this glory it may be restored. And as the body, when in union with the soul, uncontaminated by sin, was immortal, so, when reunited to the redeemed and purified spirit, it shall be glorified. Its vileness shall forever disappear, and it shall wear the glory of heaven's own light. No longer encumbered with its present appetencies, nor subject to decay, but

"Forever happy, and forever young,"

it shall be a fit habitation for the soul, amid the unending joys, and increasing felicities of heaven.

THE YOUNG SUPERANNUATE.*

BY REV. WILLIAM FORD.

He started while a youth: the rosy light
Of twice ten summers scarce on him had shone,
When, like an angel from the Empyrean bright,
Impelled by one divine impulse alone,
He ventured forth, in grateful haste to own
And glorify that sweet, celestial grace
Which changed to flesh his own proud heart of stone,
To show the contrite Jesus' smiling face,
And preach the gospel tidings to our sinful race.

* This *subject* was selected by special request.—S. P.

He sought the fallen; and each holy day
Poured forth his message o'er the listening throng:
A light from heaven illumed his humble way;
His days were crowned with peace, his nights with song;
And 'midst the cares which to his work belong—
The burdens, toils, the trials, hopes and fears
Which none with him can share,—his soul is strong;
His Master's promise echoes in his ears,
And faith and burning love atone for lack of years.

The Lord was with him, giving to his speech
Of heavenly mould an eloquence divine;—
A power the conscience most debased to reach,—
A light around the darkest soul to shine.
His was the skill distinctly to define
With logical precision what he taught;—
Tö read the spirit in each outward sign;
With heavenly wisdom all his themes were fraught,
And hence to Jesus' cross a multitude was brought.

Some heard delighted what he said or sung
(For Truth finds favor with each upright mind),
But *some*, who heard, with conscious guilt were stung;
So eyes diseased e'en sunlight painful find.
As when the skillful surgeon gives the blind
The power again to view the landscape bright,
Rejoices, grateful thus to bless his kind,
So he, exultant in the Spirit's might,
Rejoiced to spread the glorious beams of Gospel light.

Just as the morn, which kisses first the East,
Progresses till full-orbed we have the day;
So through his labors God his church increased—
E'en those who heard to scoff were taught to pray.
'Mong the souls thus turned from error's way,
Right early some the ministry had sought:
These, like the star which led where Jesus lay
The pilgrim Magi who Messiah sought,
Full many a sinful wanderer to the Savior brought.

Through grace he counted worldly good but dross;
And 'midst these scenes of honor and success,
Hung all his laurels on the bleeding cross;
No toil his buoyant spirits could depress.

But while he labored thus mankind to bless
Disease fell on him with its fearful blight,—
A dread, unlooked for source of keen distress,—
A fearful blast which undermined his might,
Whilst clouds of doubt and darkness settled on his sight.

It came not sudden, like the earthquake's tread,
Or like the pestilence with 'whelming stroke,
To demonstrate at once its victim dead;—
But as the lightning rives the living oak
And leaves it standing, leafless, creaking, broke,
Scathed and unsightly, moaning to decay—
So fell the blow on him; and thus he spoke,
As anguish deep impelled his heart to pray,
Now driven to seek for light in Heaven's appointed way.

"Almighty God, I know thy ways are just,
When thou dost lift the humble up on high,—
And when thou bringest loftiness to dust,—
Or mak'st thine enemies with terror fly;—
But then, my God and Savior, why, O! why,
If thou didst call me to proclaim thy truth,
Must I thus early be from work laid by?
To linger like some wounded, moaning bird,
Or, like the stricken deer, which, bleeding, leaves the herd!"

"I see the fields all for the harvest ripe,
The golden grain, rich laden, bending low;
And must I feel, O God, the iron gripe
Of living fetters round my ancles grow?
Whilst joyful reapers to their triumphs go,
And gather in their sheaves rejoicingly,
Must I lie useless like a broken bow?
Must I no more Truth's mighty battles see,
But to myself henceforth a crushing burden be?

"I know the world has ample good in store
For those its treasures diligently seek
But what to me is gold or fame? No more
Than dancing meteors, which the selfish seek,
As means to make them blessed. The spirit, meek
And heavenly in its tendency and thought,
Feels not attracted by a force so weak

Much less can he, who views mankind as bought
By Christ, that all might be to God's salvation brought.

"On me the knowledge of thy will bestow;
I tremble lest I grieve the Holy Ghost.
Shall I to reap thy vineyard halting go,
And, like some hero, perish at my post?
Thus young to die and join the heavenly host
Who fell, like Fisk and Summerfield, were sweet;
But would *such* death subserve thy glory most?
Or wait and suffer were *this* course more meet?
My soul, distressed, implores this knowledge at thy feet."

While thus he bowed beneath the chastening stroke
And sought to know his Master's chosen way,
A light celestial o'er his vision broke
And on his pathway poured the beams of day.
"Wait, child, and suffer," Jesus seemed to say,
"My choice for thee and for my church is best."
He heard; and as the watcher hails the ray
That heralds morn's approach, serenely blest,
He praised the Lord, and said, "*Amen*, *'tis thy behest*."

He ceased, and as the strife by winds and billows waged,
On Galilee obeyed the Master's will,
The spirit storm which in his bosom raged,
Obeyed the same omnific "Peace, be still."
As quick as at Niagara one could fill
His cup with sparkling water, all his soul
Did with a joy serene, unearthly thrill;
And, as the dews of grace upon him stole
Once more he vowed to strive to gain the heavenly goal.

Hope sits enthroned upon his placid brow;
Peace sways her sceptre o'er his stricken heart;
He hears the shouting of the captains now,
And in the conflict fain would bear a part:
But Satan, though he plies his magic art
To lead astray, nor yet the trump, which sounds
The battle charge, and still his pulses start,
Can lead him to o'erstep his chosen bounds,
Contented, like the sentinel, to pace his rounds.

THE CHRISTIAN PROFESSION.

BY REV. W. A. MILLER.

A religious life, both at its commencement and in its progress, is ever attended with more or less *difficulty*.

It will, for instance, always be contrary to our natural inclinations, and ever be accompanied with self-denial. The preciseness of its regimen can never be relaxed; the uncompromising character of its virtues can never be surrendered. Its "gate" will always be "straight," and its "way narrow." Only the "hungry" will ever be "filled," while the "proud" must always be "sent empty away."

The fundamental law, "ye must be born again," announced even to a master in Israel, has never been repealed, while a broken and a contrite heart are still the only acceptable sacrifice.

And although the fires of persecution may slumber, and the civil arm be raised in the defence instead of the extirpation of the Christian professor, still, it is not without its *perils*. The antagonists of the Christian, if not as *palpable* as formerly, are, consequently, more insidious, numerous, and difficult to oppose. They may be found in our own hearts, where our judgment is less scrutinizing, and more partial, or among our associates, who may be our kindred, benefactors, or superiors.

Our enemies may sometimes approach us with the charms of novelty—in the garb of a fascinating literature, or in the bold pretensions of a false philosophy. They may come in the name of benevolence or philanthropy, while, both in spirit and in principles, they subvert the

very foundation of Christianity itself. Even the *semblance* to religion which the world assumes, endanger the Christian profession. That it does not oppose, that it is friendly, will make it the more difficult to expose its errors, reprove its wickedness, or withstand its seductive influences. How many are *drawn* from their steadfastness who never could have been *driven*, and have given their suffrages for irreligion, from its apparent resemblance to virtue!

Never were *discrimination* and *decision* more important, or moral heroism in greater demand, than now. Never was the Christian life more a warfare, a race, or a struggle, than at present, for never was it more exposed to those things which tend to enervate and supplant it.

THE INFLUENCE OF FAMILIAR ASSOCIATES.

BY REV. L. POTTER.

That the creatures of God in this world are strongly inclined, in a great variety of cases, to partake of the nature and quality, character and habits, of their associates is a well known fact.

Steel brought in contact with the load-stone, partakes of its magnetic power. Thus by a variety of synthetical operations, the nature of many *minerals* may be changed, as is clearly demonstrated in the science of chemistry.

Vegetables, growing in contiguity with other vegetables, often change their quality. Therefore the skillful agriculturist takes special care, in planting and sowing

his fields, to keep certain plants and grains, of different kinds and qualities, at a suitable distance from each other, lest he should suffer loss, by an unprofitable mixture.

Animals by being caged, penned, or herded together, often partake of each other's tempers and habits. Domestic animals often partake largely of the temper of their masters, hence we frequently see in the old house-dog, an exhibition of the general disposition of the family to which he belongs, and in the horse, the disposition of the man by whom he was reared.

This tendency which is so clearly exhibited in the *mineral, vegetable*, and *animal* kingdoms, is also strikingly developed in human society.

All men are influenced in their character and habits, to a greater or less extent, by the example of their familiar associates. "It is the province of example to govern modes of dress, modes of living, and modes of diversion. Example commands the French always to change, and forbids the Spaniards ever to alter their dress; both are equally obedient."

The old proverb that "birds of a feather flock together," is not only true, but it is also true that birds which flock together become of one feather.

The multitudes that flock to this country from foreign nations, retain their language, peculiar customs and habits for a time, but in a few years they become conformed to our customs, and often by the second or third generation their peculiarities disappear.

Changes of a *moral* nature are made at the same time, which should *most deeply* interest us, because they effect our destiny for *weal* or *woe*, in this world, and the world to come. It is to be feared that comparatively few realize to what extent our youth are influenced by their associates in the formation of their moral character.

One vicious young man, of prepossessing appearance, and fascinating manners, especially if he belongs to a wealthy and influential family, is more dangerous in community than the cholera in its worst forms; for that scourge of nations can only destroy the body, whereas he infects the souls of his victims with a disease that will cause them to feel the pains of the *second* death.

The only safe course, for young and old, is never to be *familiar* with such characters. If they are persons of wealth and fashion, that makes them the more dangerous. The language of divine inspiration is, "*Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, turn from it, and pass away.*" (Prov. xiv, 15.)

Even adult Christians are cautioned to beware, lest they be led away with the error of the wicked and fall from their own steadfastness. (2 Peter, iii, 17.)

We are not to *abandon* society and live in seclusion. Such a course would not glorify God. He has given us power to influence others, and we should ever exert that influence to reform and save our fellow beings from *sin* and *ruin*.

Our Lord visited publicans and sinners, as the physician visits the sick. To make sacrifices, in doing good, is well pleasing to God. (Heb. xiii, 16.) We thereby become associated with the blessed Jesus in a great and glorious work; and as we contemplate his perfections, beholding the glory of the Lord, by divine influence, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory. (2 Cor., iii, 18.)

ONWARD! UPWARD!

BY REV. A. JOHNSON.

Press onward! upward! O my soul!
Fix faith's strong eye upon the goal;
And tremble not, though all is dark,
And waves are dashing o'er thy bark;
Though night and storms, are round thee here,
The break of day will soon appear.

Press onward! upward! toward the skies,
With eager steps, to gain the prize:
If clouds and storms shut out the day,
And darker still becomes the way,
O let this thought thy bosom cheer,
The break of day will soon appear.

Press onward! upward! urge the strife
For glory, and immortal life;
Though strong may be thy hellish foes,
And few the moments for repose,
And faint thy heart, and great thy fear,
Look up! the day will soon appear.

Press onward! upward! hold thy way,
Through darkest night, when not a ray
Breaks through the cloud to cheer thy gaze,
And light thee through the fearful maze,
Though all thy path is dark and drear,
The dawning day will soon appear.

Press onward! upward! never rest
Until, among the pure and blest,
At life's ambrosial fount, you drink
Pure nectar from its flowing brink,
And sing, through one eternal year,
Nor night, nor sin, can enter here.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PARENTAL PIETY TO SUCCESSFUL FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY REV. M. WITHERILL.

Piety, in its common acceptation, is nearly synonymous with true religion; a pious person, therefore, is one who "fears God and keeps his commandments."

The object of this article, is to show, that true piety is an essential aid in parental government. It is not asserted that no parent without piety can have an orderly and quiet household, nor that all pious parents govern well their families; but that piety is an important *aid* in this difficult and momentous work. And that this is *true* will appear from several considerations.

In the first place, he who is truly and deeply pious, will be able to govern himself. It is an axiom in the science of government, that he who can not govern himself is not fit to govern others; and we are taught by inspiration, that "he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." But however difficult may be the attainment of self-government, the Christian finds the grace of God sufficient. Children, like adults, are possessed of the carnal mind; they are often thoughtless and wayward, and do that which is well calculated to vex the parent and excite his passions. Self-government will enable him at all times and under all circumstances to be calm, and act with prudence and discretion. It will enable him, when duty, and the good of the child require it, to use the rod; although a false sympathy would plead "spare the child." And it will enable him to use this means of correction within the limits of justice and propriety. If the rod be spared when it should be *used*, or if it be used when

it should *not* be, or to an extent not strictly required; the child is rendered more perverse, instead of being reformed. If the child see the parent calm and collected under provocation, if he see him actuated by a sense of duty and not by passion or caprice, he will profit both by the parent's example and the chastisement. Actions speak louder than words, or even the rod itself. A good example, placed before a child, will produce deeper, and more lasting impressions on his *mind* than a hundred stripes on his *back*. The parent is the first book studied by the child, and every look, word and action, is a lesson from this book, and a copy for imitation. He, then, who would govern well his household, must govern himself, must hold the rein with a steady hand, and earnestly pray for wisdom and grace to help in time of need. Let no parent forget that in this, as in every other good work, his "sufficiency is of God."

Again, the pious parent feels, as no other *can*, the weight of responsibility attached to this peculiar relation. Men are moved to action by motives; and their efforts, for the accomplishment of their purposes, are graduated by the magnitude of the motives in view of which they act. The motives brought to bear on the mind of him, who is not a Christian, are limited to time. They have respect only to the narrow limits of the present life. He would have his children respectable, and respected in human society. He would have them reflect honor and not disgrace upon himself. For his own comfort and convenience, he would have a peaceable and quiet household. But *beyond* this he has no aspirations or sense of responsibility. Now while these motives have their due weight and place, in the Christian's mind, they are superadded to those which are of infinitely greater importance. His child is destined to inhabit another world, and to exist eternally.

This state is one of trial and discipline; *that* of rewards and punishments. He will become as an angel of light or a fiend of darkness, will be exalted or abased, happy or miserable, forever. The pious parent is confident, that every act or word of his will have a tendency to lead to one of these infinitely important results. And, that he is expressly commanded by the Father of spirits to "Train up his child in the way he should go." This injunction, he realizes, makes his responsibility as great as the authority of God can make it. He is aware that the training which the child receives, under the parental roof, will be likely to shape his eternal destiny, and that the slightest impression made on the mind in childhood, either good or evil, may deepen and expand, while the ages of eternity roll onward in their course.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant;
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

The pious parent has motives placed before his view, high as the highest heaven, deep as the lowest hell, and enduring as eternity. *Who* then so likely as he, to maintain correct family government?

Again, the Christian parent will be able to bring to bear, on the mind of his child, the most powerful *motives* and the strongest *influences;* motives to which an irreligious parent can not consistently appeal; and influences which he will not *seek* to bring to bear upon his family. The Christian can appeal to the authority of God, the penalty of the divine law, the *love* of God, as exhibited through Jesus Christ, and the dispensations of Providence. Children may be controlled, to some extent, and for a season, by the fear of the rod, by respect for their parents, and by *self* respect. But alas! how often do all these fail to secure the desired object!

Children should be told that God is the author of their being, the universal law-giver, and judge of all men; that he is the father of their spirits, and redeemer of their souls; that if they obey God and honor their parents, they shall have an exalted and eternal reward in the life to come; but if disobedient and unbelieving, they will be "banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power." Let these, and kindred truths, be proclaimed by the parent, in the ears of his children, with a countenance and tone of voice which bespeak the fear of God and love to the child, and they can seldom fail to produce salutary effects.

But if all these appeals and efforts should fail, he has one more important source of aid. He can enlist, in this work, the powerful agency of the Holy Spirit. That the Spirit of God can exert an influence beyond the power of human instrumentalities, no one who believes in the Bible can doubt. And this Spirit is, in all his offices and influences, freely promised, not only for the personal benefit of him who asks, but also in behalf of others. "The promise is unto you and to your children." Let the parent then who fears God, rely with confidence on the aid of his Spirit, let him not trust in his own wisdom or skill, but in the living God. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

Is it not then clearly evident from the thoughts here presented that true piety, in a parent, is an essential aid to family government. And if so, what parent will be so recreant to his high and holy trust, as to neglect to cultivate, deep, ardent and uniform, personal piety? May all, for whose benefit these thoughts are presented, look to him for aid, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, that in the great day, their children may rise up and call them blessed. I will conclude this article

with an extract from a late author, on the subject of parental responsibility. "O ye who are entrusted with the care of immortal souls! consider your charge, with fear and trembling. Should your children, in the day of eternity, rise up and allege that though you bore the Christian name, you were so far from comporting with that sacred character, that your profession was the greatest obstacle to their embracing religion; that your tempers and conduct were so contradictory to the spirit which the gospel enjoins, that taking *you* for an example they could not admit its pretended excellencies; that your indulgences had strengthened all the innate corruptions of their hearts; that your lack of seasonable and proper correction and instruction had smoothed the way to the pursuit of carnal pleasures, and the commission of sin without fear. Though your name might have stood enrolled on the list of every Missionary and Bible Society in the land and you have had the applause of doing more in various ways than most Christians, will you not be *found guilty of neglecting your most important duties, and be condemned not only as the abettors but as the authors of your children's ruin.*"

DEATH, WITHOUT THE LIGHT OF REVELATION.

BY REV. JAMES M. EDGERTON.

If it were possible for us to divest ourselves of the knowledge and forms of thought which we are possessed of, and are familiar with, from the influence and light of revelation, we should realize in a much higher degree, how much of relief from the terror and gloom of death, is derived from the inspired word.

The volume of truth has not failed to present this point to us, and we find the wise man, in the book of Ecclesiastes, has, so far as language can convey it, given us the picture of death without God.

"For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything; neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hate, and their envy, is perished; neither have they any more a portion forever, of anything that is done under the sun."

Viewing death thus, the world is but a charnel house. Wherever the living live, there are the dead; and as the dead are, so will be the living. The air smells of the grave. The yellow leaves that rustle in the fitful breeze, speak of death. The autumn winds that sigh in mournful gusts through seared leaves and leafless branches, bear in their sighs the melancholy burden, *death.*

The cold grey sky, the straggling sunshine, the deepened shadows, the brief twilight, the starless night, speak in their silence, *death.*

The tender flowers, so lately springing, so closely watched, so sweetly blooming, so rich in fragrance; touched by the finger of the destroyer, drooped and died; their fragrance gone, their beauty lost, prostrate, they murmur, *death.*

How fresh the glossy leaf bursts from the swelling bud; how sweet the breeze that floated in the dewy spring; what life and hope were borne upon the healthful winds; how deeply blue the sky, how gay the gladdening sunbeams, how light the floating clouds, how fresh the twilight deepening into star gemmed night; so late, how bright and fair, the rose, the aster, and the eglantine. Yet each, the leaf, the breeze, the gale, the

sky, the sun, the cloud, the night, the flowers, all, all say DEATH.

Death is everywhere, And "the living *know* that they must die. A part of the life of the living it is, to *know* that they must die. Knowledge unheeded, but knowledge still. In the secret core of the heart is the knowledge hid. Covered up with the glittering tinsel of worldly love and hope, and hate, and envy; hidden beneath pride and ambition and earthly desires; enveloped in rioting, excesses, gratified passion, revenge and lust; covered, hidden, enveloped, but knowledge still, for the living *know* that they shall die. Amid the busy cares, the sinful pleasures, the anxious desires, the guilty passions, the vehement ambitions; the knowledge will unveil itself, it will speak, it will utter forth—*death.*

Whether amid the crowd, or alone on the pathless waters; whether waking to the realities of brief life, or sleeping amid its dreams; whether early or late, in sorrow or in joy, the knowledge is ever present. Oh! hateful knowledge, how gladly would we escape it. Death, *death.* To die, to go out. To cease to act, to think, to speak, to enjoy. To stop. To decay. To feed the worms. To disappear. To *lose the knowledge of life*, and of death, "for the dead know not any thing!"

Oh must we die? These busy thoughts, this reason, this close perception, these eyes, these ears, this love, this hate, this store of dearly-bought knowledge, this longing for life, this eager thirst for happiness, *must* all these die? This youth, these quick limbs, this intense appreciation of enjoyment, this high health, these full hopes. Must *these* die. *Must I die?* Oh God!

"The living know that they shall die, and the dead know not *anything!*" "Oh death what art thou?" and echoless and unanswered the question falls upon the

gaping tomb. Earth answers not, for death hath sealed her lip. The stars are silent. All nature tells of death, but solves not the mystery of its being.

"For the living know that they shall die, and the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward," for death seals up the spring of action.

No hope of reward in the grave. "For the tree is felled and boughed and bare, and the measurer standeth with his line; the chance is gone forever. The testimony is all rendered, the trial is over, the jury are gone in, and none can now be heard." "There is no work, nor device, nor knowlege, nor wisdom in the grave." No hope of success in toil, or sacrifice; no high ambition lures. There is no reward. Oh death thou art terrible, "for the memory of them is forgotten."

Oh ye living, standing on the enchanted ground of earthly hope, toiling to perpetuate a name, climbing over the necks of men, and up the slippery cliff to cut your initials in the rock; why do you toil?

Turn your eyes to the past; where are the wise, the great, the good! Where the scholar, the statesman, the philanthropist? "The memory of them is forgotten," in the grave. Their hopes were high as yours, their deeds were mightier; but the living of the past, are *dead*, and their memory is forgotten. A few names, linger recorded in the page of life, to tell the living the vanities of life; but only remembered as the silent page recalls them. Ask the aged, where the friends of youth? Let him make the effort to recall them one by one, across the dim mirror of the past. Alas, "the memory of them is forgotten." How soon the memory of the loved one passes away! How lately death reaped; how soon new loves, and hopes, and joys, drive out the memory of the dead! It needs the speaking marble, with date and age carved in, to tell us of their

life and death. And but for the ghostly stones that coldly glitter in the moonbeams, their memory were gone forever. And so it will be with us, with you! However vain, or rich, or wise, or loved or hated, death will claim *you;* the tomb will be sealed upon *you*, those that love you, will forget you; those arms that twine around you, those eyes that live in yours, those ears that drink in your voice, if you forget not their possessors in the grave, they will soon forget you.

Yes, *I* shall be forgotten! And then, and then, what to me the good or ill opinion of the world, "An hundred years hence?" *Dead;* knowledge dead; no reward; memory forgotten. Oh! how terrible is death.

The *love*, that burned so brightly and beamed out so sunny, that love is perished. The heart that beat in sweet response to heart, throbbing with love, no longer beats; the love is perished. The love that made home happy, that checked the wayward, that called back the wanderer, that reclaimed the vicious, the father's love, the mother's love, the sister's love, the child's love, the friend's love, the home love, is perished! perished! And so will perish yours—yours and mine. No matter how tender, how clinging, however dear the object; death sets to his seal, the heart stops, and love perishes.

And the dead *hate* not. There is no hate in the grave. There the strife is over. The fierce war of passion is done. The dead avenge not. The tumult is appeased. Hate becomes passive, innoxious. It may burn, and sear, and torture its object and possessor here, but in the grave it perishes. It may follow through life its object, "wreaking petty vengeance on the flesh," giving its possessor the foul joy of gratified passion; it may carry its fierce desire into the future, and long to heap the cruel torturings through eternity; but in death, *hate* perishes.

And the dead envy not. They number more than the living. Oh, vain man; your youth, your beauty, your wealth, your dress, the dead envy not. And you will soon be in the company of the dead, your memory forgotten, your love, and hate, and envy perished, and none there to envy you. That finely moulded form, that expressive face, that tender flesh, will soon be no object for envy. The worms will gnaw and gnaw.

Those laughing, careless eyes, contain already the crawling, greedy reptile, that will drink up their liquid light, and lick the polished sockets. The fleshless jaws, will ghastly grin in cruel mockery of your careless smile. The sexton's spade will clatter on your bones, and some other "food for worms" usurp your resting place. No room for envy in the dreary grave. And there love, and there hate, and there envy is perished.

"Neither have they any more a portion forever of any thing that is done under the sun." The dead have no portion here.

The sun shines bright on hill and vale; the rain falls gently on waving grass and flowing river, the ploughman whistles cheerfully, the herds low, the flocks bleat, spring delights the sense, summer fills the heart with gladness, autumn yields her ample store, winter brings the glow of health and fireside joys; home is radiant with gladness, and hearts are redolent of bliss; the forest is leveled, cities rise, fleets plough the deep; mighty armies meet, and melt away beneath the iron hail and leaden tempest; nations rise and fall, millions are free, and millions are enslaved; but in all this, the dead have no portion. What to them, the sun, the rain, the flocks, the herds, the spring, the summer. What the home of love. What the woods, the city, the fleet; the contest of armies; the rise of empires, or the fall

of kings; for "neither have they any more a portion forever of anything that is done under the sun."

Oh! "the living know that they shall die." No escape from death. No flying from *death*. Imprisoned here to earth, we must meet DEATH. We may shriek, and howl, and rave against our prison bars, but no escape. We are bound to earth and death, as Ixion to the wheel. The knowledge of death, like the Promethean vulture, is fastened on our vitals. We ask in vain of death, what art thou? for the grave gives not back an echo. We ask the sun, the stars, the clouds, the leaves, the flowers, what *is* death? and have for answer, *death*. We search through earth, and air, and sea, and still meet, death. We ask the wisdom of the past, Socrates and Plato, what is *death?* and yet the answer, *death*. We ask the monuments of time, the ruined cities of old, the pyramids of thousands of years, and still the same stern answer, death. We ask the infidel what is death? Confused and terrified, he can but mutter, *death!* We ask our hearts, and no response, but death.

We know that we shall die; no light from nature, or from men, or from our hearts, save that amid the brief joys and sorrows of time, death launches us, rudderless, compassless, companionless, into the sunless, starless, pathless, fathomless, measureless, void of annihilation.

And this is death, without the light of revelation!

GOD IN INTERCOURSE WITH MAN.

BY REV. BOSTWICK HAWLEY, A. M.

God holds a gracious intercourse with man. He has done so from the beginning. With Adam, the representative of the race, he conversed face to face. To Enoch and Noah, to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he made direct and personal revelations. By his son Jesus Christ, and by his universal Spirit, he enlightens "every man that cometh into the world."

Does man commune with his fellows? a father with his child? and is it incredible that the infinitely intelligent Spirit, should make intelligible communications to man, bearing, even in ruins, evident traces of the divine spiritual image? No, verily.

The *manner* of this intercourse has been various in different periods of the history of the church, and according to the progressive development of revealed truth. "God, who at sundry times and in *divers manners*, spake in time past unto the fathers by *the prophets*, hath in these last days spoken unto us by *his son*." Though there has been a diversity as to the *manner* of the divine intercourse with man, the *matter* of it has been essentially the same. The only diversity in the subject of revelation has consisted in a gradual development of the truth, in enlarging the prophetic view, and in making essential principles more cognizable and more practical. The revelation of divine truth to man has been effected through *dispensations* or *covenants*, varying according to the state, condition, and the preparedness of the age to receive and appreciate them. Referring

back to the *primitive* intercourse of God with man, we find two covenants, one succeeding the other, very different in character, though tending to a similar end; the promotion and preservation of moral purity: a *covenant of works*, designed for man in his original purity and moral completeness; and a *covenant of grace*, subsequent to the fall, a shadow of the gospel, and called the patriarchal covenant. It is so designated because the patriarchs, both antediluvian and postdiluvian, lived under its provisions of grace.

In the progress of the church, the covenant of grace underwent several changes, and was accordingly named Abrahamic, Mosaic, and Christian. The Abrahamic is so called, because of the covenant of God with Abraham, the father of the faithful. The Mosaic, because Moses was the mediator of the covenant between God and the Israelites after their escape from Egyptian oppression. The Christian is so named because, being the realization of all that the former ones indicated and foreshadowed, Jesus Christ, the son of God is its ever-living mediator.

In his letter to the Hebrews, the apostle compares the two latter as media of divine communication with man, and shows the superior excellence of the Christian both in its purer character, larger compass of truth, and in its more ample and glorious provisions of mercy for man. He calls this the "*new*" in contradistinction from the Mosaic; and the "*better*," because it is accompanied with ample grace to enable sinners to comply with its world-wide provisions.

The Hebrew word (berith) rendered covenant, is derived from another meaning to purify, and denotes a purification, or a purifying engagement; because, in all covenants between God and man, sin and sinfulness are impliedly predicated of man; and it is indicated that

God can not enter into any gracious engagement with him, without a *purifier*. In the gospel covenant, Christ is the Lamb slain and atoning purifier. *The gospel system is a purifying covenant, a medium of saving intercourse* with man.

A covenant implies a treaty between two parties. When the parties are equal as to character and position —are on equal footing—they may counsel together, and recognize their mutual relations. When the character and relations are not equal, the superior may make conditional proposals, and the inferior by complying, may enjoy the advantages of them. In the new and better covenant of grace, as a medium of divine communion with man, the parties are wholly unequal. Man is sinful and a sinner. God is holy, and sinned against. Man is condemned, God the condemner. Man is wretched and undone. God is the provider of mercy, and ready to forgive. Because of this infinite disparity, man of himself can do nothing, can make no proposals suitable to his condition, nor adapted to his relief. For the same reason, God, in the exuberance of his grace and infinitude of his love, has planned a way of escape, and earnestly calls upon man freely to accept pardon and salvation on certain necessary conditions—conditions arising from his moral agency and responsibility. To save man from sin, and to bring him into alliance and communion with himself, God has spared no efforts. "What could have been done more to my vineyard," says God, "that I have not done in it." The covenant of salvation, as a medium of special divine intercourse with man, is "*full of grace and truth.*"

"*This is the covenant* that I will make with the house of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord. *I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.*" In these words we have set forth the ways and

means of God's intelligent intercommunion with man, and the consequent covenant-relations and duties. We see that God takes *three* things upon himself, and requires only *one* of man. Let us dwell briefly upon the terms of this covenant of grace.

"*I will put my laws into their mind.*" By this, I understand God to say, that he will clearly make known to man his will, requisite to salvation; that he will make the essential principles of his spiritual and moral government clear to the intelligence and judgment, so that men may know the divine pleasure, and their duty. He will influence them by law, truth and holiness, and enlighten them in reference to the *obligation* of law, the *value and agency* of truth, and the *beauty and importance* of holiness. This eminently important work, God most certainly accomplishes:

1. By the instructive influences of universal nature; by her laws and movements. "The heavens *declare* the *glory* of God, and the firmament *showeth* his handy work." "One day *uttereth speech* to another day, and night *showeth knowledge* unto night." Intelligible divine instructions are given continuously, from day to day, from night to night; so that "there is no human speech nor language, where their voice of instruction is not heard." "Their line" of truth, or their doctrine, "is gone out through all the earth, and *their words* to the end of the world." The heavens are not voiceless, but thousand-tongued, making even the deaf to hear them. The earth is not a blank, but written all over by the finger of God, with instructive lessons. "The law of the Lord," one branch of which is traceable in the material and spiritual worlds, "is perfect, converting or restoring the soul." By these communications, even the heathen are a law among themselves.

2. God puts his laws into the minds of men, makes

them clear to the understanding, by the world-wide influences of his Spirit and grace. The Holy Spirit "*convinces the world* of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." "The grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, *teaching* them," &c. As certainly as the morning breeze or the evening zephyr rustles every leaf of the forest, fans every flower of a wide-spread prairie, and fills every canvass on the wide, wide ocean, so certainly the Holy Spirit, *the breath of God*, touches, and sweetly influences every soul of man peopling the green earth.

3. God accomplishes this spirit work by the silent and yet effective influences of general intelligence, general morals, and the prevalence of gospel truths. These pervade all Christian lands, and noiselessly enlightens the minds of men. Who, indeed, has been omitted, who are uninfluenced, and who are unenlightened by some of these means of communicating the mind of God to man?

These divine instructions once put into the mind, and made clear to the understanding, "enlightening the eyes," they are then written upon the heart. "*I will write them in their hearts.*" This is another item or step in the intercourse of God with man. The order of God, is to reach the heart through the understanding. Hence, he first makes known his laws to the intellect, and through it impresses or engraves them upon the heart, upon the emotional and affectionate nature of man. Such impressions are more permanent, such incitements more enduring, and such feelings more deep and effective. The *heart* is the seat of responsible feeling, and the source of effective action. When once the laws of God are written upon the ever-present and conscious tables of the heart, its desires and feelings, its affections and hopes may be rectified, so that we may love God with a pure heart, fervently, and obey his words cheerfully.

Such a divine spiritual intercourse is not complete, until *the purposes* of the mental illumination and heart impressions *are realized.* Thus, "*I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.*" The sustaining of these very gracious relations between God and man, is the ultimate purpose to be secured in the church, from the world-wide mental illuminations and heart impressions by the laws of God. O, endearing relations! O, blissful state!

1. "*I will be to them a God.*" "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," in my presence, nor in my stead.

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only THEE."

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights."

In this clause of the communing covenant, God promises all that is requisite for spiritual prosperity and happiness.

2. "*They shall be unto me a people.*" This, and only this, God enjoins on man, in order to make the divine influences effectual and saving. While God *promises* so largely, he *requires* that we give to him the affiance, love and worship of the heart. God desires a people on earth. He has taken all commendable means to secure them. Are we among them? His laws have been put into our minds; are they written upon believing and obedient hearts? "Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord."

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's *my heart*, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above."

This gracious intercourse of the soul with God, is opened and continued through grace, by the prayer of faith. "Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

HOW CAN GOD BE JUST AND MERCIFUL, AND CREATE MEN WHOM HE KNEW WOULD SIN, AND IN CONSEQUENCE BE MISERABLE FOREVER?

BY REV. CHARLES DEVOL, M. D.

There is no power or causation in knowledge. And this is equally true of knowledge human and divine.

This is the key to all the difficulties which have arisen in some minds, by confounding the foreknowledge of God with his decrees.

It is evident that if divine prescience be identical with divine decrees, and whatever God foreknew was therefore decreed, no power is requisite to the accomplishment of any act or result, within the circle of divine government. Nor can there be any other divine attribute, since Omniscience alone absolutely secures all the events which can ever possibly transpire in the history of our race.

God, then, is foreknowledge, and foreknowledge is God. Then is there not only no other perfection of deity but foreknowledge, but no other God besides foreknowledge.

But if there be no power or causation in knowledge, then, instead of every thing being caused by it, nothing is caused by it. It may be asked, will not, and must

not everything be as God foreknew it would be? Yes; but not because he foreknew it would be so.

Knowing that a thing is, or will be, does not make it so. I know the sun shines, but this does not make the sun to shine. God foreknew that men would sin, but it would be little less than blasphemy to say that God decreed that men should sin, and it would be the same to say that his foreknowledge caused men to sin.

In connection with the question, whether God could be just and merciful, and create men whom he knew would sin, and in consequence be miserable forever, it may be observed: There was a period when God existed alone, when he had not created anything, either mind or matter, or angels or men.

If we may reverently inquire why God created man, we may reverently answer, to constitute him happy in obedience to his commands, and thereby, thus, in man, to glorify himself.

In order to do this, men must be free moral agents, that is, capable of keeping or breaking the divine law. Otherwise they could not obey God, or love him, or praise him. They could not be accountable; they could not sin or fall; they could not be saved; they could not be rewarded; they could not be punished; they could not go to heaven; they could not go to hell. In short, they could not act with reference to God or his law in any way, since in such case all their volitions and actions would be necessitated by God's foreknowledge or decrees, and hence their volitions and actions are God's volitions and actions.

Hence, men so created would have no identity or distinct existence, and might as well have no existence at all, so far as loving, serving, or glorifying God is concerned, or answering any rational end of their creation. Moral freedom, then, was elementary in the constitution

of man; and the creation of men without this, would have been a mere nullity.

God never foreknew that man would sin and be lost, in any such way as to make it so. God made men so that they might all keep or break his law; so that all men might keep his law and be happy forever (not saved, for in such case they would need no salvation).

At the same time, God made men so that they might all break his law and persist in sin, and be eternally lost; and that without the possibility of one actual sinner being saved, by atonement or otherwise! For God to save actual sinners by prerogative, or at the expense of justice, would be to violate their moral freedom which would be the same as to uncreate or annihilate them, and this would be the same as to confess they were made wrong!

Hence, while the atonement makes the salvation of all men possible, it does not necessarily secure the salvation of even one actual sinner. God never made a man determining or willing his damnation. "God hath not appointed us to wrath" (1 Thess. v, 9). So far from this, he swears he has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked" (Ex. xxxiii, 11). Which he certainly would have, had he foreknown it in such a way as to necessitate it.

"God will have all men to be saved" (1 Tim. ii, 4. "He is not willing that any should perish" (2 Peter iii, 9). He has done, and is doing all that he can do (in accordance with his government and man's freedom), to save every sinner. "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it" (Isa. v, 4). Did not Jesus Christ will the salvation of the Jews? And did he not preach and pray, and work miracles, and suffer, and die to save them? Did he not say to some of them, "Ye shall die in your sins, whither I go ye can not come?" (John viii, 21.) "How often would I have

gathered thy children together, and ye would not" (Matt. xxiii, 37). Jesus Christ doubtless did all in his power to save the persons above mentioned, and yet he says, in substance, they were lost forever.

No sinner can be lost whom God can save (Isa. v, 4). Some sinners will be lost (John viii, 21). Therefore, there are sinners whom God can not save.

But some will say, "the will of God can not be thwarted; what he wills is always done." If the will of God be always done, then of course there never was any sin in the universe. Hence, no need of a Savior or atonement. Hence, whatever the Bible contains concerning sin or a Savior, is false. And since, according to this sentiment, the Bible is false, we have no revelation from God, if there be any God; no revelation of a future state, if there be any future state; and we are totally ignorant as to our origin and destiny.

From what precedes, it follows that God is just and merciful, although he created men so that they may sin and be eternally miserable, if they will; and he will not, he can not prevent it, even though the whole race should sink to the lake of eternal fire.

"God gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii, 16). All men may so believe and be saved, and this is the will of God, as above, that all men should be saved. So all men may disbelieve and be damned. But this is contrary to the will of God.

God never gave his Son to save any actual sinner, except on the above conditions.

The falsity and presumption of the unqualified statement, that "God gave his son to save all men, and hence, all men will be saved," are obvious.

So far from this being true, it is not true, that even one of all Adam's race, who sins, shall be saved necessarily.

Finally, God is just and merciful, although sinners be eternally miserable, and that according to the foreknowledge of God.

Just, because their damnation is no more, or no less than they deserve.

Merciful, because he has provided for their salvation; because he has done, and is doing all he can do, to prevent their damnation, and save them eternally.

The advent, labors of love, sufferings and death, resurrection and ascension, and intercession of Jesus Christ, prove that God is merciful even to those who are finally lost.

No sinner, not even a heathen can be lost, until the mercy and love of God have been exhibited to him, the divine forbearance exhausted upon him; until the spirit of God has enlightened and awakened him, and convinced him of sin.

When all this array of divinely appointed agencies proves unavailing, God says to him as to Ephraim, "How shall I give thee up?" And then, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone."

This crisis past, a painful consciousness of having slighted offered mercy haunts him, and enhances his wretchedness, while his affrighted spirit is driven away in its wickedness; and all the divine perfections, always harmonious, jointly and severally thunder from the throne of judgment, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." And the damned themselves, bowing their knees, and making confession with their tongues, say *Amen*.

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY ESTABLISHED BY THE CHRISTIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. TOBIAS SPICER, A. M.

"He that believeth on the son of God, hath the witness in himself." John v, 10.

The doctrine of Christ's divinity occupies a very prominent place in Christian theology; it is of infinite importance to Christianity. This doctrine lies at the very foundation of the Christian's hope. Who can trust in Christ for salvation, if in him the fullness of the Godhead does not dwell?

To establish this doctrine was always a great object with the apostles, for by so doing they establi hed the truth of Christianity. As a proof, they often allude to Christ's own declarations on this subject, the *doctrines* which he taught, the miracles which he performed, and his resurrection from the dead. And these things were fully sufficient to demonstrate this great truth.

Such witness as God has given to establish this truth, would abundantly convince all men, if they were not depraved beings, blinded by sin. Many things, pertaining to the ordinary business of this life, are believed as true by men of business, with far less evidence. Such witness as God has given to this truth, if brought to bear on any other subject than religion, would be considered as positive demonstration by all sensible men. In view of this fact, St. John reasons thus: "If we receive the witness of men," in the ordinary affairs of life, we ought to receive "the witness of God which he has given of his Son," for "the witness of God is greater."

When Christ had ceased his personal teaching and working of miracles; when he had risen from the dead and ascended on high, the world was not left without living witnesses to establish the truth of his divinity. The apostles were his representatives; they taught in his name, and in his name they healed the sick; so that those who were not eye witnesses of Christ's resurrection, who saw none of his miracles, nor ever heard his voice, might nevertheless hear his *inspired* ministers, and see miracles wrought in his name, whereby his divinity and the truth of Christianity were established. By the miracles which were performed by the apostles, and the effects produced by their preaching, they had good evidence that Christ had risen from the dead, and the subjects of those miraculous cures, and gracious influences of truth, had the fullest evidence in themselves of his proper divinity, when in his name they were made whole, or by his grace they were renewed in the spirit of their minds.

But miracles and inspired apostles were not to last through all coming time; they were not to extend beyond the apostolic age. Christianity, however, was to continue through all ages. It would seem that God did not design that so great a matter as Christ's divinity, and the truth of Christianity, should depend wholly on the testimony of miracles, or even the fact of Christ's resurrection. These events, although they were demonstrations to all who beheld them, would, in process of time, be not only things which were past, and therefore only matters of history; but they would necessarily come to be in the *distant* past, and if there were no *living witnesses* to confirm these facts, they might at length come to be doubted by some, as fables of olden times. God designed that Christianity should not be a mere matter of *history*, but a matter of perpetual living

experience; a system of religion established beyond all doubt, containing vital energy for the salvation of sinners; therefore he has provided a corresponding testimony accommodated to all parts of the world, to all circumstances of life, and to all future ages. This is the testimony of the *Christian's experience.*

It is to this class of testimony the apostle alludes, when he says, "He that believeth on the son of God, hath the witness in himself." This is the kind of witness which is to be continued through all future time. It is to this class of witness the Savior alluded, when he said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." *Experience* constitutes a proof which every true believer has in himself. It is inseparably connected with his understanding and his heart; the same in all ages and in all circumstances of life. What we know by experience we know with certainty.

We have an illustration of this in the case of the man who was born blind, whose eyes Jesus opened. When Christ had opened his eyes he had an undeniable demonstration that he was something more than a common man; he believed him to be the son of God. He professed great surprise that the Pharisees should say, "We know not whence he is." He replied, "Why herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Since the world began, was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind." Here we see that this man's *experience* led him to entertain exalted views of Christ as the son of God, insomuch that he acknowledged him as such, and *worshiped* him. See John ix, 30–38.

If a certain medicinal prescription were to prove efficacious whenever applied, in effecting remarkable

cures in certain diseases, when all other remedies had failed, this fact would demonstrate that this prescription was a sovereign remedy in all such cases. Every man who had used it and had been cured thereby, would have the witness of this truth in himself, that is, in his own experience. So every man who has felt himself to be a sinner, and has fled to Christ, and by "repentance toward God and faith in Christ" has found pardon and peace; every one who has felt his guilt removed, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart, the Spirit itself bearing witness with his spirit that he is a child of God, and is enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, has in his *experience* a witness, proof, yea a demonstration of Christ's divinity, and the truth of Christianity. "He hath the witness in himself."

It will be perceived from the foregoing remarks, that the writer does not understand the apostle to allude, in the passage at the head of this article, so much to the witness of the Spirit, as he does to the witness of *experience*. And the testimony which this witness bears does not merely establish the fact that he who has it is a good man; but it demonstrates the truth of the record which God has given of his Son. The apostle tells us in a preceding verse, that the water, the Spirit, and the blood, bear witness to the record God hath given that Jesus is his Son, and here he tells us that he that believeth in Jesus, has the witness in himself. He finds himself saved from the guilt, love, and dominion of sin; and all this for the sake of Christ; consequently, Christ must be God's beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased. His *experience* demonstrates this fact.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. H. W. RANSOM.

The Lord has ever had, and ever will have those who worship, adore, praise, and honor him.

What a world of wretchedness would this be, were there no persons of the description and character of Christians in it! Were there no prayers, no holy worship of God, no sabbaths, no ministers, no preaching of Christ and the cross! What a morally dark and wretched world would this be without all these!

The world is bad beyond all human description, with them all. Sinners are plunging the darker world of the doomed, the lost, the forever-damned, fast enough, with all these to prevent and restrain them. Ah! what would it be without them?

If a Savior standing between them and perdition, praying to heaven for them, and entreating them to be saved, yet does not save them, though it may impede their rapid race to ruin, O! how speedily they would rush to hell, were there no cross, no Savior in their way, no atoning priest to plead in heaven for them. How fast they make their way to ultimate wretchedness and to ruin, though their way is hedged up by gospel sermons and though thousands of Christians' prayers are daily lodged between them and hell to stop them in their career to woe. The world is dark enough and dismal enough (cursed as it is with the blight of sin), with all the light that the many thousands of Christians are pouring upon it. But what would it be without them all?

Remove the light and the power of Christianity and Christian influence from the world, and it would draw

around it the dark curtain which hides from our knowledge the world of immortality and make earth a theater of dark and damning deeds, presenting a scene of wretchedness scarcely second to the drama of hell itself. But while Christ keeps Christians in the world, by their *light* and *influence*, he is exerting a conservative power, which is felt, less or more, upon the *workers* of iniquity.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY REV. REUBEN WESCOTT, A. M.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."—*Mat.* iii. 11.

The elements of that system of religion which Christ came to establish on the earth, are clearly revealed in the Bible, and exhibited in the lives of the pure in heart. To the people in every part of Christendom, the doctrine of a Mediator between God and man is familiarized by long possession; though to many of them it is nothing more than the familiarity of a name recognized as a well-known sound to the ear, without sending one fruitful thought or holy desire into the heart. The work of our redemption is every where spoken of as an achievement of strength—as done by the putting forth of mighty energies—as the work of one who is glorious in his apparel, and, traveling in the greatness of his strength, had to tread the wine-press alone; and who, when of the people there were none to help, did by his own arm bring salvation. But it is not enough that a Savior be provided by God; he must be accepted by man. This Savior, which God has provided for us, is not only the agent of our justification, but he is the agent

of our regeneration also. The alienation of our affections from God will remain unsubdued in our bosoms, and sin, in the very essence of its elementary principles, will continue to lord it over the inner man with all the power of its original ascendancy, until the deep, the searching, and the pervading influence of the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. This is the great mysterious work of regeneration, which is the beginning of that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. But the work of our great Mediator does not stop here. He is something more than the agent of our justification and regeneration; he is the agent of our sanctification also. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."

It is this glorious doctrine of an inward and spiritual baptism, together with its prerequisites and concomitants, that give the gospel message the character of a joyful sound, the going forth of which, among all the nations of the earth, will at length subdue, regenerate, and restore our fallen race. This special baptism of the Holy Ghost, which is an unspeakable blessing, is held out to every Christian in the gospel of Christ. It is eminently subservient to the peace, happiness, and holiness of individuals, as well as to the general interest of the cause of Christ. It will enable a person to declare plainly by actions, as well as by words, the precise objects that most engross his attention, and the precise locality where all his interests, and all the choice objects of his affections are to be found.

The correctness of this view of the subject may be seen by looking at the special character and peculiar nature of this spiritual baptism.

1. The reception of the Holy Ghost, in a special sense, is a baptism of *purification*. John does not say, he shall give you the Holy Ghost. This, indeed, would

be saying great and marvelous things; but "he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost;" thus showing, in a metaphor, the abundance of the grace.

By fire, in this text, we are to understand the purifying nature of the spirit of God, together with the strength of divine grace which can not be overcome.

As the fire penetrates the iron ore in the furnace, until it pervades every minute part, diffusing through the entire mass a sufficient degree of caloric to dissolve the whole, converting it as it were into one mass of fire, and then separates the dross from the pure metal, so does the Holy Ghost enter into the very inmost recesses of the heart of that man who receives this special baptism, and sits there as a refiner and purifier of silver, assimilating the whole soul into the divine image and likeness.

This purity of heart is a very essential qualification for a Christian, and especially for a Christian minister. But in seeking for it, we must be extremely cautious, and not follow the footsteps of those who undervalue the blessings of justification and regeneration, which we received at the time of our conversion to God. Those were indeed great blessings, such as none but God could impart; but this is still greater, and can come only from the same source, and through the merits of the same Mediator.

The blessings of justification and regeneration, which are always simultaneous, include a change in our relation to God, and the implantation of spiritual life in the soul. But the special baptism of the Holy Ghost, which is usually a subsequent blessing, washes out the stains of sin from our moral nature, and renews us in all the life of God.

2. The special reception of the Holy Ghost is a baptism of *power*.

Our Lord said to his disciples, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" (*Luke* xxiv, 49). This narrative, short as it is, consisting of a very few steps, is replete with the soundest instruction. It contains a clear exemplification of the general process by which the Christian is guided on, from the first principles of the oracles of God, to a higher acquisition in the science of salvation. It shows us the connection between the incipient duties, and the subsequent experience of a true believer in Christ. By the descent of the Holy Ghost, the primitive Christians were clothed with a power which, of course, they had not previous to that gracious visitation. "Ye shall receive power," said Christ, "after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

The same process of instruction is presented to us in the oracles of God, which are clothed with a high and heavenly inspiration, and the same progress in the science of salvation is reqnired of Christians at the present day, for our great Mediator has made no change in these matters since the apostolic age. Reader, are *you* going on to perfection?

3. The reception of the Holy Ghost, in a special sense, is a baptism of *light*. Before we receive this, our spiritual vision is obscure, very much like the bodily eyes of the man spoken of in the gospel, who saw "men as trees walking." But on the reception of this special baptism, our spiritual vision is rectified, so that we see every man clearly.

This is a clear light, discovering to us that the first great law of holiness is entire consecration. This fundamental truth of divine revelation, St. Paul has presented to the Christian church in these words: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God,

that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." (*Rom.* xii: 1, 2.)

4. The special reception of the Holy Ghost is a baptism of *love*. The Holy Ghost is God, and "God is love." This is his name, a name, too, eminently descriptive of his nature. Love is that attribute of the deity which blazes out with such brightness, and pours forth such a flood of light as to almost obscure his other perfections, while it overwhelms our weak and finite minds. When this love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us, when the last stain of sin shall be washed away from our moral nature, when the moral image of God shall be fully enstamped on our souls, then, and not till then, shall we know the blessedness of loving God with all the heart, and his dear people with a pure heart fervently.

Do you wish to see a striking illustration of the Christian graces in all the walks of life? Go to that man, or that woman, who has received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and who is living in all things for God and heaven, and your desire will be granted. By them you will see the word of life held forth in characters of living light. They all know by a blessed and happy experience what the poet felt when he penned these words:—

> "My passions hold a pleasing reign,
> When love inspires my breast;
> Love, the divinest of the train,
> The sovereign of the rest."

First. It is the privilege of every true believer in

Christ to be baptized with the Holy Ghost. This is evident, first, from the great dispenser of this baptism, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the head of every Christian, and with whom is no respect of persons. And, secondly, from plain scriptural testimony on this point. In the last conversation our Lord had with his disciples, before his ascension to heaven, he said:—"John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." (Acts i, 5.) "When he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight."

The disciples then returned to Jerusalem, and commenced a prayer meeting which continued for many days, on the eight day of which Christ commenced his glorious work of baptizing them with the Holy Ghost. Some time after this, a heathen, by the name of Cornelius, was converted to God, and before he had an opportunity of receiving water baptism, Christ baptized him with the Holy Ghost. St. Peter is my witness to the truth of this statement. Therefore, in reference to his sermon in the house of Cornelius, he holds the following language:—"As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning. Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost (Acts xi, 15, 16).

These words are very remarkable. They show with a sunbeam lucidness that the promise of the Father, to send the Holy Spirit, was given, not to the apostles alone, as some have supposed, but to the entire body of Christians.

This opinion, that the baptism of the Holy Ghost was instituted for all the members of the Christian church, extending through the whole length and breadth of the gospel dispensation, is farther confirmed by the inspired

apostle in these words:—"Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." (Acts ii, 38, 39.) These words are too plain to need any comment.

Secondly. The baptism of the Holy Ghost is not included in water baptism, for the less can never include the greater. The administrators of water baptism, baptize matter with matter, and thus dedicate persons to God, while the Lord Jesus Christ, the great mediator of the new covenant, is the only one who can baptize spirit with spirit, and thus seal them heirs to the kingdom of glory. Reflect on the tone and spirit of that man who is thus sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise. All his wishes and anticipations point towards heaven. His mind is employed in tracing the origin, the progress, and the effects of a life of piety, and he stands forth a living witness to the genuineness of his profession.

Thirdly. In conclusion, let us look at the richness and value of this great gospel blessing. It bears the impress of its divine original, the character, the stamp, the living impression of his person, who is the fountain of beauty and love, the original source of all perfections and blessedness. It is possessed and enjoyed by those, and those only, whose eye is singly fixed on God, for it is the ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

But is it the duty of all who enjoy this great blessing, to make a public profession of it? Most certainly it is. What, then, I would ask, should be the character of that profession? This is a question of vast importance. It goes to the very root of the principle by which you are actuated, and effects the whole character and spirit of

your Christianity. The observations of twenty-four years, in the gospel ministry, have convinced me that the best way for any man to profess the blessing of perfect love, is by his daily deportment. One holy life, bright with the reflected rays of the divine glory, beaming forth from the soul within, will do more towards recommending this great truth to others, than a thousand verbal testimonies from those who do not live according to their high and holy profession. Lip-good professors of religion, being as far from scriptural holiness as they are from sound knowledge and true wisdom, are a great hindrance to the spread of vital piety.

There should be a perfect congruity between our lips and lives in expressing this great gospel truth. We should let our light so shine before men, that they, on seeing our good works, our regular and consistent lives of devotion and piety, will be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven.

EARLY DEATH OF MINISTERS.

BY REV. M. BATES.

In the list of deceased ministers, how many do we find who had not attained to the meridian of life, whose sun went down before it was noon? So it has been from the beginning. For this early mortality, there must be a cause. It is easy to ascribe it to an inscrutable providence. I am a firm and joyful believer in the doctrine of a particular providence; but may we not err in the application of this doctrine? To realize the beneficent purposes of providence, we must be in harmony with the divine will. But is it the will of the Great Master,

that his ministers should die so soon, or be so early disqualified for effective labor? Does he call them into his service, with the intention of removing them from the field just when they are best prepared to sow the seed, to rear the tender plant, and to gather in the ripe harvest? *It may, indeed, be so*, for "his paths are in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known;" but to human reason, it would seem otherwise. With humility and reverence may we not ask, has there not been some violation of the laws of health and life? Have not the intellectual and physical powers been overtaxed? Has there not been somewhere too great a pressure? Has not the church required of her ministers, what the Great Head of the church himself has not required? I would not have ministers idle; indeed, there is little opportunity for this, if there were disposition. Such are the activities and demands of the age, that the idle, in every sphere, must give place to the active and diligent. He who would sustain himself in the ministry, with any tolerable degree of respectability and usefulness, must *work;* most emphatically WORK! But his work should be appropriate to his calling. "Every man in his own order." The minister of the gospel should be a man of *one work*. In his relations to the church and the world, he has a work to do, which is peculiarly *his own;* and it is sufficiently arduous and responsible to occupy *all his time*, and to *engage all his powers*. If, therefore, he is required to do what properly belongs to stewards, trustees, leaders, and the laity at large, he must either neglect his own work, to the great spiritual loss of the church, or sustain a burden disproportioned to his strength, and fall prematurely beneath its weight. And does not this partly solve the problem of the early failure and death of ministers?

In the erection of churches and parsonages, in rais-

ing contributions for pious and benevolent purposes, in searching out and relieving the distressed, in all the various Christian activities, ministers must not be idle spectators. But is it right that they should be required, not only to take the lead, and give the tone, but to do the work? This, in many instances, they have done, and have been expected and required to do: often amidst deep domestic affliction, and great pecuniary embarrassment, at the same time prosecuting their studies, preaching three times on the sabbath to the same hearers, attending several meetings during the week, performing appropriate pastoral labor, attending funerals, and responding to the unnumbered demands upon their time and energies, to which they are always liable. And during the whole conference year of pressing labor and anxiety, there has been, in many instances, the painful certainty that their income would not equal their unavoidable expenses. And even for this inadequate income, they have had to provide, not unfrequently, circulating and collecting the subscription for their own meagre support. The result of all this may be read, even by him who runs, in the list of the *located*, the *superannuated*, and the *deceased*.

In the infancy of our church, these evils were unavoidable. But it is far otherwise now, especially in the older portions of the work. We ask our brethren of the laity, our strong, talented, wealthy brethren, as well as those who are not so strong, and talented, and wealthy, to give to this subject their earnest and prayerful attention. For ourselves, as ministers of Christ, we count not our lives dear unto us, if we may "testify the gospel of the grace of God." "If we are offered on the sacrifice and service of your faith, we joy and rejoice with you all." But if we must wear out and find an early grave, we wish to wear out *in the appropriate work*

to which we are called, the ministry of the word, not in serving tables.

We entreat you, therefore, brethren beloved, not more for our sakes than yours, that you will so exempt us from the temporal cares of the church, that we may devote ourselves wholly to that work, which the Master has committed to our hearts and hands. We *must have more time for prayer, and for earnest, systematic study.* We do not ask to be enriched with earthly goods; but we do ask for such provision for our real wants, as will save us from the withering effects of pecuniary embarrassment. It behooves you deeply to consider, whether the present inadequate support of the ministry, does not prevent many promising young men from entering into its responsibilities and trials. Do you say they should make sacrifices? But must they not also live? This they can not do, in the present state of things, on what is ordinarily allowed young men in the ministry of our church. This, I am aware, is a delicate subject, but we venture to speak plainly, "not as pleasing men, but God."

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

BY REV. EPHRAIM GOSS, A. M.

Love is the most powerful and the most active moral agent in the universe. "God is love." Love is not only an essential attribute of the divine Being, but the essence of his nature, the sum and substance of all his perfections, "the Godhead's deepest sea." From this may be inferred the substance of a plurality of persons in the unity of the Godhead. If love is an ever-acting

agent, and essential to the existence of God, there must have been, before any creature was made, even from everlasting, some being worthy of the divine regards, towards whom his love was always exercised. But no such being existed from eternity, unless we suppose the subsistence of two or more persons in the Godhead, exercising toward each other the affection of infinite love. Add to this the testimony of our Lord, and the evidence is positive and complete. "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

Love, wherever it exists, whether in God, in angels, or in men, is essentially the same: it differs only in purity and degree. The love of God is absolute and infinite; it can neither be increased nor diminished. The love of creatures is dependent love; it may decline, and be irrecoverably lost, or abound more and more, increasing in purity and strength forever, without any approximation to the Infinite.

Christian love, is the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, the image of the invisible God in which man was created, the beauty of holiness, the element in which the Christian lives and moves and has his being. This likeness of God in the believer's heart, is more or less perfect or complete, in all who are born of the spirit. Even babes in Christ, love God to the extent of their ability, in their infant state. Their faith being weak, their love is weak also. But they may increase in faith, and grow in grace and in the knowledge of divine things, until they come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ; and, being filled with all the fullness of God, they are rooted and grounded in love. Faith works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. The pure in heart see God, and are able to comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, the virtue of his blood, and the power of his

spirit; and being cleansed from all sin, they love him with a perfect heart, and worthily magnify his holy name.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEW RULE ON SLAVERY PROPOSED BY THE TROY CONFERENCE, AT ITS SESSION IN MAY, MDCCCLIII.

BY REV. A. WITHERSPOON.

"*The buying or selling of human beings, except with a view to their emancipation, and the voluntary or mercenary holding of them in bondage.*"

This rule is designed to take the place of the present one, as found in the general rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church. That some substitute for the present rule is needed, is obvious, both from its letter, and the usage under it, viz: "The buying and selling of men, women and children, with an intention to enslave them."

Whatever might have been the original design of this language, it is silent on the subject of *slaveholding*, and somewhat doubtful in its application to the buying and selling of slaves, as practiced in our country. It speaks of an intention to enslave the persons bought and sold, thus countenancing the inference, that the persons referred to are not already slaves, but about to be reduced to that condition. Whatever may be said of this interpretation, as conflicting with the original design, it can not be denied that it harmonizes perfectly with the practice which has been tolerated. It is only in case of some atrocious circumstance, that private members of the church have been called in question, for buying or

selling slaves, and the mere fact of *holding* them, seems not to be regarded as an infraction of the rule. Indeed, the toleration of our members in holding slaves, under all circumstances sanctioned by law, and the toleration of ministers and other officers, under given circumstances, is plainly conceded in a chapter of discipline devoted to the subject.

But if this defective rule is to be superseded by another, it is of the utmost importance that the substitute should be adapted to the wants of the church, and the nature of existing circumstances. While we would have it express the right sentiments in regard to slavery, we would have it allow opportunity for the *showing* of such slaveholders, as claim to be the *involuntary victims* of the system. And here the question arises, does the rule proposed by the Troy Conference meet the exigencies of the case, by proposing neither too much nor too little?

To forbid the buying of a human being, irrespective of motives or circumstances, would be manifestly improper, unless the act necessarily involved the concession that persons may rightly be held as property. But such is not the fact, it being well understood that the purchaser may abhor the whole system, and yet bestow his money for the relief of one or more of its victims. This is so well understood, that the most decided opponents of slavery are the most frequently called upon for aid, and are the most ready contributors to the ransom price of slaves. To give one dollar towards the purchase of a slave, involves the same principle as to buy one entire; and a rule of discipline, which would forbid the bestowment of a dollar towards the liberation of a fellow creature, would be insupportable, and much more so, were it to make a man a criminal for sacrificing a thousand dollars, to secure the same object.

An arbitrary rule prohibiting the selling of a slave, with a view to emancipation, would be equally indefensible, because, under the existing state of things, instances occur, in which the legally authorized form of sale, is the only practicable method by which the object can be reached. In many of the states, the liberated slave can not enjoy freedom, and a bill of sale might amount to no more than a transfer of power, to conduct the slave to a land of liberty. Instances have occurred, in which the transaction was equivalent to unconditional emancipation; and the act of selling may be as praiseworthy as that of buying. If crime attach to either, it is owing to some attendant fact or circumstance, the consideration of which would be the proper subject of church discipline.

The rule under consideration has been deemed faulty, because it assumes the existence of involuntary slaveholding. It is questioned whether such *can* exist. But a little discrimination and candor, will lead to conclusions satisfactory to parties on opposite sides of this question. That a man may be a slaveholder in the eye of the law, either with or without his own act or knowledge, needs no proof whatever. It is enough to be reminded, that we live in a world where death reigns, and where every thing regarded in law as property, is constantly changing owners, in a legal, if not in an actual sense.

But in a moral and religious point of view, no man can be a slaveholder, without his own voluntary act and concurrence. Hence, most that is said in defence of a certain kind of slaveholding, does not apply to slaveholding *proper;* as the man who holds the relation against his will, is not a slaveholder before God. The only thing necessary to make us of one mind in regard to the innocence of such, is the proof that the act is involuntary;

and, rare as this proof may be, the mere possibility that a man may, for a time, be a slaveholder in a legal, if not in a moral point of view, is sufficient ground for the clause under consideration; so far, the rule supposes that he may be innocent, but no further. Voluntarily to sustain this relation, and thereby expose the liberty of a human being to the uncertainty of life, or other contingencies, is a wrong for which he may be called to answer before the church. It is not necessary that we should particularize, either in affirming or denying that slaveholding may be involuntary. It is enough that such a condition is *claimed*, and that the claim, in view of certain circumstances, is so far plausible as to justify a hearing. The rule makes the fact of slaveholding a ground of accusation; and as no man can justly be condemned for what he can not help, the slaveholder, as well as every other accused person, should be allowed the *opportunity* of proving *misfortune* instead of *crime*, and the evidence should be weighed by disinterested judges. Is it said that the judges in this case would not be disinterested? that the primary jurisdiction being within the slave states, where the evil is legalized, and where the public conscience is corrupted, the rule would be a mere nullity? Were all this perfectly true, the rule would not be to blame. It is our business to make it just, and reasonable, and rest the responsibility of its application and enforcement where it belongs. Nothing would be gained on the score of efficiency, by a rule denouncing expulsion, without regard to circumstances. Such a law would be impracticable, because the same influences would affect the administrators of it, that were *supposed* in the milder law under consideration, and because so arbitrary a proceeding would be *repulsive*, if not *tyrannical*. And, to prove that in a single instance it would enforce the infliction of a wrong, or withold from

the performance of a duty, on pain of expulsion from the church, would be to make it a *dead letter; a thing to be execrated*, rather than respected. The desire, in some quarters, for a rule which would preclude the exercise of discrimination, has its origin in a conscientious but erroneous view of responsibility, and a compounding of *denominational* with *church* relations. As a *connection* or *confederation* of *churches*, it behooves us to adopt right principles, and as far as in us lies, secure respect for them. But the *denominational* or *connectional* bond can not be *suffered* for a moment, if disconnected from limitations of church responsibility, and the *primary jurisdiction* of each *society* or *church*, in the administration of discipline.

It has been urged against the rule under consideration, that it will, if adopted by the general conference, allay all further church agitation on slavery, because all will say the rule is right; let those concerned see to it. Thus the slaveholders will have it in their own hands, and make it a practical nullity, while the church will fall asleep on the subject. This, in *substance*, is the reasoning of a writer in one of our periodicals. The rule must have struck the objector very favorably, to extort the confession that every body would call it right, and no right-minded man would try to hold the church in a false position, to insure agitation, as if it were in itself desirable, especially when connected with the *crimination* of the church. Rather place the church on ground conceded to be right, and give her friends an opportunity to *agitate* with *safety*, and *honor*, and *efficiency*, and let the friends of humanity fall asleep at their own peril!

A single term, only, remains to be considered, viz: "*Mercenary.*" By this term we understand venal or selfish; consequently, the rule assumes that the legal relation may exist, not from choice or selfish considera-

tions, but solely for the benefit of the slave. Cases of this kind have occurred, and may again; and a rule which would compel a man, on pain of expulsion, to act prematurely, and thus endanger or frustrate his benevolent design, would be inadmissible. A person holding a slave, under any circumstances, should be made answerable for his conduct, but at the same time should have *opportunity* to demonstrate the benevolence and rectitude of his motives, and that he is using all diligence to accomplish the liberation of his slaves, in a way to make the gift a blessing, and not a curse; and that, for the time being, he is taking all necessary precautions to secure the objects of his solicitude from harm, in case of death or other contingencies.

In conclusion, we may illustrate some of the provisions of the rule, by the case of a brother, now a member of the Troy Conference, who was a legal *slaveholder* two years and four days. He was made such by the death of an uncle, and at the time resided in South Carolina. Seven human beings were thus placed in the power of a young man, without worldly means of doing for them as he would; and humanity *seemed* to demand that he should endure the relation in which *legislation* had placed him, until able to give them liberty, under circumstances where it might be enjoyed. In the meantime, he looked upon them as *free*, and gave them their *time* and *earnings*. One, who did not wish to leave South Carolina, on account of family ties, he succeeded in manumiting on the spot, at an expense to *himself*, of twenty-five dollars. The remaining six he removed to Essex, N. Y., at an expense of six hundred and eighty dollars, of his own hard earnings, contracting a *debt* for a part of the amount, and never asked nor received any remuneration. The slaves have since emigrated to Illinois, and when last heard from were doing well.

We will have no controversy with those who may undertake to *show* how this brother might have done *better*. Our business is to provide a rule, which would give him an opportunity to justify himself, and in case of his *failing to do so*, empower the church to *compel him to do better, on pain of expulsion.*

A PROVIDENTIAL INCIDENT.

BY REV. JOHN PEGG, SEN.

In the year 1832, I became an itinerant Methodist preacher, so that my age, as such, corresponds with that of the Troy Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The circumstances leading to such an event, are, at least to my own mind, deeply interesting, and may serve as an exposition of the ways in which divine providence leads men into important relations to the church.

The first elements conducive to so important a result, were received into my mind when sitting by my own fire side, in a far distant land, perusing the accounts as given from time to time in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, of the glorious work of God, in the form of Methodism in the United States of America, as well as an ardent panting for the enjoyment of *such* civil and religious liberty as was defined by the immortal Alfred, when he said, *It is just that the English should for ever remain free as their own thoughts!*"

These elements became more powerful in their yearnings, from an association with a little band of kindred sympathizers, who were devoting themselves to many

good works; such as employing their sabbaths in the distribution of religious tracts, forming and attending sunday-schools, or giving religious instruction, or exhortation in the more rural parts of the country. Oftentimes has a glorious summer sabbath, from four o'clock in the morning to nine or ten at night, been thus employed, and although we might return with weary limbs, yet with the voice of song and holy gladness, we have reached our homes. *As iron sharpeneth iron*, so doth, not only, *the countenance of a man his friend*, but also his sentiments. This was the case with the little company here referred to. By mutual counsel and frequent review of each others' sentiments and feelings, such an edge was put upon the desire of all (about nine in number besides their families), as could only be satisfied by an actual emigration to the land which they regarded in an earthly sense as the "*better country.*"

Leaving many inviting prospects of worldly consideration, we committed ourselves to the care and guidance of our heavenly Father. *So to the land of Canaan we came.*

After our merciful preservation from the dangers of the ocean, well might one of our number when her feet rested once more firmly upon the earth, gratefully exclaim, "*Is it land? It is land!*"

O, how sweet, in the accomplishment of life's pilgrimage, to enjoy repose upon the bosom of Christian fellowship; such a precious privilege was permitted us, upon our introduction to the church of God in this happy land. Here we have been sustained and encouraged.

Four of the company referred to above, have found the repose of the grave, and several of the dear companions of those who are left, have followed them in peace and hope. The other five of us still enjoy an honorable relation to the church of God.

But I have wandered from the point I more especially intended to present as an incident in my own experience connected with my character and position as an unworthy minister of Christ.

In the summer of 1831, our removal from the city of Albany to New York occasioned a separation from our early and cherished friends; we felt ourselves lonely and sad. Soon after our arrival, my beloved companion had a second severe attack of sickness. This led us to form the opinion that the climate was unfavorable, and would soon prove fatal to her health and even life. With the gloom of sickness and loneliness gathering thick around us, far from home and friends, and no one on this half of the world in whose veins any of our blood flowed, except some unknown and distant relations in the city of Philadelphia, and two dear children, the one a son four and a half years old, the other a little daughter about one and a half, we had about made up our minds that the "Lost Eden" was not to be found on this western continent. We began not only to think but to talk about recrossing the perilous Atlantic, and of passing the future of life in our fatherland.

Here the crisis of our history was forming. After various reflections on the subject, we finally concluded to prepare for our homeward voyage. In returning one day after calling on the shipmasters to ascertain when a vessel would sail, I turned my eye towards a pillar on which was posted a placard as though it were there for my especial benefit. I read, "*For Liverpool, The Ship Salem, Capt. Richardson, to sail on* ——." That, said I to myself, settles the question.

What gave interest to this notice was, the Salem was the noble vessel which had brought us safely here, Capt. R. was a noble Christian commander and had

shown us great personal attentions. Hence, our feelings became much excited on reading the above notice.

After communicating the joyful tidings to my wife, I hurried down to one of the docks where the Salem was then lying. The captain was absent; I saw the first mate who told me when they would sail, and that if I would call the next day I could see the captain and make my final arrangements.

Little did I think then of what that day would bring forth; or of the close alliance of present plans and expectations with near disappointments and changed position, affecting the whole future of my history, perhaps both for time and eternity. For once, I was in a poor mood to attend to the advice of the Savior, "*To take no thought for the morrow.*" In was indeed an anxious morrow to me; for by its revealings the balance of life's purposes was turned, and indicated a far different future from what had been anticipated.

The eventful morrow came, and with it came its revelations and decisions. But how great my surprise to learn, that, on that very day, my good friend, the captain, had gone on board another vessel, that the ship also had been sold, and instead of going to Liverpool was going to Havre in France. Here was the pivot upon which Providence turned my course, and although the whole of life's anxieties appeared to be crowded into the pending moment, yet from it, as a new starting point in the remainder of the journey of life, to the present time, every purpose and indeed almost every desire to return from these happy shores, has been abandoned. We saw and acknowledged the hand of God, and with a resigned cheerfulness fell in with the arrangements of Divine Providence.

After spending the winter, with improved health, in the enjoyment of Christian society, and with the most

promising prospect of temporal comforts in our present relation, in the spring of 1832 I was called out from the local into the itinerant field of ministerial labor. I was received as a member of the New York Conference, at its session in June, of the above year, and as the Troy Conference had been constituted by the General Conference just before, when the appointments were read out I fell into that division, from which time to the present, I have, through the abundant grace and providence of God, and the kind forbearance of my brethren enjoyed an uninterrupted effective relation.

Of my beloved class mates who started together in 1832, only *one* (Rev. J. Belknapp) besides myself remains in the effective ranks. One (J. W. B. Wood) is still effective in the N. Y. East Conference. Three have their names on the superannuated lists (Smith, Brown and Amer) and from their infirmities have long been under the seal of silence. One has located (Rev. J. Caughey), while the balance of our number (Rev. Wm. Richards and Rev. Wm. D. Stead) have long since gone to the peaceful rest of the grave. In the recollections of precious memories connected with many of my dear ministerial brethren, who have fallen in the glorious conflict, in view of their useful life, and happy death, I would conclude this paper by saying:

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's passed,
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.
This blessed word be mine
Just as the port is gained,
'Kept by the power of grace divine
I have the faith maintained.'"

THE IDENTITY OF THE HUMAN BODY IN THE RESURRECTION.

BY REV. J. M. WEVER.

The caption of this article suggests the following inquiry: Is the resurrection body composed (in part or wholly) of the same particles of matter that composed man's body in this life? In this paper I will endeavor to establish the affirmative of this question, by the following reasons:

1. The idea of a resurrection necessarily implies the reproduction of the same substance. As the soul never dies, if the same animal body that died be not raised to life, there is nothing raised to life. There may be another material body, which has life given to it, produced; but if so, this will be a *creation*, and not a *resurrection*. Hence, if the same body that was laid in the grave be not raised, an essential part of man is lost.

2. It is suitable and proper, that the same body which has been a companion and instrument of the soul, in labors of piety and benevolence, should arise and share with it in the rewards of heavenly bliss; and that the same body, which has been a source of temptation and an instrument of sin, should also arise to share the punishment due to transgression. It is true, the body alone, separate from the soul, is mere insensible matter, capable of neither pleasure nor pain; but when united with the soul, it is evidently capable of ministering to both. It has been remarked, that this reasoning can not be valid in the case of the righteous, from the fact that many who have lived long in wickedness, are converted but a short period before death, as in the case of the

thief on the cross. Doubtless there are exceptions in particular cases, but this does not, in a general point of view, destroy the force of the argument. We have an exact parallel, it is believed, in our Lord's teaching, Matt. 25, where he rewards the righteous for acts of charity and benevolence. But when did that converted thief feed and clothe Christ's disciples?

3. The scriptures do explicitly teach the resurrection of the same body: 1 Cor. 15th, "So is the resurrection of the dead; it (the body) is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," &c. It is the same body still, though with different qualities. Again, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." "The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Again, St. Paul says: Phil. iii, 21, "Christ shall change our vile bodies," &c. He speaks of the bodies we now have and declares they shall be changed. Surely, such expressions denote the same body, or we know not their meaning. But to this reasoning it is objected, that "It attains no valuable purpose to confine the resurrection to the same atoms of matter, for if the same soul be united to any mass of the same sort of substance, there is sufficient provision for every thing that regards the happiness or misery of the rising dead." This objection is a mere begging of the question, and has no foundation in scripture or reason; and as an offset, it is suggested, that as the moral character of an action depends on the motives by which it originated, and hence, as in the performance of human actions, the body could have no responsibility, why not dispense with the resurrection altogether? It is objected again, that by the similitude of wheat dying in the ground, the apostle shows, that the matter in the resurrection body will be different from that which was laid in the grave. He says: "Thou

sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain." But the apostle does not, by this argument, attempt to prove, that in no degree do the same particles of matter in the old, enter into the composition of the new body. He rather confirms the opposite doctrine, from the fact, that, more or less, the same particles that composed the old grain of wheat, do enter into the composition of the new. Now, the writer does not suppose that all the particles of matter that may have belonged to the human body during the present life, will belong to the resurrection body. He rather repudiates that theory. The objector, to whom the apostle addressed himself in the use of this figure, evidently denied the resurrection of the body, on the ground of its mysteriousness; and the apostle's argument goes to prove, that the same power that effects the reproduction of grain after its own likeness, can raise from the slumbers of the grave, the same substance that composed man's mortal body to a state of immortality, and fashion it after Christ's glorious body.

Another objection is, that it is impossible that in the resurrection each body should receive those particles, and those only, which were connected with the same soul in the present life; for when bodies turn to dust, this dust or earth grows up in vegetation, and becomes grass or plants; cattle eat the plants, and men feed on the cattle, and thus the particles of one man's body become parts of other bodies; and this is more obvious among cannibals. Surely, those who urge this objection do err, not knowing the scriptures nor the power of God. It can not be incredible to any one who believes in the omnipotence of Jehovah, that the same power which has produced an almost infinite variety of plants, trees and blossoms, with every possible shade of color, of animals, birds, fishes and reptiles, adapted to every variety of climate, and that has kept the genus and

species distinct and separate, with very little variation from year to year, from generation to generation, and from age to age, should be able to call forth distinctly, and without confusion or amalgamation, from the slumbers of the grave, the appropriate particles to identify the human body in the resurrection state.

Troy Conference Academy.

APPENDIX.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

The following literary institutions are more or less under the patronage of the Troy Conference.

The Troy Conference Academy at West Poultney, Vt., is more fully under the influence of the conference than any other institution. It was founded soon after our organization, and although it has been greatly embarrassed by a heavy debt, it has annually performed a noble work in behalf of our youth. It has been the scene of numerous revivals of religion. There some of the younger members of the Troy Conference were made partakers of the grace of life, and numbers of them received an important part of their early intellectual training within its walls. Its location is healthful, pleasant and accessible; its instruction is thorough, and its terms are moderate. Rev. J. F. Walker, A. M., is now its accomplished principal.

The Bakersfield Academy is also under our patronage. It is situated in the north-eastern part of the conference, at Bakersfield, Franklin county, Vt., and is every way worthy of public confidence. It is under the superintendance of Rev. J. H. Moore, A. M.

Jonesville Academy at Jonesville, Saratoga county, N. Y., is another excellent institution of a similar character. Its principal, H. A. Wilson, A. M., is a man of ability and experience. Its location is delightful. It is

Richmondville Union Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute.

a noble monument of the enlightened liberality of its proprietor, Hon. R. R. Kennedy, whose only object in its establishment seems to have been the public good.

The Richmondville Union Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute is located at Richmondville, Schoharie county, N. Y. During its first term, the buildings of this new and extensive institution were destroyed by fire. They have been reconstructed, and are capacious, well arranged, and elegant. It is under the presidency of Rev. J. L. G. McKown, and commences its career with the most flattering prospects. This institution is *not denominational.* As a people, however, we are fairly represented in its board of trustees, and faculty. It receives a board of visitors from the Troy Conference.

In all the above seminaries, the moral and religious, as well as the intellectual training of the young are cared for.

In addition to the above, which are all within our bounds, the Troy Conference patronizes to some extent the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., and the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H. The latter is devoted exclusively to the training of young men for the ministry. It is a noble seminary, thoroughly Methodistic. The late Bishop Hedding was its president, and showed his estimation of it by a donation of one thousand dollars, and by bequeathing to it his library.

TABLE I.

Time and Place of the several Sessions of the Troy Annual Conference, with the Names of the Presiding Bishops and Secretaries.

Session.	Date.	Place.	Presiding Bishop.	Secretary.
1	August 28, 1833.	Troy, N. Y.	Bishop Hedding,	J. B. Houghtaling.
2	August 27, 1834.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	Bishop Hedding.	J. B. Houghtaling.
3	August 26, 1835.	Albany, N. Y.	Bishop Emory.	J. B. Houghtaling.
4	June 22, 1836.	Pawlet, Vt.	Bishop Waugh.	J. B. Houghtaling.
5	May 31, 1837.	Troy, N. Y.	Bishop Hedding.	J. B Houghtaling.
6	June 6, 1838.	Keesville, N. Y.	Bishop Morris.	J. B. Houghtaling.
7	June 5, 1839.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Bishop Hedding.	J. B. Houghtaling.
8	June 17, 1840.	Middlebury, Vt.	Bishop Roberts.	J. B. Houghtaling.
9	June 2, 1841.	Albany, N. Y.	Bishop Soule.	J. B. Houghtaling.
10	June 1, 1842.	Burlington, Vt.	Bishop Hedding.	J. B. Houghtaling.
11	May 31, 1843.	Troy, N. Y.	Bishop Waugh.	J. B. Houghtaling.
12	June 19, 1844.	West Poultney, Vt.	Bishop Hamline.	J. B. Houghtaling.
13	May 7, 1845.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Bishop Hedding.	J. B. Houghtaling.
14	May 27, 1846.	Keesville, N. Y.	Bishop Janes,	J. B. Houghtaling.
15	May 26, 1847.	Albany, N. Y.	Bishop Morris.	J. B. Houghtaling.
16	June 14, 1848.	Troy, N. Y.	Bishop Hamline	J. B. Houghtaling.
17	May 30, 1849.	Sandy Hill, N. Y.	Bishop Hamline.	J. B. Houghtaling.
18	May 29, 1850.	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	Bishop Morris.	J. B. Houghtaling.
19	May 21, 1851.	North Adams, Mass.	Bishop Janes.	J. B. Houghtaling.
20	June 16, 1852.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	Bishop Janes.	S. D. Brown.
21	May 11, 1853.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Bishop Waugh.	S. D. Brown.

TABLE II.

Presiding Elders of the several Districts of Troy Conference from 1832 *to* 1854.

	Troy District.	Saratoga District.	Middlebury Dist't.	Plattsburgh Dist't.	Albany District.	Poultney District.	Burlington District.
1832-3....	A. Scholefield.....	Henry Stead.....	Tobias Spicer.....	S. D. Ferguson.			
1833-4....	C. Carpenter.	Henry Stead	Cyrus Prindle.....	S. D. Ferguson.			
1834-5....	Buel Goodsell.....	Sherman Minor...	Cyrus Prindle.....	S. D. Ferguson.			
1835-6....	Buel Goodsell.....		John M. Wever...	Peter C. Oakley..	Sherman Minor.		
1836-7....	Buel Goodsell.....		John M. Wever..	Peter C. Oakley...	Sherman Minor.		
1837-8....	Buel Goodsell.....			Peter C. Oakley...	Sherman Minor...	John M. Wever...	Merritt Bates.
1838-9....	Noah Levings.....			J. M. Wever.....	Charles Sherman..	Benj. Marvin.....	Merritt Bates.
1839-40...	Tobias Spicer.....			J. M. Wever.....	Charles Sherman..	Benj. Marvin.....	Merritt Bates.
1840-1....	Tobias Spicer.....			J. M. Wever.....	Charles Sherman..	T. Seymour.....	Merritt Bates.
1841-2....	Tobias Spicer.....			J. M. Wever.....	Charles Sherman..	T. Seymour.....	Joshua Poor.
1842-3....	Tobias Spicer.	J. M. Wever		C. P. Clarke	Ephraim Goss.....	T. Seymour.....	Joshua Poor.
1843-4....	J. B. Stratton.....	J. M. Wever		C. P Clarke.....	Ephraim Goss.....	T. Seymour.....	Joshua Poor,
1844-5....	J. B Stratton.....	J. M. Wever	*St. Albans District*	T. Seymour.....	Ephraim Goss.....	John Clark.....	Joshua Poor.
1845-6....	J. B. Stratton.....	J. M. Wever	Hiram Meeker....	D. Starks.....	Ephraim Goss.....	John Clark.....	B. M. Hall.
1846-7....	John Clark.....	Ephraim Goss.....	Hiram Meeker....	D. Starks.....	John Lindsey	Joseph Ayres	B. M. Hall.
1847-8....	John Clark.....	Ephraim Goss.....	Hiram Meeker....	D. Starks.....	John Lindsey	Joseph Ayres	B. M. Hall.
1848-9....	Z. Phillips	Ephraim Goss.....	Hiram Meeker....	D. Starks.....	John Lindsey	Joseph Ayres	Cyrus Meeker
1849-50...	Z. Phillips	Ephraim Goss.....	S. D. Brown.....	J. M. Wever.....	John Lindsey	Joseph Ayres	Cyrus Meeker.
1850-1....	Z. Phillips.....	D. Starks.....	S. D. Brown.....	J. M. Wever.....	John Clark.....	S. Washburn.....	A. Witherspoon.
1851-2....	Z Phillips.....	D. Starks.....	John Frazer.....	J. M. Wever.....	John Clark.....	S. Washburn.....	A. Witherspoon.
1852-3....	B. M. Hall.....	D. Starks.....	John Frazer.....	J M. Wever.....	T. Seymour	L. Potter	A. Witherspoon.
1853-4....	B M. Hall.....	D. Starks.....	John Frazer.....	W. Griffin	T. Seymour	L. Potter	A. Witherspoon

The Saratoga district was merged in the other districts in 1835 and reorganized in 1842.

The Middlebury district was merged in the other districts in 1837.

TABLE III.

Showing the Number of Church Members, Sabbath School Scholars, Amount of Missionary, fifth and ten cent Collections, in Troy Conference, with the increase or decrease of each year.

Dates.	Church Members.			S. S. Scholars.			Missionary Collections.			Fifth Collection for Superannuated, &c.			Ten Cent Collection for Necessitous Cases.		
	Nu'ber.	Incr.	Decr.	Nu'ber.	Incr.	Decr.	Amount.	Increase.	Decrease.	Amount	Increase	Decrease	Amount	Increase	Decrease
1832-3	18,492						$1,484·41			$772·39					
1833-4	18,[illegible]		112				1,198·84		285·57	502·33		250·06			
1834-5	19,210	830					2,548·44	$1,349·60		384·30		118·03			
1835-6	19,[illegible]	173					2,251·72		296·72	723·87	$339·57				
1836-7	20,012	627					2,753·71	503·99		713·51		10·36			
1837-8	22,144	2,132					3,600·93	835·22		633·25		80·26			
1838-9	22,[illegible]	287					5,466·07	1,765·14		915·38	282·13				
1839-40	24,[illegible]	2,019					1,398·06		4,068·01	617·67		297·71	$331·95		
1840-1	26,041	1,475		8,902			4,059·18	2,661·12		765·12	147·45		392·94	60·99	
1841-2	26,887		154	9,200	298		4,335·72	276·54		617·89		147·23	408·16	15·22	
1842-3	33,708	7,821		12,047	2,847		2,809·33		1,526·39	614·22		3·67	323·00		$85·16
1843-4	29,822		3,886	11,281		766	4,150·97	1,341·64		518·69		95·53	352·31	9·31	
1844-5	28,178		1,644	11,120		101	4,508·14	357·17		592·16	73·47		333·37	1·06	
1845-6	26,351		1,827	11,658	1,538		5,503·42	995·28		915·96	323·80		442·58	109·21	
1846-7	25,327		1,024	13,737	1,079		4,794·89		808·53	843·95		72·01	369·66		72·92
1847-8	24,561		766	14,775	1,038		3,387·10		1,407·79	666·98		176·97	484·43	114·77	
1848-9	24,915	354		14,071		704	3,255·91		131·19	640·76		26·22	434·94		49·49
1849-50	25,636	721		16,100	2,029		4,861·45	1,605·[illegible]		671·52	30·76		477·07	42·13	
1850-1	25,163		473	16,625	525		6,554·29	1,692·84		640·53		30·99	502·44	25·37	
1851-2	25,898	735		18,046	1,421		6,890·38	336·09		563·98		76·55	661·00	159·16	
1852-3	26,295	397		17,476		570	8,214·61	1,324·23		824·39	260·61		428·00		233·00

An *apparent* discrepancy exists between the foregoing table and the published minutes, relative to the number of church members. This is in part owing to the fact that in the minutes a distinction was formerly made between the *whites and blacks* and latterly between the *members and probationers*, while in this table *all* are included without distinction; and partly the result of some errors detected in the minutes.

TABLE IV.

Containing an Alphabetical List of all the Preachers who have been connected with the Troy Conference from its organization in 1832 to 1853, showing the time of their reception, and also who have withdrawn, located, been transferred, expelled, or died, and the date of such events.

REMARKS ON THE FOLLOWING TABLE.—The date of reception into the conference refers to the time of being received on trial, except in the case of those marked with an asterisk (*), which indicates that the persons thus marked have previously been members of some other conference. Those that were discontinued while on trial are included with the *located*. This table may be made to indicate the *future* changes as they take place in the case of all who are now members of the conference; by simply inserting with a pen in the appropriate blank, the year in which any one is transferred, located, &c.

Received.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Dead.
1840	*Allen, Stephen	1841					
1832	*Alley, John	1842					
1832	Amer, William						
1851	Anderson, Charles M.						
1832	*Andrews, Elisha	1837					
1832	*Anson William	....	....	....	...	....	1848
1852	Armstrong, Sylvester	....	1853				
1843	Amitage, Thomas	....	....	1848			
1850	*Arnold, Joseph T.						
1850	*Asay, E. G.	1851					
1842	Atwater, Wm. W.	....	1850				
1843	Atwall, Paul P.						
1853	Axtell, Nathan G.						
1832	*Ayres, Joseph	1852	1839	....	....	1842	
1835	Ayres, Braman	....	....	....	1849		
1836	Backus, Wm. H.	....	1839				
1850	Bannard, John						
1837	Barker, Cicero						
1832	Barker, J. G.	....	1833				
1832	*Bates, Merritt						
1848	Bedell, Wm.						
1850	Bedell, Caleb C.						
1832	*Beeman, Jacob						
1832	Belknap, John W.						
1832	*Benedict, Timothy						
1840	Best, Jacob L.	....	1842				
1836	Blanchard, Hiram	....	1848	....	....	1851	
1849	*Bolster, Cyrus	....	....	....	....	....	1853
1850	Borst, Nelson	....	1851				
1846	Bowen, John E.						
1837	Bourn, Milton	1837					

Received.	Names	Transferred	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Died.
1832	*Brayton, Daniel	....	1843				
1833	Brown, Richard						
1837	Brown, Stephen D.						
1832	Brown, Josiah H.						
1839	Brown, Valentine						
1846	Brown, Zina H.						
1850	Brown, Wm. R.						
1853	Brown, Selah W.						
1851	Budge, H	1851					
1838	Bullard, Ward	....	1842	....	....	1849	
1832	*Burch, Thomas.	1833					
1848	Burdict, Chester F.						
1836	Burnham, J. D.						
1845	Burham, Benj. S						
1848	Burrows, James F.	....	....	....	....	....	1852
1832	*Burton, Henry	....	1847				
1835	Cady, Lawton	...	1837				
1839	Campbell, Alex.						
1832	*Cannon, Ibri	....	1841				
1852	Canoll, J. A.						
1832	*Carpenter, Coles	....	....	....	....	....	1834
1839	*Castle, Joseph	1841					
1832	Caughey, James	....	1842				
1835	*Chamberlain, Josiah F.						
1834	Chamberlain, Chester						
1834	Champlin, Albert						
1832	*Chase, Hiram						
1842	Chase, John						
1834	Chandler, Daniel M.	1836					
1852	*Chichester, Elijah						
1835	Chipp, Wm. M.						
1841	*Clark, John	1852					
1852	Clark, Wm.						
1843	Clemens, Sylvester W.						
1832	*Clarke, Chas. P.	1845					
1832	*Colman, Seymour						
1832	*Colman, Henry R.	1841					
1840	Connor, Joseph						
1846	Cook, John L.						
1832	*Cooper, Alden S.						
1839	Cottrell, George W.	1845					
1832	*Covel, Samuel						
1838	*Covel, James	....	....	....	....	....	1845
1842	Cox, Benjamin						
1834	Craig, Jesse F.	....	1846	....	....	1847	
1832	Crane, E.	1833					

Received.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Died.
1832	*Crawford, E.	....	....	....	1847		
1843	Crowl, John F.	....	1847				
1848	Cutler, Mortimer F.						
1851	Dayton, Durell W.						
1832	*Deniston, John W.	....	1839				
1836	Devol, Charles						
1843	Devoe, Isaac	....	1846				
1836	Dickson, Alex.						
1844	Dodgson, Thomas						
1848	Dudley, H. C. H.						
1836	Dunn, Hiram						
1832	*Eames, Henry	....	....	....	....	....	1851
1834	Eaton, Jairus	....	1846				
1832	*Eames, Joseph						
1850	Eaton, Bennett						
1851	Edgerton, Jas. M.						
1832	*Eighmey, Samuel	....	....	....	....	....	1847
1834	Emerson, Oliver	....	....	....	....	....	1853
1832	*Ensign, Datus	....	....	....	....	....	1853
1839	Farr, Alfred A.						
1842	Fassett, John						
1839	Fenton, Asa F.	....	1852				
1832	*Ferguson, Samuel D.	1838					
1841	Fisk, Miles	....	1843				
1833	Fitch, John	....	1835				
1842	Ford, Wm.						
1843	Ford, Abel						
1843	Ford, Salisbury S.						
1848	Ford, Cornelius R.						
1845	Foster, Egbert H.						
1846	Foster, Wm. W.						
1832	*Foster, John P.	....	...	....	....	....	1849
1849	Fradenburgh, Stephen	....	1850				
1832	*Frazer, John						
1836	Frazer, Wm. N.						
1837	Fuller, Clark						
1837	Gaddes, Wm.	1837					
1849	Gardner, Simeon						
1843	Garvin, Alanson W.						
1842	Giddings, Charles E.						
1844	Gilbert, Charles C.						
1841	Gold, George S.						
1833	Gobbet, James	....	1836				
1838	Goodwin, Calvin J.	....	1840				
1832	*Goodsell, Buel	1838					
1832	*Goodrich, J. R.	1837					

Y.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Died.
1832	*Goss, Ephraim						
1850	Gould, David W.						
1834	Graves, John						
1841	Graves, Wm. P.	....	1853				
1837	Gray, Wm. P.						
1849	Graw, John G.	1849					
1837	Green, Philetus	....	....	....	....	....	1840
1842	Gregg, Martin B.	....	1850				
1836	Gregg, Oren						
1832	*Gridley, Cyprian H.						
1835	Griffin, Wm.						
1849	Griffin, Richard						
1845	Haff, Elisha B.						
1848	Hagar, Charles L.						
1846	Halbert, Sandford						
1832	*Hall, Jacob						
1834	Hall, Barnes M.						
1840	Hall, Aaron						
1838	Hall, Jeremiah						
1837	Halsted, Jesse	1837					
1849	Hancock, Samuel H.						
1832	*Hand, Asa C.	....	....	1846			
1835	Harding, Doren B.	....	....	....	....	....	1836
1843	Hart, Jeremiah S.						
1834	Harrower, Peter P.						
1852	Harris, Hiram						
1841	Harris, Joseph	....	1850				
1834	Harwood, John	....	....	....	1853		
1839	Harvey, Cassius M.	....	1840				
1833	Haslam, John						
1850	*Hawley, Bostwick						
1843	Hazletine, Wm. B.						
1832	*Hazleton, Amos	....	....	1839			
1832	*Hazen, Wright	....	....	....	....	....	1838
1853	Heath, Andrew						
1835	Henry, Wm.	....	1851				
1842	Hewes, Samuel						
1832	*Hibbard, Freeborn G.	....	1836				
1832	Hitchcock, B.	....	1833				
1834	Hitchcock, Peter M.						
1837	*Holmes, Daniel	....	....	....	....	....	1843
1842	Holmes, Ira	....	1844				
1849	Housinger, Asahel H.						
1832	*Houghtaling, J. B.						
1832	*Howe, Samuel						
1851	Howe, Edward N.						

Received.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Died.
1834	Hubbard, Elijah B	....	....	....	....	....	1852
1837	Hubbard, David P.						
1842	Hull, Wm. H.	....	1853				
1832	*Hurd, Wm. F.						
1833	Isbell, Bishop						
1848	*Janes, Lester						
1847	Johnson, Albinus						
1833	Jones, Adam	....	1850				
1851	Jutkins, Andrew J.						
1832	*Kelly, Roswell						
1851	Kiernon, John						
1853	Kimball, Fernando						
1832	*Kimpton, Orville	....	1837				
1847	King, Edward	....	1849				
1835	Kingsbury, Arnold	....	1836				
1838	Kirby, Thomas	....	....	....	....	....	1846
1832	Knapp, H.	....	1833				
1839	Knight, Horace B.	....	....	1846			
1833	Lagrange, John	....	1834				
1832	*Leonard, Jacob						
1836	Leonard, Charles H.						
1833	*Levings, Noah	1845					
1849	*Lewis, Z. N.	1851					
1845	*Lindsey, John	....	....	....	....	....	1850
1832	Liscomb, Cyrus	....	1852				
1847	Little, Warren						
1833	Little, Russell M.	....	1840				
1849	*Lodge, Thomas	1852					
1842	Loveland, D. H.						
1841	Lovejoy, Charles H.	1848					
1843	Ludlum, Mathias	....	1850	....	....	1852	
1832	*Lyon, Aunah						
1840	Lyon, Edwin	....	1847				
1832	*Lyon, Gilbert	....	1849				
1839	Lyon, Chester	....	....	....	....	....	1850
1850	Marshall, Lorenzo						
1832	*Marshall, J. D.						
1832	*Marvin, Benjamin	....	1843				
1844	Marvin, David	....	1847				
1844	Mason, Russell Z.	....	1849				
1835	Mattison, Spencer	1847	1839	....	....	1843	
1832	McCreey, J.	1833					
1848	McElroy, Robert						
1848	McGilton, Andrew						
1832	*McKean, Andrew						
1852	McKean, Samuel						

Received.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted	Died.
1848	McKenzie, David B.						
1838	McKillips, George	....	1851				
1848	McMaster, Thomas S.	....	1849				
1832	*Meeker, Hiram						
1832	*Meeker, Cyrus						
1838	Meeker, Berea O.						
1849	Meeker, Wm. H.						
1852	*Meredith, S.						
1850	Merrill, Sherman M.						
1852	Merrill, Shubal S.						
1833	Mills, Andrew C.	....	....	....	....	....	1835
1840	Miller, Wm A.						
1832	*Minor, Sherman						
1832	*Morris, Christopher R.						
1832	*Moriarty, John D.	....	....	....	....	....	1849
1844	Mott, John S.						
1832	*Newman, Thomas	1834					
1832	*Nichols, Jarvis Z.	1833					
1839	Noble, Edward						
1853	Noble, David E.						
1832	*Oakley, Peter C.	1839					
1840	Osborn, Amos						
1832	*Osborn, Abiathar M.	1841					
1839	Osgood, David						
1835	Page, Daniel F.	....	....	....	....	....	1848
1838	Palmer, Gilbert Y.	....	....	....	....	....	1843
1852	Parker, John						
1840	Parks, Stephen						
1851	*Patterson, J. H.						
1850	Patterson, Robert						
1839	Pearson, Thomas W.	1852					
1850	Pearson, Thomas B.						
1842	*Peck, Jesse T.	1849					
1832	Pegg, John						
1834	Phillips, Zebulon						
1850	Phillips, Jonas						
1850	Phillips, James G.						
1832	*Pier, Orrin						
1832	*Pier, Orris	....	1841	....	1833	1838	
1840	Pierce, Wm. W.						
1848	Pollock, John	....	1849				
1833	*Pomeroy, Charles						
1835	Pomeroy, Benjamin						
1832	*Poor, Joshua						
1834	*Poor, David						
1832	*Potter, Lewis						

Received.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Died.
1848	Pratt, Rufus						
1834	*Prindle, Lyman	....		1843			
1838	*Prindle, Cyrus	....		1843			
1853	Puffer, Wm. R.						
1832	*Quinlan, James						
1837	Radley, Leonard L.	....	1838				
1848	Ransom, Halsey W.						
1849	Ransom, Hawley,						
1841	*Rawson, James	....	. ..	1843	....	1844	
				1849			
1832	*Remington, Stephen	1833	1842	....	....	1838	
		1843	....	....	....	1843	
1845	Remington, E. F.	....	1846	1848	....	1847	
1834	Rice, Anthony C.	....	1841	....	....	1846	
		....	1849				
1833	Richards, Wm.	....	1840				
1833	Richards, Alanson						
1839	Ripley, Amos R.	....	....	....	....	....	1842
1841	Robbins, Alvin						
1845	Robinson, R. H.	....	....				
1848	Rogers, Silas M	....					
1849	Romig, Anthony	1849					
1846	Rose, Alvin C.						
1848	Rose, Daniel	....					
1832	*Ryder, Wm.	....	....	....	....	....	1849
1832	*Sandford, Luman A.						
1843	Saxe, Alfred	....	....	....	....	....	1846
1848	Saxe, George G.						
1834	Sayre, Ezra	....					
1832	*Scholefield, Arnold	....	....	....	....	....	1837
1833	Scott, George	....	1834				
1843	*Scudder, Moses L.	1845					
1852	Searles, John B.						
1840	Seage, John	....	....	1851			
1832	*Seymour Truman						
1843	Shears, Alonzo G.	....	1848				
1834	*Sherman, Charles			....	....	....	1844
1838	Sherwood, Lorenzo D.						
1853	Shurtliff, Asaph						
1835	Simonds, Samuel D	....	1840				
1844	Simmons, George C.						
1833	Smith, Peter H.						
1832	Smith, Henry						
1832	*Smith, Friend W.	1842					
1843	Smith, Harvey S.						
1842	Smith, Hannibal H,						

Received.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Died.
1852	Spaulding, Nathaniel G.						
1841	Spear, Albert R.....	....	1844				
1832	*Spicer, Tobias.....						
1835	Spicer, Oliver E.....						
1851	Spier, John	....	1852				
1832	Squier, Joel						
1849	Squires, Oscar J.						
1835	*Sprague, Ezra.....	....	....	....	1848		
1834	Starks, Henry L.						
1837	*Starks, Desevignia.....						
1832	*Stead, Henry.....						
1832	Stead, W. D.....	....	....	....	....	....	1844
1832	*Stebbins, S.....	1837					
1845	*Steele, Allan	1850					
1852	Stevens, Caleb A.....						
1832	*Stevens, Dillon.....						
1832	*Stewart, Milton H..						
1848	Stewart, Thaddeus.....	....	1849				
1834	Stewart, Henry W.....	....	....	1843			
1833	Stiles, Stephen						
1842	*Stillman, Stephen L.....						
1839	Stover, Ensign.....						
1842	Stover, Peter R.....						
1841	Stover, Samuel.....	....	1850				
1832	*Stratton, John B.	1834	...	....	....	1843	
		1846					
1845	Taylor, Henry B.....						
1846	Taylor, Robert M.....						
1834	Taylor, James H.....	....	1840				
1840	Thompson, John						
1835	Thomas Charles	1835					
1853	Thompson, Robert R.....						
1849	Tiffany, Wm. H.						
1850	Titus, Wicks S.	1850					
1837	Townsend, Micajah.....						
1843	Townsend, Gideon H.						
1850	Tubbs, James						
1844	Tubbs, Gardner S.	....	1848				
1846	Van Auken, Minor.....						
1838	*Van Derlip, Elias.....	....	....	....	....	....	1848
1838	Wade, Alpheus.....						
1841	Wade, Richard F.....	....	1853				
1848	Walker, Jason.....						
1844	Warner, Horace	....	1851			1852	
1845	Washburn, Reuben.....						
1846	Washburn, Sandford.....						

Received.	Names.	Transferred.	Located.	Withdrawn.	Expelled.	Readmitted.	Died.
1846	Watson, Elisha						
1847	Watts, Parmenas	....	1848	....	....	1850	
		....	1851				
1843	*Wheedon, D. D.	1846					
1845	Wells, George C.						
1844	*Wentworth, Erastus	1846					
1832	*Westcott, Reuben						
1843	Westcott, Joseph B.	....	1844				
1853	Westcott, Joseph						
1833	Wetherwax, Henry	....	1836				
1832	*Weaver, John M.						
1832	Wickware, Albert G.	1833					
1832	*Whiteside, Edwin F.	....	1847				
1834	White, John D.						
1842	White, Myron						
1843	White, Alanson	....	1851				
1833	Whitford, James	....	1834				
1851	Whitman, Nelson				....		
1838	Whitney, George	....	1840				
1851	Whitney, Stephen B.	....	1852			1853	
1833	Wilkins, Coles R.						
1834	Williams, Henry	....	1847	....	....	1849	
1850	*Williams, Sylvester B.						
1853	Williams, Truman						
1834	Witherel, Manly						
1833	Witherspoon, Andrew						
1840	Wood, Newton B.						
1832	Wood, John W. B.	1843	1841	....	....	1842	
1848	Yates, Jeremiah F.						
1833	Young, Samuel						

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